THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PATIENCE OUR POLICY

WYNCIE KING

By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

NEW currents have begun to flow in our foreign affairs. Old problems have wilted; new questions have bloomed. Though in the main the stream of our relationship with the world maintains its traditional course, there are eddies and little whirlpools around the feet of Kellogg which barely were moving when Hughes stepped out.

To see clearly the real significance of our foreign affairs it is necessary to put aside the foolish notion, sprung up hysterically since the war, that in order to carry on international relationship a President and his Secretary of State must engage in a trick play of some kind, must do something to throw the world over, must act always like apparatus going to a fire.

Close contact with any good operating foreign ministry or department in any country reveals that the peace of the world depends less upon hurried and panting miracle workers than upon the good and wise administration of the daily routine and of the current problems which come up between nation and nation. Foreign affairs and foreign policy are made in a plant dedicated to the worthy output of a traditional trade brand rather than to the manufacture of novelties. The greatest service our State Department can render is not the design of new extreme fashion plates; it is cutting the cloth as it comes in to make suits which are adapted to our tried American patterns, rather than to those of the international cubists who clamor from the paid lecture platform that unless we accept their designs we have no foreign policy. Peace and good relations between nation and nation are not drawn from a hat like a magician's rabbit; they are woven by the shuttle of a daily business and the painstaking and patient work of mending broken threads.

Judged by the quality of this kind of real close-to-the-ground administration of foreign affairs, the Department of State under Kellogg has been a good mill. And it has been a good mill at a time when difficulties beset it, when in the offing new problems poked their bows into our harbor, and when without a doubt the world, in spite of its peace gains, has come to a period of new fretfulness and excusable petulance.

If one had been sitting where Kellogg sits, particularly if one had had his experience as ambassador to Great Britain and as one of the negotiators at the London Conference and as an intimate friend attending the birth of the Dawes Plan, one could see clearly why the world, particularly in its attitude toward us, had arrived at the beginning of a period of irritability.

We Cannot Expect Them to Have the Unmixed Emotion of Gladness at Our Good Fortune

We are not popular. We may as well accept the fact for what it is worth. That unpopularity is not based on fundamental grounds. It is not permanent. It is not so deep-seated as the reasons for trust in us. But there is no denying it. It rises from Europe, particularly from the large powers, like a warm steam. It sends us a mist of suspicion from Latin America, where we are now in an awkward arbitration. It flows from the Far East, where our indulgence of poor old floundering China may be considered idealistic in its dress but trouble-dodging in its nakedness.

If anyone is used to scanning the foreign press, our unpopularity is apparent. It is generally apparent. If one goes to foreign dinner tables, where the curtain of mere perfunctory politeness is allowed to be brushed aside, our unpopularity is apparent. The warm love of us which followed some of our undoubted generosity since the war—for we have borne almost single-handed the brunt of relief measures—has cooled.

"Virtue?" roars one of the statesmen of Europe. "Of course you were virtuous! You made virtue hideous!"

"Aid?" says another. "You give us aid! You give us talk and we have the taxes."

No dislike is quite so difficult as an unreasonable and unreasoning dislike. If there are sound reasons for dislike they may be removed; it is impossible, however, to prescribe an overnight cure for dislike which cannot give a coherent statement of its reasons. There is nothing to say to a lady who merely reiterates, "I no longer love you."

We are the victim of a vague indictment, but it is none the less expressive and real. Those who follow the currents in world feeling no longer have doubt of it. The official world knows it from its reports; the unofficial world gleans it from the cables and mouths of travelers. The voices from European parliaments carry the message; letters are sent from agents of our home organizations who are now abroad.

An example is a published letter sent to Arthur Judson Brown, secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, from a constant traveler in Europe:

"Things are in an awful muddle! The separate hatreds of Europe are combining into one grand hatred for America. For the first time in all my experience I am feeling the

effect of the suspicions and fears, as well as the jealousy of others, for me as an American. We are being openly blamed for the failure at Geneva. We are looked upon as an impecunious ne'er-do-well looks upon the pawnbroker who loans him money, and no matter how much the borrower may be despised by his neighbors, they all join him in expressing and showing in other ways their contempt for the money lender."

This wave of unpopularity need not be emphasized unless it is for the purpose of drawing it to the attention of all Americans, not in a sensational form, not to stir up trouble and ill will, but rather to analyze its causes and suggest that we may have come to a juncture where patience may have to be our foreign policy.

Familiarity with European cross currents makes it no difficult task to set forth the causes for our present decline in the esteem of certain foreign nations.

Frankness compels us to admit at once that the meddling we did in peacemaking in Europe rode us toward that fall. Our representatives' contribution to new map making helped to Balkanize Europe. Our representatives' assent to impossible reparation exactions gave rise to the need for our 85 per cent scaling-down repair job by the Dawes Plan. Our representatives' contrivance of a supergovernment which, as a political, as distinguished from a social-service machine, failed to obtain our adherence and now fails to work, brings vague resentments such as occur to the owner of a leaky craft toward a designer and builder who was too wise to ship as a member of the crew.

In short, the glories of a volunteer peacemaker and plan giver were transitory. The reaction of resentment is not against our aloofness except upon the ground that misery loves company. I have never been able to obtain a logical explanation from those who assert that the United States could have made the League work as a European political machine; I have never been able to find a European statesman who did not in his heart regard our independence of policy and action as a matter for envy and an assurance that our helpfulness, whatever it might be, was free to move without being caught in the barbed wire of the old animosities. But the God-given oceans around us, the God-given resources beneath us, furnish an unjolly contrast to the condition of the European who recognizes the difference of his own position.

Loans That Lose Friends

WE SOMETIMES—indeed, we almost always—forget our own situation or fail utterly ever to realize it. We forget that nowhere in the world, past or present, has there been a land or a people so endowed with general comforts, with luxuries passed so far down toward the great masses that the poor are capitalists and the danger of softness at the top already afflicts us. It is no wonder that those who stand where the ownership of radios and automobiles, fur stoles and silk stockings is not so far flung, and where the wind is a bit chill and the goose is low and the taxes high, may look in our windows with confused feelings. We cannot expect them to have the unmixed emotion of gladness; we cannot expect them to clap their hands constantly and dance for joy at our good fortune. If they fail in repulsing the gnawing of envy, let us not fail in maintaining tolerance and patience, for mercy's sake!

If they see coddled ladies and gentlemen buying gowns or divorces at high prices in Paris, we may do well to understand their point of view. Said one small shopkeeper in France to me with good humor, "Only if I wanted to be like these Americans would I hate them."

We would be blind indeed if we failed to look at ourselves with the eyes of those overseas vexed by political and financial uncertainty who, failing to know us from afar, observe some of our open-handed travelers close at hand and thus misread us.

And then there are the debts!

The debts of Europe to the United States bring to focus all these differences. The negotiations to fund these debts—war and postwar—throw narrow beams of brilliant light upon relative tax burdens, and tax burdens touch the pocket nerve of almost everyone in the world. An international settlement of debt sits at every hearth side. Every discussion in Congress or in foreign parliaments about debts raises accusations and recriminations about relative capacity to pay and to wipe out, to extinguish, refund, forgive and bear interest. Abroad, the clamor in the opposition is that a ministry has betrayed the interest of the taxpayer by agreeing to pay so much, while at home the opposition yelps that we have given away too much. No one is satisfied.

This process, making for our unpopularity, was inevitable. Those who knew the subject from the inside knew why we had to press for refunding negotiations and settlements. The question had to be tackled sooner or later.

Six years after the war! And scarcely a peep about debt settlement except from Great Britain. The idea of remitting all the debts owed us never gained any headway in the voting population of the United States. Therefore any honest American diplomat or Secretary of State, desiring good feeling and the best possible adjustment, could have gone to the premier or finance minister of any of our debtor nations and said as follows:

"The longer you let this go, the harder it will be for you to find political support behind you for any settlement. There is crystallizing the feeling in your country that nothing need be paid. On the other hand, in America there will be less chance of giving generous terms as time goes on. We are practicing economy and tax reduction just now, and the popular inclination will be more generous than in any period of rising taxes. Furthermore, you need credits. What attitude can we take toward your request for credits while this debt is hanging somewhere in the air? Only by defining this debt, and gaining the moral tone of desire to settle, can you find our bankers in the best position to extend to your enterprises new loans."

That kind of talk is honest talk and argues for the best interest not only of one side but of both. It was that position, or one quite similar, which brought the Continental debtors to the doors of the negotiating room. And yet the whole process of debt settlement awakened resentments. It was the cue for politicians and the press in Europe to wail at our "brutality in exaction" beforehand, and for all parliamentary oppositions to criticize their governments for concessions and for governments to blame us for exacting too much, after the negotiations were over.

The debts gave us unpopularity. But it probably was a minimum of unpopularity inherent in such matters. We made sincere attempts by our negotiations to settle on the capacity of the debtor to pay, and there is no doubt that good financial opinion the world over is saying that we were acting to uphold honorable principle in international obligations and had been generous in our estimate of the equities in scaling down of the obligations. By Secretaries Kellogg and Mellon and Hoover is shared the credit for initiating and putting through an insistence on debt settlements based upon the theory that no more would be asked than the debtor-nation people would stand and no less than the creditor-nation people would take. To do it now was good politics, not because anyone expected it could be done without some gnashing of teeth, but because more gnashing of teeth was certain if there were indefinite delays.

Our unpopularity, however, has other causes. We have become, through no national ambition of our own, the money lender of the world. Those who enjoyed preeminence in that field before the war are not pleased. Money lending, certainly in their old skilled technic, meant something more than merely lending money. The system of foreign loans meant to Europe not only safety of principal and collection of interest but also an extended measure of say-so as to how and where the money should be spent. A loan to the monarchy of Volabia for railway construction had attached to it, for all practical purposes, a stipulation as to where the locomotives and rails should be bought. The loss of money lending meant the loss of money-lending power to build exports. The loss caused pain. No matter how inevitable was the shifting of their power to us, the loser views us as riding in his limousine of foreign trade.

Meddling, With Reverse Turkish

OUR tariff also makes us unpopular. I have heard European economists talk in scarlet tones of our expectancy that we were to receive what was owed us when we barred out the importation of foreign goods which, sold to us and turned into gold, constituted the only obvious method of payment to us.

And finally our meddling makes us unpopular. We do meddle. Officially we meddle very little; but unofficially, and, I fear, as green amateurs, we meddle tremendously. No matter how scrupulously we avoid meddling in the internal or other affairs of other nations officially, we do unparalleled things in attempts to fix the world. We even organize societies to meddle. We are the Don Quixote in unofficial meddling. We bang finally on the doors of the State Department and say: "Here, we have been meddling privately as hard as we can. We have a record of seventy-two tons of unofficial meddling literature. Now if our Government can't help us meddle, we will show up our Government for the nefarious nonmeddler that it is." Which is one reason why Secretaries of State have to have vacations.

One Reason Why Secretaries of State Have to Have Vacations

And such meddling it is! Let us turn it around. The Turks say to us:

"We will have no treaty with a nation like yours. Your continent was originally inhabited by the American Indian. It belongs to him. We will admit he was a trouble maker sometimes, but you massacred him. Now we, the members of the First Mosque of Islam, sign this petition, demanding that the United States set aside the state of Virginia as a national home for the American Indian."

This is the reverse of the position taken by some organized Americans as to Turkey and her former racial minority populations. It is easy for the pot to call the kettle black.

Or Japanese hold a mass meeting in Tokio and say to us:

"The Philippines were taken by you without self-determination. Their national aspirations have been rebuked by you through measures of stern suppression and, it is said, even by the water torture. Our Zen Buddhist

(Continued on Page 64)

BANBURY CROSS

By Frances Noyes Hart

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

He Was Totally Unaware of Everything in the World Save the One Vital Necessity of Reaching the Grand Central Station

"Ride a cock-horse,
To Banbury Cross,
To see a fine lady
Ride on a white horse,
Rings on her fingers,
And bells on her toes,
She shall have music
Wherever she goes."

EVEN for an eminent critic, he was late. The curtain had fallen on the second act for a good five minutes, the tumult and the shouting had died to a pleasant, excited hum of voices; and the less eminent critic who lived in the seat next to him was making determined efforts to get out to a cigar and an ice.

Nicholas Bird stopped panting, straightened a tie that had obviously been in a hurry too, passed a monitory hand over black hair that was too short to be ruffled by anything less violent than a whirlwind, and bent all his energies on preventing his now actively agitated colleague from escaping.

"No; but look here, there's a good fellow," he urged, with the adroit mixture of ruthlessness and cajolery that had undoubtedly landed him in his present position of unmerited grandeur. "I've got to get this thing straight, and you're the one to do it. I swear I couldn't help it; the train was an hour and a half late—I couldn't push it in, could I? I've had a perfectly frightful time, too, if it is any consolation to you. My eye is absolutely gone. The only birds that I saw laughed so hard at me that they toppled over sideways. The little rotters knew that I couldn't hit a stuffed elephant on the wing. And there isn't a program in this whole God-forsaken place. What's the girl singing? That's not much to ask, is it?"

Mr. Trottingham, the less eminent and more deserving critic, thought it was a great deal to ask. His opinion of the flighty young jackanapes who received exactly three times the income for exactly one-thirtieth of the portion of labor performed by his assiduous self could hardly have been put into words. He gave an irritable twitch at the black ribbon which leashed his pince-nez and glared bleakly down his Roman nose at the scuffed and muddy brown boot that the infernal young cub had casually extended as a barrier in front of his aisle seat. It was obviously impossible to get out without a scene, and it caused a creeping sensation back of Mr. Trottingham's ears to consider being even remotely in a scene, however modest its proportions. He therefore sank back in his seat and replied, slightly through his nose but with the purest British accent:

"Rossi is singing her farewell performance in Perizzi's Guinevera; which closes the season, you will be glad to hear. She has just taken eight curtain calls in a black velvet cloak bordered in silver, with braids of red hair hanging below her knees. . . . Is there anything else that you would care to know?"

"Ah, go on!" admonished the ungrateful Nick with a purely derisive inflection. "Last performance! That child will be singing They Call Me Mee-Mee when every critic in New York is crouched over the dying embers, wrapped up in long white whiskers. Last performance!"

"It will undoubtedly reassure her manager to learn that it's an error," remarked Mr. Trottingham venomously. "He has been locked in his room for twenty-four hours, making noises that have upset even the reporters outside the door. He managed most emphatically to convey the impression that he considered Rossi in earnest. I am relieved to hear that the rumor is unfounded. It would have been an irreparable loss—the finest lyric soprano and the most engaging personality in three generations."

"Fancy!" murmured Mr. Bird agreeably. He searched rapidly through his pockets, produced a much rumpled pad and a hard-bitten stump of pencil, half closed his eyes, caught the tip of his tongue between his teeth and began to write, scrappily but industriously.

"You do not agree with my estimate of Rossi?" inquired Mr. Trottingham, suavely belligerent.

Nick glanced up, his engaging countenance adorned by an utterly shameless grin.

"Ah, there you have me! I've never laid eyes or ears on the lady. Spoofing aside, what's she like? Doesn't anyone honestly know who she is? Does she really sing even Butterfly red-headed?"

Mr. Trottingham's mind literally staggered, his eyes behind the distinguished pince-nez popped slightly.

"You are serious? You really have never heard Rossi sing?"

"Well, it might be stretching a point to say that I am serious, but I can swear to Jupiter that I've never heard her sing."

"I have seen at least a dozen reviews of Rossi's performances over your signature," said Mr. Trottingham. "I cannot say that I have read them, but I have most assuredly seen them."

"Read 'em and weep!" urged their creator. "Best stuff I ever turned out—little masterpieces, if I may be so bold. Caustic and constructive—those are the keynotes. With every other critic in New York more cuckoo over the girl than any clock, young Master Nicholas Bird remains cool, collected and critical as Minerva's own pet owl, his patron saint. It is not for nothing that he has earned—and I may add, sustained—the title of the Wise Bird. Nothing ——"

"You have written criticisms of Rossi without having heard her sing?"

The Wise Bird looked genuinely shocked. "But, my dear fellow, I never hear anyone sing that I review—rather not!" He eyed the stupefied critic with an air of really priggish virtue. "It would warp my point of view and influence my judgment and throw me simply miles off my stride! I believe that it absolutely wrecks pure criticism to let personalities enter into it for a moment. Surely you're with me on that?"

It would have been difficult to tell whether Mr. Trottingham shook his head or nodded it—to be strictly accurate, he wabbled it. He was entirely incapable of directional effort. Nick, however, did not wait to verify assent or dissent; his question had been purely rhetorical, and he was once more deep in the throes of composition. He held

his manuscript in such a confiding manner that Mr. Trottingham did not have to move an inch in order to see it perfectly. The thing was headed in a dashing and juvenile hand:

"GOOD-BY FOREVER!

"Rossi, is it true that you are leaving us—is it possible? In the opinion of one of your most fervent and least politic admirers, it is not even probable. A pretty woman never really leaves us, thank God, she never drifts quite out of earshot of our sighs. Why, how could she? She lives on them!

"Tonight, Rossi, you were lovely to the point of distraction in your black cloak and scarlet braids. But disciples of the bel canto drew in their breaths a little sharply when you attacked those showers of high notes that Perizzi has tossed to you so prodigally and, alas, imprudently. I noted, too, a slight muscular contraction in one of our more exigent critics as you slurred over that charming staccato passage in the duet. It was only when you tossed your head and smiled as triumphantly as any little circus rider who has slipped off her horse that he relaxed. It seemed to him—and to the rest of your audience—that such assurance could only attend success; if he went oftener to the circus he would have learned that the widest and most brilliant smiles are spread to cover the trick that doesn't quite come off. And in your phrasing of that last lovely aria, *sostenuto* doesn't quite mean drawn out forever, does it? Sustained, yes; but surely short of the point of explosion. Even linked sweetness may be too long drawn out."

"It's libelous!" exploded the outraged Trottingham. "The girl hasn't even sung the last aria!"

"Ah, but she will!" replied Mr. Bird, surveying his handiwork with all too obvious complacence. "She will, she will! They always do!"

He sucked his pencil judicially for a moment and continued benevolently:

"Your middle register, as ever, was a delight—smooth, vibrant and unforced—and one of us at least thought your low tones a vast improvement over last season's—more fluent and richer by far in overtones. The slightly mechanical transition from *piano* to *forte* is less noticeable, too; as we have more than once suggested and you have gratifyingly discovered, it was largely a question of breath control.

"Ah, Rossi, Rossi, make liars of them all! Do not leave us! How long these Metropolitan nights would seem without the beacon of your bright head to light them—that shining, flaming head that has made us understand why Faust chose it from all the smooth flaxen ones in the village; why Rudolph, following its gleaming beauty in the darkness, found a thimble and lost his heart; why honest José forgot his mother and that little kind praying girl to seek its flame in dark and lonely places. It wasn't because Thaïs and Melisande and Tosca rang out their high notes like little bells that their lovers followed them down dark paths to death; it was because a small gleaming head shone brighter than life before their dazzled eyes.

"Do not hide it from us, Rossi! Do not leave us! Or not, at any rate, while you have still so much to learn in the minor art of singing and so much to teach in the major art of beauty."

He added a triumphant flourish to the tail of the final *y*, glanced fondly at the peroration and remarked with an air of modest confidence to Mr. Trottingham, "I rather fancy that will hold her!"

Still beaming at his colleague, who continued to stare at him with glazed eyes, he stuffed the notes carelessly into his pocket, reached for his hat and started to rise.

Mr. Trottingham said "Wait!" in barely audible tones; and Nick, who was amiable to a fault when he had nothing better to do, waited. Mr. Trottingham, controlling himself by a superhuman effort, said, "I gather from the tone of your article that you know Rossi—that you are personally acquainted with her?"

Reddy Jang, Her Voice a Thread of Silver in the Quiet Room

"You gather singular errors," Nick assured him. "Surely I've told you that I've never laid eyes on her in my life! No, it's only my carefree Bohemian manner that misleads you, and, to be candid, one or two others. Is the lady really so staggering?"

"She has an amazing quality—unique. Possibly some of her charm comes from the mystery that surrounds her."

"The mystery as to whether she hails from an igloo, a kraal or a hacienda? I have my own theory as to that."

"And what," inquired Mr. Trottingham, without undue deference, "is your theory?"

"Weehawken," said the theorist briskly. "What's yours?"

"I am unfortunately disbarred from facetious speculations," rejoined Mr. Trottingham acridly. "I happen to know that she's of purely Basque origin—was born in the foothills of the Pyrenees and received practically her entire musical education from a Spanish choirmaster. Those, however, are the only facts that have been made public; and now that her mother, who spoke a few words of English, is dead, they are presumably the only ones that we shall ever have. Any reporter who could get an interview from Rossi herself would naturally make the fortune of both his paper and himself."

"And I dare say that there aren't more than a dozen good all-around Basque-speaking reporters in the entire city of New York," murmured Nick pensively. "Seems like fate, doesn't it? When you think that she might have been born practically anywhere too! Does she sing Butterfly in Basque?"

"She sings French, German and Italian to perfection; but the words mean no more to her than do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do. She has a perfect ear for sound, but she cannot speak a word of any language except her own."

"Poor child! Nothing but Basque—there's a fate for you! Well, I for one have always been against stuffing little boys to the eyebrows with all these dead languages; if it hadn't been for a lot of fatuous tutors grinding my nose into Latin and Greek, I might have taken a good, workable, up-to-date course in Basque irregular verbs and sent the Evening Banner to the head of the class. . . . Oh, hell, there go the lights!"

Darkness plunged softly down on them, the violins stirred to a shimmer of sound, the curtains stole aside on velvet feet, and Nick banged his head on the seat in front of him, broke a finger nail and lifted an unrestrained voice to heaven:

"Where's my hat?"

Several people expressed hearty indifference and eloquent admonitions as to silence. Nick, unsubdued, adjured his companion's aid:

"Look under your chair, can't you? I want to get out of here!"

Mr. Trottingham did not comply with this reasonable suggestion. It would have been a work of supererogation to look under his chair. He was fully aware that his disreputable colleague's more than disreputable hat was not there. He knew that it was not there, because not half a minute before he had given it a good, skillful, careful little kick that must have started it well on toward the orchestra pit. He felt soothed and refreshed more than he had in many a long day, and he drew a deep breath and said "Sh-h-h" in a clear, well-rounded, gratified tone. Nick raised his head momentarily, acquiring air for a really vicious scramble.

The great stage was a pool of green-shadowed twilight; above the vibration of the violins, a hunting horn wound, clear and lonely; voices laughed in the distance—nearer; there was a sound of horses' hoofs, a jingle of little bells, a girl's voice calling—and suddenly the hunt was riding by, homeward bound to Camelot.

Under the green branches they passed, laughing, lovely and unreal as figures from a tapestry, the little running pages with the great hounds tugging at their leashes, the gamekeepers staggering under their burden of deer and boar and bird, the ladies bright-lipped beneath heavy braids and filmy veils, the knights leaning ardent from their saddles.

By they rode, brave in silver and gold, in sapphire and scarlet and emerald, the hooded falcons perched high on their wrists, and banners fluttering bravely in the wind that blew clear and fresh across a thousand years.

The unregenerate Nick, head still lifted, sniffed it appreciatively. This was something like! If everyone in opera would agree to keep their mouths shut and weave

themselves into lovely inarticulate patterns, even an eminent critic might be persuaded to sit it out for once. But no, it was too good to last, naturally; they were passing; the jeweled clusters were fading, the laughter falling; now there were half a dozen left—two—one—the forest was empty once more save for a little scurrying page, scampering after the dying horns with weary legs and tear-stained face.

There it stood, green and dim and empty as some great hall, dreaming of the mirth and music that had so lately filled it—waiting—waiting—what was it waiting for, the dreaming forest? And then, clear above the little wind in the leaves that was the only sound in the world, came again the beat of horses' hoofs, slow and steady and inevitable this time as the approach of fate itself. Nearer came the laggards of that gay company, nearer still, and suddenly they were there, and the little wind ceased singing in the trees, waiting to hear them speak. But they rode silent, the black knight on his black horse, the white queen on her white horse, with bent heads and quiet lips, his silver gauntleted hand heavy on her steed's silver bridle, her veiled eyes steady on his hand.

For a long moment it seemed that they would pass as they had come—silent save for the beating of their hearts that shook the forest. So slowly they passed that Nick could see the great carved emeralds gleaming on her fingers, so quietly that he could hear the faint ringing of the little silver bells that tasseled the long points of her slippers. Silent, they rode motionlessly. And suddenly the white queen turned swiftly in her saddle, and her bright head swooped down, sure as a falcon, to the quiet hand that rested on her charger's bridle.

For an interminable second her lips rested there, and then with a gesture reckless and triumphant as youth itself, she flung back her head and flung out her voice in a long, clear, beautiful cry, thrilling and challenging as a call to battle. Her veil had fallen back, and far below her waist swung the two burning ropes of hair, bright and amazing as banners; her upturned face was white fire, her eyes dark swords.

Mr. Nicholas Bird, lifted suddenly to his feet and into the middle of the aisle by the force of an amazement that could easily have moved mountains, flung out his own voice in reply.

"Reddy Ruff!" he cried, in tones that would have made a trumpet ashamed of itself.

Four hundred and twenty-seven people said "Sh-h-h!" with horrid ferocity; a particularly charming and well-modulated voice cried, "Shut up!" And a lusty barytone intoned enthusiastically, "Kill him!" But Mr. Bird, galloping lightly up the aisle through the darkness, minus hat, minus coat, minus most of his wits and the commonest rudiment of decency, was blissfully unaware of the loathing and contempt that he had stirred in countless Christian hearts. He was totally unaware of everything in the world save the one vital necessity of reaching the Grand Central Station in time to catch the 10:15 train to Banbury Cross. It was the last night train to Banbury Cross. He hadn't been there for twelve years, but he was as sure of that as he was that he was going to catch it.

It was long after midnight before the exhausted train puffed into the grim little shed that was flatteringly called a station and Nick swung his long legs off it onto the rickety platform. In twelve years he had failed to discover why it took the same train that made it nicely in an hour and ten minutes at eight in the morning two hours and ten minutes to do it after ten at night. Probably all worn out from a long, hard day, poor little thing. He did not tarry to commiserate with it, however; he had no time to waste. In the eyes of Banbury Cross it must be getting late. Well, as a matter of fact, in the eyes of Banbury Cross, it had been late ever since the post-office clock had struck nine. He swung recklessly down the rickety flight of steps, and without stopping to orient himself even for a moment, struck off across the village green.

There was nothing to upset his calculations; Banbury Cross was not the village to betray a fellow by indiscreet changes, even if he stayed away twelve years. Washed in moonlight, bathed in dew, there it stood, clean and trim and decorous in the April night, a heartening sight for grimy eyes. There stood the church, pointing a white finger to the stars; across the way the shuttered library swung its neatly lettered sign in the cautious breeze; on his right the engine house stood palely solemn as a temple to safety; at his left the chain store shone as tidily and thriftily as the little tin shops that bloom at the feet of Christmas trees. Between the lovely Greek columns of the Town Hall hung a brilliantly executed poster that he could swear had hung there when he left.

A heavily whiskered gentleman in a red shirt was hurling an ax at a much-feathered Indian on a black mustang headed straight for a blond maiden, shrieking her heart out in a circle of leaping flames. This stirring scene was further enlivened by the announcement that it depicted the Black Panther's Bride—Sixteenth Installment of the Super-Extra Special Gem Serial. Posted in one corner, in chaste black and white, was the brief statement, "Coming Saturday." Nick drew a long breath of relieved delight. Saturday—though even so, how was it possible to await the outcome until Saturday?

The silver air, incredibly light and fresh after the staleness of the day coach, filled him with something more intoxicating than intoxication. It was alive with promises and ghosts—ghosts of burning leaves, of white frost, of roasting chestnuts; promises of clover fields, of honeysuckle in the sun, of lilacs in the rain, of haystacks under a harvest moon. Nick executed a double shuffle of ecstasy, and then, remembering the hour, assumed an expression of preternatural alertness and turned off at a sharp angle down a little road that looked more like an irresponsible lane than a well-behaved village street. He paused briefly at the second house from the corner—just long enough to give it an amiable nod of recognition and to verify the gratifying information that adorned the signboard hanging from the piazza rail. "Boarder Wanted," ran the message, very black and white and candid in the moonlight.

The house was such a nice, tidy, competent little thing with its furbishings of dark green shutters and bright scarlet geraniums that it was pleasantly reassuring to know that it wanted a boarder, and Nick decided that it should have one, and possibly sooner than it expected. He moved leisurely on down the lane, past a green sweep that looked as though it hadn't quite decided whether to be a lawn or a meadow.

A tall picket fence edged it decorously, and at the gate in the fence he came to an abrupt halt, leaning against it and resting his elbows on it as though he intended to settle down permanently.

Another small white house sat well back behind a weed-filled space that should have been a garden, but no lacquered shutters or geraniums touched it to honest pride. A sad, a desolate small house. The grass grew shamelessly high between the flagstones of the path; some March storm had loosed a twisted branch of one of the old pear trees, and it still swung limply like a broken arm; even in the moonlight, he could see the shabbiness of the brass knocker that had once shone so engagingly against the

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"Nicholas Bird, You Don't Mean to Tell Me That You've Been Standing There All Night?"

THE ISLAND IN THE NIGHT

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

WHEN we drove up to Matthew Bruce's great barn the quarrel was past mending, even at the hand of such a peacemaker as my grandfather. The two men had fallen to a sudden silence, more eloquent than the clash of lifted, angry voices that we had heard before we turned in from the road. Each of them, as we passed the corner of the barn, spared us a sidewise glance in which I felt a dismissing impatience; as they drew together, ignoring us, there was so much likeness between them, between the stiff-kneed, wary steps, the menace of the closed fists and inbent arms, that for all my awed forevision of battle, I was of half a mind to laugh.

The thing seemed to happen very slowly, so that there was an endless instant of suspense, and yet, even had my grandfather hoped to interfere, he could have scarcely dropped the lines before the two men, as if moved by a single will, sprang and met. I remember that I felt a kind of sickness at the sound of Matthew Bruce's blow; it was the first time, I think, that I had ever heard that queerly stirring noise and I have never heard it since without a helpless qualm and flinch, as if some measure of that crashing impact had fallen on my own flesh, and yet it sent along my spine a shiver that was pure unholy joy. I heard my grandfather's breath escape him in a wordless ejaculation and my awed affection for him went a little warmer, because my ear knew the sound for involuntary approval and applause.

It was a blow, as the saying is, like the wicked lash of a horse's heels; it struck fair and flush on the angle of Rader's chin and, as his head snapped backward, I thought that surely it had snapped his neck. I marveled at the furious swiftness with which he scrambled up from the littered wheat straw and sprang straight forward into another mighty swing of Bruce's fist.

I was frightened, but below the fear something sang in me; I could not twist my gaze away from the fight to read my grandfather's face, but I seemed to understand that he was not altogether sorry that we had come too late to keep the peace. At least he did not stir from his place beside me on the spring seat, until Rader, stumbling backward and sprawling in the straw, made no attempt to rise. Even then, I thought, his sigh as he climbed down over the wheel was not wholly of deprecation or relief.

Matthew Bruce plunged a hand into a breeches pocket and pulled out a roll of dirty bills. He was breathing fast, but this was all the fight had cost him and I was displeased and sorry that he took his victory with no better grace than Charlie Rader took his beating.

"Here's your pay," he said. "Get off my place!"

Rader took the money sullenly; he stood up, swaying a little, shaking his head as if to clear it, and I heard him mutter between swollen, bleeding lips. Bruce laughed harshly.

"Get even? Then buy yourself a shotgun, Rader! You'll need something better than your hands."

He turned his back, deliberate contempt in the motion, and now I was dimly shamed for him and for myself. Distantly he was kin of ours; more directly his ownership of land associated him with us, for that line of caste, in those days in our hills, was drawn exceeding sharp and deep. Unreasonably it seemed to me that Charlie Rader, beaten and discharged, his bit of wages looking all the less for the awkward bigness of the hand that held them, his dull bruised face sullenly bewildered, made somehow a better figure than Matthew Bruce. I was glad that he did not look at me as he moved away and Matthew's voice, still breathless but triumphant and complacent, fell on my ears with an unpleasing ring of brass.

"Well, Andrew." It was the commonplace of greeting in our speech, but as he used it now it held a quality of boast, as if by choosing to ignore the fight he meant us to admire him all the more. I was pleased that my grandfather did not give him the compliment he so plainly looked for.

"What was it about?" he asked gravely. Bruce's red eyebrows drew together.

"I will let no man curse me to my face, Andrew; least of all a hired hand!" His cheeks puffed as if his gust of anger swelled inside them. "I lost half my load of rakings when I pulled into the barn and Rader burst out at me as if it was his wheat that I had spilled."

I noticed now that the loose wheat that half blocked the doorway had slid down from the wagon almost hidden beyond it. Matthew Bruce had driven carelessly, so that the corner of his load must have caught as he pulled into the dark aisle between the banks of mowed sheaves that filled the two huge bays to the very ridgepole. It angered me a little, as any waste of labor angers anyone who knows blasphemy, but as I surveyed that spilled load of rakings my sympathies were doggedly with Charlie Rader.

My grandfather lifted a pitchfork that leaned against the barn door.

"Get on the load, Matt," he said. "I'll help you tend to this." He beckoned to me as Bruce scrambled up at the front of the wagon, for the moment out of sight and hearing of where we stood.

"Catch up with Rader and tell him I've got work for him if he wants it," he bade me. "Just as soon Matthew didn't know about it either."

I slipped past the corner of the barn and ran after Charlie Rader, plodding doggedly through the deep dust toward town. His battered face did not lighten at my message.

"Guess I can find me a job without no help from Matt Bruce's folks," he said. "Seen him lick me, didn't you? Well, you'll see me get even one of these days. You can tell him I said so too."

I knew better than to argue with him, even if I had wanted to. He belonged to a class and type that was common in those times, but that has mysteriously vanished in these forty years. Even in our little corner of the hills there must have been a thousand like him, men seemingly produced by Nature to supply the need of labor on the land, equipped with bone and muscle for a horse's task and with the sort of brain that asked for nothing better, knowing their work as an ox comes to know its appointed business and for the most part as stupidly content with little more than an ox's recompense of food and shelter. I think we came to regard them as so many cattle; I know that I should have been as like to argue with a sullen steer in our hill pasture as with Charlie Rader, glowering at me between his puffed and purpling eyelids. I forgot my sympathy and went back to the barn blithely intent upon my holiday affairs.

It was the day before the Fourth and we were on our way to the celebration at the county seat, too long a journey from our pocket of the hills for our plow horses to cover in a morning. It was our habit to spend the night with Matthew Bruce, so that we could reach the village in time for the forenoon speeches and parade—something to think about for weeks beforehand and to discuss long afterward. We took our pleasures soberly; this excursion was the high adventure of our year.

By the time I reached the barn another wagonload of rakings had come in, and I guessed that it was the last one of Bruce's harvest, for three hands had ridden in with it and Ollie Bruce was unhitching from the horserake with which he must have finished the inevitable boy's task of gleaning the reaped stubble. The hired men were clearing up the tumbled litter of the spilled load; my grandfather and Bruce must have gone to stable our team, and I ran to help Ollie so that we both might be safely out of sight when they returned. It was never wise for boys to be visible about Matt Bruce's farm; he had a genius for remembering such chores as digging burdocks or pulling wild carrot, and the day before the Fourth was to him exceedingly like any other day.

Ollie, however, was in no haste and I saw by his look that he lay under orders. There would be no fishing in the trout brook this afternoon.

"Ought to have known better'n to finish the raking so early," he said. "Now I got to weed the walks till suppertime!"

"I'll help," I told him. "Maybe we can get it done sooner and ——"

Ollie laughed glumly. "No, sir. I weeded those walks too often. Take both of us all afternoon, and pa'll be sitting on the porch to think up something else, if we did make out to get through."

I made the best of it. Even under my grandfather's gentler government I was used to doing that. Weeding a walk in the shade of the big elms was better, at least, than digging burdocks. We stretched our wool-twine guides and set to work, speaking in whispers so that our voices shouldn't carry to the porch where grandfather sat talking crops and politics with Matthew Bruce. This was important, for Ollie had a mighty secret. He had driven his city uncle to the train a week before, and brought back a noble gift of forbidden fireworks from Sam Tift's store—two dollars' worth at the least calculation.

"Wish he'd let me pick," said Ollie. "Made me wait outside while he bought 'em, or I'd have got more crackers and torpedoes and snakes instead of pinwheels and rockets and Roman candles that you have to shoot off at night." He tugged at a stubborn plantain. "We can take crackers down to the creek and set 'em off in the daytime, but how

We Sneaked Back Along the Fences With Our Arms Full of Fireworks. It Was Ollie's Notion to Leave Them in the Barn

that toil at first hand. Two weeks of it lay just behind me, long days of sweat in the yellow stubble under the heat wrinkles in the melted air, of thirsty suffocation in the mows where every bundle weighed a little heavier than the last; and there was something hateful in the nearing creak of loaded wheels groaning toward us before the departing clatter of each emptied wagon had fairly died away. I had as much regard for seemly discipline as Matthew Bruce himself and perhaps a graver view than his as to the sin of

can I get a chance to fire off a skyrocket without pa knowing it? He won't let me go off the place at night and if I set off fireworks around here "

He left the consequences to my imagination. I knew well enough how Matthew Bruce would look at it. My grandfather himself had an immovable prejudice against fireworks on his farm, and Bruce was a bigot and fanatic on the subject, so that he handled the old-fashioned sulphur matches he still used as so much gunpowder and would suffer no hand of his to smoke anywhere on his land. I wondered that he should have allowed Ollie to keep those pinwheels and rockets; my grandfather, I was pretty sure, would have made me take them back to Tift. Ollie laughed glumly when I spoke of this.

"I got 'em hid in the sap house. Thought we'd sneak up there after supper and fetch 'em down. Then we can get up early in the morning and go down to the creek, so he won't hear us shoot 'em off."

I liked the notion. Even on Matt Bruce's place and for a boy the Fourth would be a holiday. We wouldn't be starting for the village before ten and there'd be time to fire off a lot of crackers between sunrise and then. We talked it over until we were too near the porch for conversation to pass without risk of carrying to grandfather and Matthew Bruce. We were within easy earshot, when Wesley Varr, after seeking Bruce at the barn where the hired men were busy on the last load of wheat, drove his shabby buckboard to the hitching post beside the house and joined the two men on the steps.

I knew why he had come and had a vague compassion for him and his hopeless errand, although I shared in the general opinion that he had brought his many troubles deservedly upon himself. I think we held stubbornly to the notion that there was something essentially wicked about wealth, so that when a rich man suffered in purse or body it seemed to us the manifest working of natural justice; the figure of the camel and the needle's eye took deep hold of our imaginations.

Varr had been, by our standards, sinfully rich, the surviving heir of a dwindling stock of thrifty bachelor uncles and tight-fisted spinster aunts. He had been sent down out of the hills to academy and college in a day when a boy was lucky if his fourteenth winter still found him in the district school. We might have forgiven Varr for his advantages if he had borne them gracefully; we should have hated him if he had gone on as he began, waving them in our faces, whirring past our slow work horses behind his blooded pacers, airing his down-country learning with loud laughter at our backwoods ignorance. Instead, when some upheaval in the stock of Western railroads left him penniless, we passed swiftly from compassion into secret laughter and contempt.

For Varr, when his money was gone, clung all the more tenaciously to his swaggering assurance, talked the louder in town meeting and post office, using strange, formidable words and a tone that mocked us all for simpletons and louts. He still owned a farm and set out to work it by book knowledge and with all manner of newfangled machines. His bad luck came to be a byword in the countryside, so that his hired men were sought out eagerly on Saturday nights to tell his newest folly and its comical result. He brought in a new, high-priced self-binder, I remember, that six horses could not pull up the slope of his wheat fields; he paid eight hundred dollars, or owed it, for a fancy cow that promptly broke its neck in a patent stanchion of his own invention. Presently, of course, he lost the farm, but no measure of his superiority went with it. Shabby, he strutted as pompously as when his clothes had put us all to the uneasy blush; earning a narrow living from a score of trivial agencies, he condescended toward solid men like grandfather; his tone and bearing, as he approached the porch, a sheaf of papers in his hand, were so confident and so ill suited to his state and errand that they moved me, as I said, to an amused, exasperated pity.

The talk was over my head, so that I followed it rather by the voices than the words, a familiar argument of which I knew the inevitable issue. Varr was preaching fire insurance as a missionary might preach Christian civilization to heathen cannibals, save that Varr would have been eaten, I think, before his sermon had gone far. I know now, of course, that he was in the right and that we were, as he charged, willfully wrongheaded, but for this some of the blame must lie with him He was the chief and noisiest apostle of insurance in our hills and it would have been sore work for us to agree with him if he had said that ice was cold or water wet

"You're wasting breath," Matthew Bruce told him. "Neither you nor any company in Connecticut can insure me against a fire. If lightning strikes my barn it will burn, won't it, no matter how many of those papers you have signed?"

Varr shook his head compassionately. "Insurance can't prevent a fire of course. I never claimed it could. But it prevents a fire from costing you your crops and buildings, which is the next best thing. You have a thousand dollars' worth of wheat in your mows ——"

"And you offer me a bet of seven hundred that it will not burn before I thresh and sell it!" Bruce laughed harshly. "That is what all this talk of premiums and policies comes down to, Varr—a gambler's wager! I don't hold with gambling, but even if I saw no wrong in it I am not fool enough to bet against my interest. You would have me stake my money and then do my best to lose it!"

"Superstition!" Varr shook his head. "There's no likeness here to any bet! You pay a set sum for a set service, a straightforward bargain like any other. It is a shrewd device whereby no man bears the full weight of his loss and in return agrees to bear a petty fraction of his neighbor's."

Wesley Varr

"And why should I bear even a penny of it?" Bruce raised his voice triumphantly. "Except for lightning, a fire is a man's own fault and to spare him the just punishment is to put a reward on carelessness! I protect my buildings by taking thought and pains. Why should I put my hand deep in my pocket so that some shiftless fool may overset a lantern in his hay and then suffer nothing for his folly?"

Varr chewed his lips and I could see that he held his temper with an effort.

"There is lightning," he said.

"An act of God," said Bruce shortly, as one who forbids argument. He was known for noisy piety and it seemed to me that there was in his tone and look an implication that he had no need to be afraid of thunderstorms. Varr had the wit to let the topic rest.

"Arson, then," he persisted. "Fires have been set, Bruce, by willfulness or culpable mischance. All your precautions cannot stop a tramp from smoking in your haymow or an enemy from ——"

"It is my business to prevent those things," said Bruce. He chuckled. "I will see to it, without asking any other man to share my losses if I am too dull to do it. And this scheme of yours will encourage a lazy man to leave his

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"It Wouldn't be More Than He Deserves!" Said Bruce. "He Set the Fire Tupper"

SELLING STYLE

By Olive Chapin Lawson

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

Style Answered Every Question. Selling Style is New Every Day

DEPARTMENT stores are becoming huge style-selling institutions. Planned originally for the selling of staples with a modicum of style, their methods are being readjusted to the selling of style with a modicum of staples.

Entirely new merchandising policies have come into operation. Every store function has been speeded up to meet the pressing needs of fashion.

Reorganization is always a painful process. Sweeping changes in industries are bound to entail heartaches and headaches. Since upward of $5,000,000,000 changes hands yearly in the women's wear trades, every phase of that industry involving such a staggering amount of money is naturally of tremendous interest. When some one phase begins to take precedence over all the others it certainly merits our most respectful attention. Style has usurped first place and is being considered prayerfully by retailers and manufacturers.

Buyers can no longer contract for a season's supply of goods at one fell swoop and then turn to the business of selling it. They must be in the market all day, every day, and leave the selling to competent assistants. Hand-to-mouth buying, that bane of the manufacturer's existence, came into being along with increased style consciousness, forcing an entire readjustment of the business of buying and selling.

Smaller and smaller grow the orders placed with manufacturers, but they are placed almost continuously.

The Latest in Fashion Language

OUT-OF-TOWN stores find that constant representation in New York is vital to them. Resident buying offices flourish like the green bay tree. Buyers from the Middle and Western states commute from what used to seem impossible distances. California buyers who formerly came to New York semiannually must now make four trips a year.

There are a dozen merchandise men in the modern store, where there used to be one. So fast must material be turned over, lest it lose its style quality and thereby its selling quality, that no one man can hope to handle the myriad problems growing out of the new régime.

Three years ago I was employed as style adviser by a large retail store that boasted two merchandise men. It was found necessary to appoint a third to handle women's clothing alone. Soon another came into being who guided the house furnishings in the way they should go. Now the men's department boasts one; there is another for trunks, bags, toys and carpets, and still another for children's apparel. One well-known New York store makes a point of training young college men for this work. Some fourteen of them are at present shepherding a group of departments along the path to prosperity at salaries that range from $4000 to $10,000 a year.

Advertising departments had to be run on a changed basis to meet the new merchandising needs. Staff artists and writers found selling style rather too much for them. It exceeded their powers of expression. No copy writer can successfully work on both bread-and-butter advertising and on prestige material. They require opposing attitudes of mind—a quite different argot.

Special talent has to be procured—a new language used; a difficult language to master, because it is never static. The dictionary of style is supplemented hourly. One Fifth Avenue store pays $150 a week to a very clever young woman whose aptitude for the patois of fashion is unusual. Hers is a rather exceptional case. Ordinarily the income from such work ranges between thirty-five and seventy-five dollars weekly. Many of these writers have a genius for inventing a convincing style language of their own.

"Practical," "useful," durable," "becoming"—what advertising department could formerly function without those words? They are taboo today. It is as much as a store's standing is worth to use them.

Clothes are "smart," "distinguished," "alluring"; never "durable." Colors are "elusive," "subtle," "seductive"; never "practical." Hats are "chic," "dashing," "arresting"; never anything so banal and Victorian as "becoming."

Smocks had a limited appeal until about two years ago. Plans were formed to widen their uses. The word "utility" was regarded as a sales damper. Advertisements of smocks for the kitchen were regarded as a fatal error. "Style" and "smartness" were the words dinned into the sales people handling them. One copy writer tried to introduce the word "practical" into an advertisement and almost lost his job. The sale of smocks today is tremendous, so a trade paper tells us, but it wasn't brought about by advertising smocks for housework.

To be successful with fashion copy, a writer must be in the know. That means getting about in places where smart people forgather; soaking up atmosphere at dog shows, the races, the smart restaurants and night clubs. One can't do that without spending a great deal of money, so an expense account is usually set aside for the writer of fashion copy.

Subtleties of Smartness and Chic

ASTONISHING sums of money are allotted the advertising departments for the engaging of free-lance artists who know how to impart the subtleties of smartness to their sketches. Pretty pictures aren't wanted. Too long have we Americans worshiped at the shrine of insipid prettiness. We are just beginning to learn the lesson that the French have known for centuries—that it is unimportant how homely a woman may be if she be truly smart. Sketches may be extremely ugly, but they must be the embodiment of chic. The successful fashion artist, like the copy writer, puts atmosphere in her work.

Her taste must be infallible. Given an ensemble fresh from Paris, she must know at just what point to place the skirt length, the correct hat to put with it, the right gloves, the perfect shoe to give a satisfying whole. Discrimination of that sort costs money when added to unusual talent. A familiarity with Continental centers of fashion and a working knowledge of French are almost indispensable to both writers and artists. Fees of from $100 to $300 for one figure are not unusual. Women, very young ones, most of them mere girls, dominate this field. Women are much more

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BISCUITS CADORET

By Leonard H. Nason

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

THE road was filled from one ditch to the other with traffic. On the right marched infantry. On the left of the road a long line of motor vehicles churned the mud, groaned, roared, skidded in and out of the ditch, and spattered the marching infantry with the yellow clay of France. The front line was about two hours' march to the north and the infantry were going up to lend their aid to their embattled comrades. The motor vehicles were trucks carrying supplies, and ambulances going up empty. They would return shortly, trucks and ambulances both, by another road, filled with those members of the infantry that were worth repairing.

A great deal of whistle-blowing and unrestrained language announced the arrival of the two columns at an intersecting road. The other road was likewise filled and the difficulty at the crossroads arose from the fact that it was necessary for the two columns to proceed now along the same road and that road really not large enough for one. This fitting process was accomplished by a harassed M. P., who held up traffic on the right-hand road for a minute or two, while the traffic from the left-hand road flowed into the right. The M. P. then allowed the right-hand traffic to move forward again. This resulted in the sandwiching of units of one organization between those of another, a situation that would be very interesting for the officers concerned, once they arrived at the Front and tried to dispose their forces.

The traffic on the right-hand road had just been given the order to proceed, when a light truck, coming up the left-hand road, fluttered across the intersection and cut into the column just ahead of a G. M. C. ambulance. The driver of the ambulance swung his machine sharply to the right to avoid a collision. He was successful, but the ambulance skidded into the ranks of the infantry. Eight or ten men were knocked down and a whole platoon took to the ditch. A roar went up from the rest of the infantry. They were tired and disgusted, and here was a chance to vent some of their rage.

"Here, you!" barked an officer, his face twisted with anger. "Where are you going with that ambulance?" He hurried down the road, and seizing a man's arm that hung from the ambulance seat, the officer gave it a tug. "I'm going to have you hung for this! What's your name? Show me your dog tag! I'm about sick of you drivers tearing along these roads with no respect for anyone's life or limb! I'll make an example of you!" A group of ten or twelve angry doughboys swarmed about the ambulance, and these all growled their sympathy with what the officer had said.

"Snap out of it!" yelled the officer again. "Whadayuh mean by it?"

The man whose arm had been tugged sat up suddenly and peered into the officer's face. The man's face was void of understanding, his eyes were blank, and a helmet over one ear allowed a large amount of brick-red hair to be seen.

"No," said the red-headed man, "I don't know where the road goes."

"Road goes?" howled the officer. "I'll show you where you go! First, you ram that car of yours headlong into my column and kill about fifty men and then you give me a lot of lip! Well, now just to show you what I mean, I'm going to take you off that seat and put you in the mill! Right here and now! Get down!"

The infantry clustered behind their officer again growled their assent, shaking fists and canes at the man on the seat of the ambulance. The red-headed man looked perplexedly around at the purple-faced officer, at the men who had been knocked down trying hopelessly to rub off some of the mud, and at the snarling doughboys, several of whom had unslung their rifles menacingly.

"Them guns ain't loaded, are they?" asked the red-headed man. The officer at once moved upon him to drag him bodily from the seat, but someone shoved a way through the crowd. The newcomer wore a lieutenant colonel's leaves, his uniform was spotless, and he had on a cap instead of a helmet.

"What's the matter here?" snapped the colonel. "Get forward with this ambulance. You're holding up the whole road!" A chorus of faint and profane shouts, mingled with a great deal of whistling, affirmed the colonel's statement.

"This man here," began the infantry officer, "ran his car headlong at full speed into my column! He might have killed a dozen men!"

"Oh, is that what you're mad about?" asked the red-headed man. "I never run this car into no one. I ain't the driver. I'm the orderly. This here guy drives. Hey, Wally, here's a feller wants to speak to yuh!"

"Here, driver ——" began the colonel severely, when a bellow such as might be given by a wild bull resounded above the shouts of the other drivers and the threats of the infantry. All turned to look. Some distance down the column was a limousine and on the running board thereof stood a man who waved a fist in air. This man wore an overseas cap bound with gold, on the side of which could be plainly seen two stars. The face beneath the cap was red as a rising sun. The man was a major general, and the colonel was probably one of his staff officers. Again the general bellowed, then in a few well-chosen words expressed a wish that the traffic proceed. The infantry officer turned a light pink, and with never a backward glance took his departure; the infantry began to move forward without command, and the colonel, his ears burning, made his way back to the limousine. The red-headed man grasped the driver of the ambulance by the arm.

(Continued on Page 146)

The Men in Line Coughed and Shifted Their Weight From One Foot to Another. This Officer Was No Fighter: They Could Tell That at a Glance

THE ACID TEST

By ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"What Shall I Do With This Man, Judge, Your Honor?" Asked the Officer

JOHN McGUNNIGLE—for sentence." Mr. Tutt slipped inside the rail of Part I of the General Sessions, nodded to his friend, Judge Barker, upon the dais, thrust his stovepipe hat under the bench, folded himself up and sat down. A court officer was just leading the defendant—an ineffectual-looking man in a threadbare frock coat and black string tie—to the bar. Mr. Dollar, the clerk, glanced at the back of the indictment.

"He doesn't seem to have any counsel, judge. . . . Have you got a lawyer, McGunnigle?"

The old man shook his head. "I don't want any lawyer, thank you." He coughed, putting his hand to his mouth.

Mr. Dollar handed the indictment to the judge, who unfolded it. A canceled voucher drawn on a well-known New York bank, and evidently the subject of the alleged crime, was pinned to the top of the front page.

"Um forgery. Are you ready for sentence, McGunnigle?"

"Yes, Your Honor."

"Are the witnesses in court—Mr. Wiltshire? Mr. Schlemmer?"

Two men arose and came forward from the back of the room, and the judge continued in a mechanical singsong:

"John McGunnigle, you have pleaded guilty to forgery in the second degree. Have you anything to say why judgment should not now be pronounced against you?"

"No, Your Honor."

"Are you quite sure that you do not wish to be represented by counsel?"

"Yes, Your Honor."

"And you understand, if you have any explanation to make or anything to urge in mitigation of sentence, that this is the time—the last chance you will have to make it?"

"Yes, Your Honor."

The judge beckoned to the first of the two witnesses. "Mr. Wiltshire, step up here, please. I see that the defendant has pleaded guilty to forging the indorsement of the Yucatan Trading Co. on the back of this check for six thousand dollars. What do you know about it?"

"Practically nothing, judge," answered Mr. Wiltshire. "I don't know the man personally. His firm—Haecklemeyer, Schlemmer & Bintz, Rubber Goods—owed us this money for eight months. As they paid no attention to our requests for payment, I finally went over personally to see what was the trouble. It then appeared that they supposed our claim had been settled six months ago. Mr. Haecklemeyer sent for McGunnigle, their bookkeeper, and he produced from their files a receipted bill and this canceled voucher drawn to our order and apparently paid last July. As you will observe, the stamped indorsement reads, 'The Yucatan Trading Co., by H. F. Wiltshire, Pres't.' It looks like my signature, but it isn't. We don't indorse our checks that way; we indorse 'For deposit only in the Cottonseed National Bank.' This check was cashed over the counter."

The judge pondered a moment. "Usually these fellows make a fight—claim that the signature is genuine and put the prosecution to its proof. They often get away with it. Now here, for example, if he didn't admit the forgery, it would be merely your word against his, would it not?"

Mr. Wiltshire colored. "Naturally, if McGunnigle had challenged my honesty and had not pleaded guilty, there would be only my testimony to prove that the words 'by H. F. Wiltshire, Pres't,' were not in my handwriting and, presumably, that I had got the money."

"Then his plea has saved quite a lot of litigation? I suppose I should give him some credit for it on the sentence. Thank you, Mr. Wiltshire. Now, Mr. Schlemmer, this way, please."

The second witness, who had been waiting at the bar—a bulky man, with a large pink face, wearing a carnation of the same color in his lapel—stepped to the dais. Mr. Tutt had a feeling that he had seen him before.

"Do you know McGunnigle, the defendant?" inquired the judge.

Mr. Schlemmer adjusted a pair of double-lensed bifocals. "Yes, Your Honor. It is a very unfortunate case. He has been in our employ fifteen years. We can't imagine what possessed him to do such a thing. He refuses to give any explanation."

"How old is he?"

"Seventy-two."

The judge whistled through his pursed lips. "Do you know anything about him outside the office?"

"Nothing to speak of. He lives with his daughter and son-in-law—respectable people, I understand."

"What is their name?"

"Strawbridge."

"Didn't he attempt any defense at all?"

Mr. Schlemmer leaned closer to the judge. "No, Your Honor. You see, he really hadn't any way out of it. The circumstances were too much against him. It was his business to prepare the checks and on my O.K. to present them to Mr. Haecklemeyer for his signature. He kept the books, made out the monthly balance sheet and had charge of the canceled vouchers. All he had to do, once Mr. Haecklemeyer had signed the check, was to put it in his pocket instead of mailing it, and to destroy the subsequent bills from the Yucatan company as they came in. What made the case particularly strong against him was that he had been trying to borrow five thousand dollars from everybody he knew, including the bank—said he absolutely had to have it. And when we discovered that Mr. Wiltshire's name was a forgery we naturally asked McGunnigle what he knew about it."

"And he confessed at once?"

"Yes, Your Honor."

"He didn't try to make you think that Wiltshire might really have cashed the check, after all, and then denied his own signature?"

Mr. Schlemmer looked shocked. "Of course he knew that Mr. Wiltshire wouldn't do anything like that!"

"Has he made, or offered to make, any restitution?"

"No, Your Honor."

"Have you any idea what he did with the money?"

"Not the remotest."

A gold bicuspid on the left side of Mr. Schlemmer's jaw gleamed for an instant and Mr. Tutt suddenly recalled where he had seen him.

"Who is the complainant?" inquired Judge Barker.

"We are, nominally, Your Honor—that is, Haecklemeyer, Schlemmer & Bintz. But really the prosecution is instituted by the surety company, who are the ultimate losers. We carry one of their forgery bonds under which they agree to indemnify us for our loss in such a case as this: and since this check was charged against our account six months ago at our own bank, they have been obliged to reimburse us. You see, we had to draw another six-thousand-dollar check to the Yucatan company a couple of days ago to settle this account."

Mr. Tutt, who had up to this time been all eyes, suddenly became all ears. Somehow, the weary little McGunnigle, in spite of his plea of guilty, did not look like a professional forger. Judge Barker tapped meditatively on the edge of the dais with the indictment.

"Well, Mr. Schlemmer, what do you think I ought to do with this man?"

"I hope you will treat him as leniently as possible, judge." Mr. Schlemmer's voice held genuine emotion. "He's a very old man. This is his first offense. If you would let him go, I think I might be able to persuade the firm to take him back."

The judge shrugged his shoulders. "Forgery is a serious matter, Mr. Schlemmer. Let's see what the Prison Association has to say. Mr. Kimball, have you looked into this case?"

The agent of the Prison Association arose from where he had been sitting beside Mr. Dollar and approached the dais. He had had a lifelong experience in such matters.

"All I could," he replied, "in view of the fact that the defendant will not talk. I asked him to tell me about how he came to do this thing, but he refused to say a word—just stood pat. Then I went to his flat, where he had lived, up to his arrest, with his daughter and her husband. It is clean as a whistle. They have been there six years. I talked to some of the other tenants and they all spoke well of him. It seems the daughter had tuberculosis. The woman on the opposite landing said it would break your heart to see how gentle the old fellow was with her. The son-in-law broke his hip a year or more ago and has been out of a job.

"I chased up the doctor and he told me that he had informed McGunnigle in December that if the daughter could not be sent to Arizona she wouldn't last a month. Well, she left for Tucson, Arizona, last week with her husband, the day after McGunnigle was arrested. It looks to me as if McGunnigle probably resorted to forgery to enable them to go. He's been trying to borrow money for a month. He has an excellent reputation. This is the only charge that has ever been made against him. I don't think it would do any good to remand him. I can't find out anything more. If Haecklemeyer, Schlemmer & Bintz want to give him another chance, and Your Honor would consider a suspension of sentence ——"

It was at this point that Mr. Tutt entered the lists. "Excuse me, judge," he said, "but as the attorney for the surety company I feel that I ought to intervene. This case had not been called to my attention in the usual course of

business and I did not know of its existence until now. I came into court on an entirely different matter. Though I am loath to do so, my duty to my client compels me to say that to suspend sentence in a case of this gravity, where the defendant admits his guilt, has made no restitution and refuses to say one word in explanation or excuse for his crime, would be, to say the least, most unusual."

"This from you, Mr. Tutt? I thought you were always for the under dog!"

"Well, I am. Hasn't my client lost six thousand dollars through McGunnigle? Are you merely going to rap his fingers, say 'Naughty! Naughty!' give him back his job and let him keep the money? He ought at least to be made to tell what he did with it."

"There is something in what you say," agreed Judge Barker. "I don't see how I can turn a man loose who has forged the indorsement on a check for six thousand dollars, even if he is seventy-two years old. He ought to be put where he will not be exposed to the same temptation again."

"But, judge, I am sure that he wouldn't do anything of the sort a second time," protested Mr. Schlemmer. "We have no desire for vengeance. If we are willing to take him back, the rest of the world ought not to object."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Schlemmer. You haven't lost a cent," argued Mr. Tutt. "You got your money back from the surety company inside of forty-eight hours."

The judge hesitated. He usually let any defendant go where there was the slightest excuse for so doing, but he always tried to please everybody—and Mr. Tutt was an influential person.

"He's so old!" pleaded Schlemmer.

"But as he has grown in age he has not in grace," retorted Mr. Tutt. "How do we know he has not forged a lot of other checks? I ask for time in which to make an investigation to assist the conscience of the court."

Judge Barker handed the indictment back to the clerk. "How long do you want?"

"Five or six days."

"Very well. Adjourn sentence in the case of the People versus McGunnigle for one week."

"I assume that I may be allowed access to the exhibits in the meantime?" asked Mr. Tutt.

"Certainly. . . . Good morning, gentlemen. . . . Next case, Mr. Dollar."

For a week John McGunnigle had sat on his cot in the Tombs watching his fellow prisoners tramping up and down the corridor outside. He had no regrets. He had needed the money to save his daughter's life—and he would have done the same thing over again no matter what the outcome. He hardly dared hope for a suspended sentence. But even so, his life was nearly over anyway! He might as well spend the rest of it in one place as another. And Lucy, his daughter, had already written that she was feeling much better.

Now once more he stood at the bar of justice prepared to carry out to the letter his contract with the devil. The court room was much more crowded than on the occasion of his first arraignment. All the seats inside the rail were occupied, a group of reporters with sheaves of yellow paper in their hands sprawled at the oaken table just behind him, and Nemesis, in the form of that gaunt old lawyer, Ephraim Tutt, was sitting in front of the jury box in the place usually occupied by the prosecutor.

"People versus McGunnigle—for sentence," called out Mr. Dollar.

The judge took up the bundle of papers lying before him. "Have you found out anything which would have a bearing upon the sentence, Mr. Tutt?" asked Judge Barker.

Mr. Tutt uncoiled himself and stood up. "I should like to recall Mr. Schlemmer, of the firm of Haecklemeyer, Schlemmer & Bintz—the complainants—for a moment."

"All right, you may recall him. Is Mr. Schlemmer in court? Step up here, please."

Mr. Schlemmer, carrying a silk-lined overcoat and a gold-headed cane, and still in his prevailing note of pink, bowed his way to the witness chair.

"Good morning, judge," he said, carefully depositing his habiliments on the steps of the dais. "Good morning, Mr. Tutt."

Mr. Tutt made obeisance. "Good morning, Mr. Schlemmer. I trust you are in good health this morning?"

"Thank you, yes. Same to you."

"Well, you can cut out the *politesse*," grumbled His Honor. "What do you want to ask Mr. Schlemmer about? Go ahead with your questions."

Mr. Tutt unfolded the indictment. "Your Honor will remember that the charge of forgery in this case is based on a check for six thousand dollars drawn to the order of the Yucatan Trading Co., and signed by Haecklemeyer, Schlemmer & Bintz, of which the gentleman upon the witness chair is a member. It is dated July 1, 1925."

"I remember the facts," said Judge Barker rather impatiently, for he had had a bad night.

"It is indorsed 'The Yucatan Trading Co. by H. T. Wiltshire, Pres't.,' which Mr. Wiltshire claims is a forgery. The back of the check bears a rubber cancellation stamp, reading: 'Received Payment through New York Clearing House. Prior indorsement guaranteed July 3, 1925. Cottonseed National Bank, Broadway, New York City. James C. Farr, Cashier'; and the perforated cancellation of the Colophon Trust Company, the bank upon which the check was originally drawn and where it was charged against the account of Haecklemeyer, Schlemmer & Bintz."

"Yes, we all understand that," said Barker. "What are you leading up to?"

"Simply to this." Mr. Tutt laid the indictment on the edge of the dais. "My clients, the surety company have been obliged, under their bond, to pay Haecklemeyer, Schlemmer & Bintz the sum of six thousand dollars to recoup the firm's account at the Colophon Trust Company. They did this immediately upon receiving notice from Mr. Schlemmer that the check was a forgery and a supporting affidavit to that effect from Mr. Wiltshire. That is their business and the way they earn their money. But they naturally succeeded to whatever remedies Haecklemeyer, Schlemmer & Bintz may have had against the bank which honored the check in the first place, and thus they would appear to have a perfectly good action against the Cottonseed National, which, according to the cancellation stamp, cashed the check on July third for someone who impersonated Mr. Wiltshire and forged his signature to the indorsement."

"That all seems rather elementary, Mr. Tutt," remarked the judge. "I don't see what your client's theoretical remedies have to do with whether I shall sentence this defendant to state prison at hard labor."

"I crave Your Honor's patience." Mr. Tutt turned to the witness. "You say the defendant admitted forging this check practically as soon as you accused him of it?"

"Yes: almost immediately."

"Do you recall the date?"

Mr. Schlemmer sought assistance from the ceiling. "Let me see—Mr. Wiltshire came over to see us about the check on January eleventh and we charged McGunnigle with the forgery that same afternoon."

"Thank you. Now you say that he had been trying to borrow five thousand dollars from you? When was that?"

"Around the end of December of last year."

"Was that the first time he had asked for money, so far as you know?"

"So far as I know."

"Did you, when he confessed to the crime, immediately have him arrested?"

"Do you mean did I send for a policeman right away?"

Mr. Tutt smiled. "Take it as you choose."

Mr. Schlemmer wrinkled his brows. "I sent for Bill Barnhart, of the surety company, and he came right down, and picked up Wiltshire on the way. Barnhart tried unsuccessfully to get McGunnigle to talk. Then he took Wiltshire's affidavit as to the indorsement being a forgery and ——"

"And then you telephoned headquarters, and Detective Mulligan and you accompanied McGunnigle to the Tombs?"

"That's about it."

"Quick work, wasn't it?"

"Pretty quick, I guess," admitted Mr. Schlemmer.

"That was all on the afternoon of January eleventh, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"When were you reimbursed by the surety company?"

"A couple of days later, I think."

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Then He Removed the Cork at the End, Held the Check Just Above it and Struck an Attitude

The Inside of the Criminal Mind

Crooks I Have Met—By Louis E. Bisch, M.D., Ph.D.

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

I HAVE known a great many crooks. I have met pickpockets, second-story men, loft thieves, safe burglars, holdup men, ordinary thieves, occasional thieves, larceny experts in several branches—all kinds and varieties of criminals—even murderers. Some I met only once. Others I saw many times, and I grew to know these rather intimately.

I am not boasting of such acquaintances, mind you. I make the statement merely by way of introduction to what follows. My job is psychiatry. I am an alienist. I have worked with criminals for a number of years and I have come in contact with them in many ways. But the way in which I really came to know them best was through an experiment. This was in 1916, when the New York Police Department established the psychopathic laboratory at headquarters

It all came about in rather an accidental way. Following a luncheon at which various phases of crime were discussed, I was invited by Arthur Woods, who was then police commissioner, to give a talk on Mental and Moral Defectives to the inspectors and captains of the department.

And out of this lecture grew the idea and the plans for the laboratory, a place where prisoners might be examined mentally in regular and systematic fashion.

He Used to Watch the Dancing Flames for Hours at a Stretch

What the laboratory set out to determine was how many of the daily arrests, irrespective of the offense committed, were suffering from mental disease which might render them irresponsible for their acts. That was its primary object. Its secondary aim was to study the traits and character make-up of criminals in general.

Naturally, we found cases of insanity and mental defect. One of the first was that of a man who had sent a threatening letter to a firm, demanding $50,000. Only careful examination revealed the fact that he was suffering from delusions and that he had sent the blackmail letter because he believed the company owed him the money. Arrangements were made whereby this man was committed to a state institution for the insane, instead of being tried and sent to a state prison.

An Alienist at Headquarters

ANOTHER case was that of an elderly man whose mental development, according to our tests, corresponded to that of a ten-year-old child. He had been charged with robbing and assaulting a cigar-store clerk. Not only had the clerk been threatened but the prisoner had also fired several shots at the policeman making the arrest. Although the man was undoubtedly feeble-minded, we were unsuccessful in persuading the judge who heard the case, and therefore he was sentenced to ten years in Sing Sing.

After a prisoner was examined at the laboratory, a written report accompanied him to the presiding magistrate before whom he appeared for trial. This report always contained recommendations for the disposal of the case whenever mental abnormality was found. Only a negligible few among the city magistrates paid no attention to these suggestions. For the most part, and contrary to the disposition of the case last mentioned, the judges did the best they could within the technical interpretation of existing laws.

The abnormal prisoners either were sent to the psychopathic ward at Bellevue Hospital, or a lunacy commission was appointed for purposes of effecting a commitment, or hospital treatment was ordered in cases of drug addiction, blood disease, and so on.

It was an impossible task, of course, to examine each and every one of the individuals arrested daily in a city the size of New York. This number amounts to several hundred a day. In consequence a selective method had to be adopted.

Each morning my associates and I attended the so-called line-up at police headquarters, where all prisoners with a record of previous arrests and convictions are sent. According to the manner in which the prisoner talked or behaved, or according to the peculiar nature of the crime with which he was charged, we made our selection of men for mental examination. If a prisoner appeared confused or very ignorant, or if he talked out of his head, we were sure to examine him. If his offense was an unusual one, that, too, was a reason for examination.

Which reminds me of a case that is undoubtedly the most extraordinary of any of my experiences anywhere. It concerned a German of middle age who actually took possession, single-handed, of a steamship and held it for a whole day before he was captured. What he did was to ship as a seaman on a British freighter, and when out at sea he calmly climbed to the bridge and commanded the captain, at the point of a revolver, to turn the ship over to him—and he succeeded too. He told me that his object was to capture the steamship as a war prize and he was hoping to hold out long enough for a German submarine to come along and help him out. Those were the days before the United States entered the war. After playing pirate for some twenty hours, the crew finally rushed this daring adventurer and he was disarmed.

Although the prisoner was indicted for piracy on the high seas, which crime carries a penalty of death or life imprisonment, examination plainly revealed him to be suffering from paranoia. This is a form of insanity often characterized by an exaggerated ego and sense of well-being, together with an unwarranted feeling of unlimited ability and superiority.

Not only did we select men for mental examination from the line-up but the various precincts throughout the city were also instructed to send to the laboratory persons who seemed peculiar in any way. From this latter source many additional cases were received. In short, the entire arrested population of the city was constantly being surveyed for mental cases.

It consumed a lot of time to make a complete mental examination of any prisoner. First there was a history to take. This meant writing down illuminating facts about the prisoner's parents, grandparents, uncles and aunts, brothers and sisters—facts as to whether they were living or dead, what illnesses they died of, whether there was any insanity, feeble-mindedness or criminality in the forbears that might have a detrimental hereditary effect. Next the personal history was gone into. This included schooling and training as a boy, whether the home and neighborhood environment were favorable to normal development, and so on. Then came the prisoner's record as a man, how many positions he had held, the wages, how long employed, reasons for changing work and questions as to fitness, ability, stick-to-itiveness, resourcefulness in life. After that came details about previous offenses, reformatory and prison residence, and so on.

Mental Kinks

FOLLOWING the history interview, the prisoner was taken to one of the psychologists, who performed mental tests to determine the grade of intelligence, and often special mental examinations were made in cases of suspected insanity. Lastly, one of the physicians made a physical examination, especially of the nervous system, with the object of discovering possible organic disease. Nor was this always the end. Relatives and acquaintances often were asked to come to the laboratory to give further information; and in certain puzzling or interesting cases specially trained eugenic workers made visits to the homes of prisoners and worked out comprehensive reports. An entire examination sometimes required several hours.

We had many surprises in the laboratory. Often we found that the home folks were more defective than the criminals under investigation. On one occasion the prisoner tested out as a very high-grade, or border-line, feeble-minded person, while his two brothers and one sister proved to be imbeciles.

One morning a veteran cracksman, a safe burglar, appeared in the line-up. He claimed he could open any kind of safe. Naturally, we jumped to the conclusion that here was one of those proverbial cases of superior mechanical ability gone wrong. As a matter of fact, this veteran of crime made only a 50 per cent score on a simple mechanical test that an average boy of fourteen could do perfectly. He was unable, for instance, to put an ordinary door lock together.

It stands to reason that with such detailed inquiries we were able to get the real inside dope, as they say. And that is why I believe that the conclusions which finally were drawn from this laboratory experiment throw an interesting, perhaps valuable, light upon the unparalleled crime problem which faces this country today.

Like many another practicing my specialty, I had believed that the man who knocks you over the head to take your watch cannot altogether be a rational, normal-thinking being. I felt that criminals must have a kink somewhere. I was convinced, indeed, that the majority are not merely just a little warped, but that they are warped and twisted to such a degree that they cannot and should not be held to strict accountability for their acts.

But the laboratory experiment told quite a different story. It made the startling discovery that not more than 5 per cent of all the arrests could justifiably be considered fundamentally sick in body and mind to a degree which might render them irresponsible for the crimes they were charged with.

This figure was, indeed, something of a shock. None of us engaged in the work had really expected so small a percentage of abnormality among the average criminal population. With estimates of feeble-minded and insane individuals under lock and key in existing prisons and reformatories running as high as 40, 50, even 80 per cent, we naturally expected a higher figure than 5 when drawing

upon the vast source of supply for such corrective institutions—namely, the average daily arrests of a large city. But these were the unbiased and undisputed facts nevertheless.

A preliminary study of the line-up showed that 409 cases appeared during a period in which the total number of arrests throughout greater New York was 30,530 The approximate number of daily arrests was 623. Of this number twenty-nine cases, or roughly 5 per cent, were considered candidates for mental examination, and of these, twenty-one were found to be distinctly abnormal. They were persons who presented marked symptoms of diseased mind or of enfeebled mentality; persons whose reasoning, memory, judgment, powers of inference and other higher faculties were affected to such a degree that efforts at reform would certainly be fruitless unless they were placed in special institutions and given specialized and individual care and attention.

Perhaps when I remind you that during the eight months that the laboratory was in operation the average daily arrests were 600, you will figure that 5 per cent of 600 makes thirty, and that if thirty irresponsible criminals are taken into custody every twenty-four hours, it means more than 10,000 sick individuals placed behind prison bars in a year. And that for one city alone. What must the grand total for the entire country be!

Crooks Who Knew What They Wanted

ON THE other hand, do not forget that for each group of thirty persons that the laboratory found irresponsible there remained many more than 500 persons a day who the laboratory estimated could not be considered mentally sick, and therefore unaccountable for their acts. Not all these individuals, of course, were criminals in the strict sense of the word. Some had been arrested for minor misdemeanors—jaywalking, drunkenness, disorderly conduct, for instance. Still these people had broken the laws, and the police, the courts, and possibly the prisons and reformatories, were compelled to take care of them. What do these figures—the numbers of normal lawbreaking men and women—run into when we add the similar cases of arrest throughout the United States? The magnitude of such figures becomes staggering.

If, roughly speaking, let us say, only 5 per cent of all arrested persons are abnormal mentally, while our prisons and reformatories harbor something like 50 per cent of abnormals, the only conclusion one may draw is that for

With Women Criminals, One Must Always Seek the Man

the most part only the mentally defective get caught and are convicted, while the rest, because they are normal, have brains enough to escape. And that is about the way the matter stands, as this article hopes to show.

It has been estimated that at all times in this country 200,000 persons are imprisoned, but that the entire criminal population—persons who at some period of their lives will become charges upon the state—is in the neighborhood of 1,500,000. The cost of crime in all its phases is $10,000,000,000 every year, and the worst of it is that this cost of crime and the number of criminals are both steadily mounting.

As I stated before, my job is that of an alienist, and I work with abnormal minds daily. Naturally, therefore, I am specially interested in and have a special sympathy for the criminal who is what he is because of mental defects. Yet I believe—and I wish I could say it with the strongest possible emphasis—that our general attitude toward crime, which started some years before the war to be sound, sane and scientific, has degenerated in many instances into cheap maudlin sentimentality.

By all means let us remember the mentally sick criminal. He is a special sociological problem. But let us be wary of the absurdities that go with reasoning from the particular to the general. If a few criminals are sick, it does not follow that all criminals are sick. "One swallow maketh not summer." It is my firm conviction, after studying the crime problem from many angles, that the vast majority of all criminals are perfectly sound in body and mind and know exactly what they are doing.

Criminals by Preference

PERHAPS it would interest you to read a part of the verbatim conversation I had with one of these normal crooks whom I examined at the police laboratory. He was thirty-six years old, had a long prison record and was arrested for forging a check.

Q.: I understand you are quite an efficient bookkeeper? A.: Whatever I have done, I have tried to do well.

Q.: But you do not stick at anything? A.: No, I haven't lately, because a man coming out of prison—well, the first thing you know people get inquisitive and it always keeps a fellow upset.

Q.: Do you usually give up your jobs yourself? A.: Yes. For some reason or other I get discouraged.

Q.: You won't allow yourself to be bossed around? A.: I was always more or less quick like that, especially if I am right.

Q.: Do you get angry quickly? A.: When I know I am right and feel that somebody wants to hold me subject to their will. Then, of course, I rebel—in a sense.

Q.: Do you think you form hasty conclusions? A.: I act quickly, but I form conclusions very slowly.

Q.: Do you consider yourself above the average? A.: I do in the ordinary sense. I have gone into many phases of psychology and metaphysics.

Q.: Do you like to read books? A.: Yes, I like to know as much as I can.

(Continued on Page 165)

The Old-Fashioned Home and Home Influence, With Their Rigid Demand for Sterling Character Building, are Rapidly Vanishing

ROUGH-HOUSE ROSIE

"I'm Lonely, Carter, Lonely—Awfully Lonely. There Ain't Many Like Me, Carter. I'm Not Quite Human"

By Nunnally Johnson

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

THE overture died. A thousand crystal lights in the golden ceiling grew dim. The curtain slid up.

In a seat in the first row, pleasantly visible from the stage, young Mr. Carter Gillian leaned happily back and prepared to discharge across the footlights, as his little tribute to the ladies of the ensemble, that low and sinister leer which for many years had passed in his fancy as a smile of the most winning and devastating character, warranted to floor a chorus girl at forty paces.

Content enveloped him. A simple, easily diverted youth, he had, at the overture's first note, become regrettably oblivious of the presence at his side of one who now, even in this atmosphere of strawberry-soda bubbles, sat steeped in a mauve melancholy. Friend though Mr. Gillian was to Mr. Ira Hamilton, and present supposedly to provide a mother's sympathy in this, Mr. Hamilton's dark hour, still, as the twelve practically graceful ladies cantered forth from the wings, singing with infinite beauty, Oh, Ma, I Want to Go to Omaha, he could not for the life of him do other than smile his ghastly smile and rejoice.

His, belike, was a sensitive soul, sensitive to beauty; and here was beauty as Mr. Gillian liked it—alive and kicking and doing splits—and his bright appreciation, unmarred by a single recollection of Mr. Hamilton's bitter blues, cut through the cloud of gloom overhanging Mr. Hamilton's head like the steel rays of an August sun.

Nor could such bliss fail to find vent in speech. In his rapture Mr. Gillian spoke. "Ah!" he said happily.

Mr. Hamilton stirred. "Eh?" he asked.

"Ah!" Carter repeated courteously. "I just said ah!"

"Oh!" Ira drooped again, unintrigued by the remark.

Carter turned back to the stage, to continue his pleasure. Then as his roving eye reached, in her turn, the last lady on the left, his smile froze in its tracks. A dull gleam of horror congealed in his eyes, and his countenance instantaneously became that of a corpse that had met a quick but happy death.

"Ira!" he gasped. Mr. Hamilton, stubbornly determined not to be drawn into another long conversation, shifted impatiently. "Ira," Carter repeated, "did you ever!"

It must have been then that intuitively Ira suddenly understood without being told what astounding spectacle had come into Carter's unprepared view, for, without a word, he shut his eyes tight and shuddered so violently that his chair rattled

As it happened, this astounding spectacle consisted of Miss Rosie Reilly, at that moment smiling, with some difficulty, at the two bloods in the first row. She smiled with difficulty because of that same flaw which had, in Carter's eyes, transformed her from a vision of Irish beauty into a subject fit for exclamations of astonishment. Her shining black bobbed hair, her broad mischievous mouth, her powdered arms and legs—these were perfect beyond human criticism; but—to reduce a description of the flaw to brutal words—Miss Reilly had been, very recently and very obviously, socked in the right eye.

There shone on it, paralyzing Mr. Gillian's nerve centers and sending Mr. Hamilton into paroxysms of trembling, that which is known variously as a shanty or a hicky, a black-and-blue aura, the souvenir of a harsh and probably unfriendly fist. Layers of powder tried—and failed—to conceal it from, anyway, the first row.

"A girl," marveled Carter, "with a shanty!"

Never, not in all of Groton, Harvard, Cambridge and Wall Street combined, had he seen another girl with a shanty.

"A fine wallop," he murmured reflectively, "in the eye! As neat a sock "

Ira began to mumble miserably. "That's she."

"Right spank in the eye!"

"That's she," repeated Mr. Hamilton.

"It must have knocked her kicking!"

"That's she."

Carter became conscious of the chant. "She?" he repeated, uncomprehending.

"Well, her then," Ira granted. "That's her—Rosie. That's the girl "

"The girl?" he repeated idiotically. "You don't mean to say that's the girl you've fallen for!"

"Not fallen for," Ira corrected. "The girl I love that's the girl I love."

"Well!" Carter exclaimed, being seldom at a loss for the right word. "Well!"

"But," Ira volunteered after a pause, "it wasn't I that gave her the shanty."

Carter was shocked at the very idea. "Absolutely not! She fell," he suggested hopefully, "against a door knob."

Ira sighed deeply. "No," he replied sadly.

Fearing that here was a wound too fresh, too sensitive, too recent for callous investigation, Carter returned a fascinated gaze to Miss Reilly. Nor thereafter, throughout the performance, did his eyes leave her as long as she remained on the stage. A girl, a pretty girl, with a shanty!

Presently, though, the fateful destiny of the schedule commanded that she should retire from view, and Carter, still deeply moved, turned to Ira.

"What," he asked, "about Agnes?"

"Agnes?" The name, obviously, was news to him. "Agnes?" The expression disappeared. "Oh, Agnes! Why, Agnes was a mistake—just a mistake, that's all."

Miss Reilly reappeared as the Spirit of the Kerosene Lamp in the ambitious Boudoir Lamps of All Ages number, and gave an excellent impression of a kerosene lamp that had been thrown against a brick wall. Then, with a haughty step, she was gone.

"What," asked Carter, "about Marian?"

"Marian?" Ira thought. "Marian," he said presently, "was not all I had hoped."

"And Sally?"

"I remember her too," Ira conceded dispassionately.

"Dorothy?"

Sinking into his seat, Ira scorned to answer. Carter stared; but again Miss Reilly was on, this time as a young lady from the seminary, who, it seemed likely, had just gone a few rounds with Terrible Terry McGovern.

In time, then, eleven o'clock came and the last number. Ira was reaching for his hat and stick when a hand was laid on his arm. An usher thrust a note in his hand. Giving the girl a half dollar, he opened the paper and leaned forward to catch the light from the trombone player's bulb. Then he handed it silently to Carter. The latter read:

"*Darling:* Immedately after the show come right on up to my dressin room. Just show anybody that asks you this not. "ROSIE."

"Well!" exclaimed Carter. "Well!"

"Let's go."

Ira spoke without enthusiasm, a soul too battered by a stern world's most crushing tribulations to rejoice so early.

The final curtain down, they wove their way through crowds along Broadway, turned into Forty-ninth Street and entered the stage door. By word, note and dollar Ira conquered the door man, and Carter, an amiable fish, followed eagerly, smiling his devastating leer at every sylph that passed. They ascended two winding flights of stairs and Ira knocked on a door.

Immediately: "Who's there?"

"Ira," replied Mr. Hamilton seductively. "Ira and a friend."

A rustle of silk and the door opened, revealing the erstwhile Spirit of the Kerosene Lamp in a batik kimono. She looked at Ira intently for one second, then at Mr. Gillian's cheerful face peering over his shoulder; and then, with a suddenness that turned Mr. Gillian's blood into slender pencils of red ice, she shrieked.

It was a magnificent rapier of sound, cutting above all the cruder noises in the theater, and instantly it brought running feet and hoarse male voices. A deep breath and Miss Reilly repeated the scream. "Coming!" came distant cries down the stairs. "Coming!"

Panic-stricken at the first astonishing outburst, Carter looked earnestly about for a stair, elevator or fire escape which promised a way out. Ira merely sweat resignedly.

Then the first man arrived, a scoundrelly brute in a jumper, who flung himself forthwith on both callers with a loud shout of joy. He was preparing to slay them then and there with his bare hands, when Miss Reilly caught him by the neck.

"Throw these bums out," she commanded—"right out into the street! Trying to force their way into a lady's dressing room!"

"The note ——" Ira began.

"Throw the bums out!" Miss Reilly repeated. "It's a trick. I never saw these johns before in my life! Throw them out, Harry—right out on their necks!"

Heartily the truculent Harry bent immediately to the assigned task. He got a head under each arm and started staggering down the stairs, Ira and Carter trailing behind like motherless broken blossoms.

"The dote ——" Ira began again, somewhat strangled, when Harry clamped down his arm. They drew their next breath on the sidewalk outside the stage door.

"That was odd," Carter ventured cautiously, lest unconsciously he say something that might be interpreted as critical of Miss Reilly, when the stage door opened again. Automatically he prepared for flight, but it was nothing more fearful than a pretty blond head that appeared.

"Mr. Hamilton?" Ira straightened his tie. "I'm Dorothy," the blond head said—"Dorothy Blackmar. Rosie was just fooling then. She didn't mean anything wrong. She thought it was a good joke, that's all. She's sorry—and here's a note."

Ira looked at her gratefully. "Thank you, Dorothy," he said. "It was pretty tough ——"

Dorothy disappeared. Ira opened the note. He read:

"*Darling:* I was just haveing a little fun. You aren't mad are you? Don't be because I'm sorry and if you'll just wait at the stage door I'll be down soon and see my babby. "ROSIE."

"Well!" exclaimed Carter, brightening. "She's just high-spirited, that's all! Turn down your collar, old man."

He himself adjusted his own hat, flicked four atoms of dust from his coat and went again into his happiest smile. They drew on the solace of cigarettes until presently the door began opening as, one by one and two by two, the ladies of the ensemble, now properly dressed for their evening of amusement, emerged and tripped off down Forty-ninth Street. Young Mr. Gillian favored them all, without bias, favor or prejudice, with his blasting grimace.

And at last their patience was rewarded. The door opened six inches for six seconds, revealing Miss Reilly's bob, shanty and good eye, and then suddenly slammed shut again.

Faintly apprehensive at this maneuver, but gallant still, the two blades tossed aside cigarettes, straightened their shoulders and stepped forward, hats in hand.

Almost immediately the door reopened emphatically, and Miss Reilly stepped out accompanied by a great hulking varlet, easily two hundred pounds ring-side, who presented to Ira and Carter the countenance of one who has dodged many straight rights just the fraction of a second too late.

"Well," declared Miss Reilly with her black eye, "if it isn't the same two bums again! Ugly," she addressed her ogre, "these are them! Sock 'em!"

"Sock 'em?" repeated Ugly.

"Sock 'em!" Miss Reilly commanded again.

Ugly took two steps forward and Ira and Carter countered each with three backward.

"Lean," said Miss Reilly, "on 'em!"

Ugly drew back his fist. Then there was a fast, brief flurry, such as the moving-picture machine is able to record when it is skylarking through a comedy. With the invisible speed of the unchained lightning the Messrs. Hamilton and Gillian dropped to kindly Mother Earth, scrambled fantastically among the feet of the passers-by, and then, unmarred save by horror's searing wound, fled swiftly in several directions. And from somewhere behind them came the silver echo of Miss Reilly's childlike mirth.

It was perhaps two hours later that Carter reached the apartment he and Ira shared on West Twelfth Street. He found his good old pal already home, sitting at a window, thinking. Carter dropped into a chair and they sat in silence. Finally Love's stepchild spoke.

"You see?" he said in a hollow voice.

Carter nodded and then shuddered. He rose with a sigh. "Oh," he said, "here's a package that was downstairs."

A long flat parcel that might contain a necktie box, Ira regarded it apathetically before beginning slowly to unwrap it. A note fell out. He picked it up and read it, and as he read his tired face softened into a tender smile. He passed the paper to Carter:

"*Darling babby:* Rose hops to die if she ever plays another trick on her darling babby. Never again darling never again. And here's a wee little necktie to show Rosie's babby she isn't going to ever play another trick on him.

"Your darling "ROSIE."

"Well!" Carter exclaimed, hitting the nail, as usual, squarely on the head. "Well! I thought she'd be sorry. There's good in that girl, Ira; there's good in her. She's just high-spirited."

Ira raised the lid of the box and studied a gold-flecked blue tie lovingly.

"Yes," he said softly, "at heart I suppose she's all right. She's a gamin, Carter, just a gamin, with a gamin's soul; but somehow, Carter, I feel that right down at bottom, in the middle of her heart ——"

He stopped suddenly. Catching his breath, he dropped the box on the table and walked toward the window. Carter took a step toward him.

"What's the matter?" he demanded anxiously.

Ira did not reply at once. And when he did, all the sorrows of the world had been gathered into his voice.

"The tie," he said—"it's glued to the box!"

II

IN YOUNG Mr. Gillian there were, it sometimes seemed, the elements of a great and noble friendship, such a friendship as that which Damon had for that other secret

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"Throw These Bums Out," She Commanded "Right Out Into the Street! Trying to Force Their Way Into a Lady's Dressing Room!"

NETTING RESULTS

The Davis Cup Matches and Players—By Vincent Richards

WHEN Big and Little Bill William T. Tilden, 2d, and William M. Johnston—went to Australia in 1920 to play in the Davis Cup matches, they not only brought home the coveted trophy, which had been out of America for seven years, but they did so without the loss of a single set. It has been in this country ever since, and will probably stay here for a few years anyway. It is hard to tell just where it would go if it left America. It probably would not go to Australia again, because one of the two great Australian luminaries has gone out forever, and the other is flickering. It is unlikely that it would go to England, because they have no great players now and no prospects of any in the next few years.

Ichiya Kumagae, Whose Low Stroke Was His Weak Point. At Right—Zenzo Shimidzu, Kumagae's Partner on the Davis Cup Team

Davis Cup

IT WILL probably go, if it does leave America, either to France or Japan, because these two countries are the only two that have players who can match our champions in speed and versatility.

Ever since 1900 international tournaments have been held to establish which nation should reign supreme in tennis for the ensuing year, and the Davis Cup has been the prize for which many countries of the earth are now competing annually. There have been three breaks in the sequence. No matches were held in 1901, in 1910, and in the years from 1914 to 1919—the years of the war. The Davis Cup was given by the present Secretary of War and in the beginning only England, which had originated the modern lawn-tennis game, and America, which had learned it from her, competed. In 1925 the number of competing nations had grown from two to twenty-five; but during the twenty-five years since the first match, only three countries have been victorious—America, Australia and England. America has nine victories to her credit, Australia six and England five.

Henri Cochet, a Force to be Reckoned With

America got off to a good start in 1900 by winning the cup and holding it until 1903. Then the invincible Dohertys, the greatest team that England ever produced, carried it home with them. They won it simply because they never allowed themselves to become stale, to be satisfied with their strokes. They studied and practiced constantly, and when they first came to the United States to play in Davis Cup tournaments, they analyzed our methods of play to such good purpose that it was only a year or two until they were able to play the game as we played it, only better—so much better that they won the trophy.

Australia was able to hold the international title for six years simply because she produced a team that was even better than the Dohertys—Norman E. Brookes and Anthony F. Wilding. The matches were suspended during the war and at the first tournament held in England when the war was over, in 1919, the Australians won the cup. Then in 1920 the American team, with Tilden and Johnston for leaders, brought the prize back to America. There is not even a possibility of the cup's leaving America while Tilden is in his prime. Our greatest Davis Cup players before 1920 were Beals Wright and M. E. McLoughlin; the former has to his credit a victory over Norman Brookes, and the latter achieved the almost impossible feat of crushing both Brookes and Wilding at Forest Hills in 1914.

The credit for keeping the cup in English-speaking countries for twenty-five years belongs to four teams—to the Dohertys of England, Brookes and Wilding of Australia; Wright and McLoughlin, and Tilden and Johnston of America. What will happen next? Shall we be able to keep it or will it pass on in a year or two to a Latin or an Oriental country? So long as Tilden and Johnston are able to play to the top of their present form, and so long as the game is not speeded up very much beyond its present pace, we have nothing to fear; but at the least sign of weakness the trophy will be in danger. Certainly La Coste and Borotra, of the French team, give every indication of uniting in a combination that is as deadly as were the Dohertys, Brookes and Wilding or the present American defenders. It is quite within the bounds of possibility that before many years they will break the reign of America's supremacy in Davis Cup matches; and before long we shall certainly have to reckon seriously with the Japanese, especially if they make as much progress in the coming ten years as they have in the past.

A Young Man's Game

ENGLAND'S early ascendancy in international tennis seemed natural enough; she had invented the game and done much to change it from a ladylike amusement that was just strenuous enough to give one an appetite for tea to a vigorous and manly sport. Wimbledon is still the hub of the great wheel of the tennis cycle, but Forest Hills has driven it hard for center place. Several causes have contributed to England's loss of position as leader of world tennis.

One fundamental reason, in my opinion, is the great emphasis placed on team play for boys at school. At some of the principal British preparatory schools the sports directors deplore any individual ascendancy; it is the school that must win, not any particular team star. That is all very well for cricket, but it does not work in tennis. Tennis is a young man's game; and if these boys are not encouraged to play while they are still in school they cannot, even if they wish to, begin playing when they are in college. The best tennis players begin when they are about ten or twelve—Tilden, Mademoiselle Lenglen, Helen Wills and myself are all notable examples.

Another explanation for England's decline in tennis may be that during the war she lost her grip on the game—and not only her grip but possibly her taste for it as well. The great mass of young men must be encouraged to take her problems of empire seriously; they cannot indulge in the

vicarious warfare of tennis. Defense and attack are serious matters—too serious to be played with on a court. The Wimbledon matches are still extraordinarily exciting, and they are extraordinarily well attended; but tennis is more a social than a sporting event to the English

One last and third explanation of their failure to win the cup for many years may be simply that they do not care particularly to produce champions. Those who play at all play for love of the game; that is both means and end. To win the trophy nowadays demands speedy playing and vigorous movement, and the British temperament is opposed to too much effort merely for the sake of a prize. The squire who goes hunting may bring home a bag of edible birds and he may not; he does not go hunting for the sake of providing his family with a meal.

F. Gordon Lowe, one-time covered-court champion of the world, has written much in his book on tennis about England as the lost leader of the tennis world. Himself a keen sportsman, he deplores the English indifference to the game she herself created. He is convinced that the erratic climate of the British Isles is largely responsible for this the climate coupled with the fact that they have chiefly grass courts, which deteriorate so rapidly in the eternal dampness. He, too, blames the public schools, which do not encourage lawn tennis. He did not begin to play until he was about seventeen, and he was twenty-seven before he began to make much headway and win championships

This late start, for which the public schools are to blame, is another reason why England stays in the background. A man of twenty-seven who has been playing for ten years cannot hope to triumph over a boy of twenty who has been playing perhaps even longer and whose youth gives him a great advantage in the speedy game that is played today. Mr. Lowe also grieves bitterly over the indifference displayed by the English toward boys' tournaments. He says that the courts on which the youngsters play are in poor condition, the balls are old, umpires are not provided and they are not even equipped with good rackets. Japan, America and France are all encouraging boys' play and are providing them with every opportunity and encouragement for match play; that is why the Davis Cup will undoubtedly go to them—to one, two or all of them in the coming years. England cannot stage a comeback to the glorious days when she dominated the tennis world until she pins her faith to the boy in his teens.

The Dohertys

NATURALLY I never knew much about the Dohertys; they were before my time; but still now and then I hear some new bit of gossip about Big and Little Doe. I know that in their day they cleaned up English tennis just as Brookes and Wilding did in Australia and Tilden and Johnston have done here. They must have been pretty evenly matched, for you seldom hear that one played a better game than the other. Little Doe—H. L.—played seven singles and five doubles matches for the Davis Cup without a single defeat. In his famous match with the American champion, Ward, in 1905, H. L. allowed his adversary to play a violent game for the first two sets and let him win them, knowing he could not keep up the pace. He was right; after those two sets Ward was exhausted and Doherty won the next three without any particular effort.

For the time during which they played, their technic was perfect. They played real English tennis, leisurely and graceful. They are a definite part of English tradition, which they helped to make. But they could never hold their own today, because the whole character of the game has been changed and is now dominated by the American tradition—speed, power, accuracy and variety.

In a book written by the Dohertys and published in 1903, they give an impression of the American players of their day that is interesting because it so perfectly expresses the English attitude. Our players, they said, are more brilliant than the English; we make it our entire aim to win. From our point of view this is decidedly comic; if one does not play to win, why play? An American player, they said, does not care how the stroke is made so long as it scores. That was true then, but it is not true now; we have more respect for good form because we know that good form is usually winning form. They said that our game is more aggressive than theirs, and this is as true now as it was then. They noted that we use even the lob for attack as well as defense, although only first-line players today realize the full truth of this. We excel, they said, in tricky service, in overhead play and in lobbing; but we are weak in low volleys, we are inaccurate in direction but not in length, we have less follow-through and our style is not so graceful as theirs. It was this shrewd observation and analysis of their opponents that made the Dohertys so great; and it is such sound criticism that, in spite of the many changes in the game, much of it might have been written yesterday instead of almost twenty-five years ago.

Norman E. Brookes is probably the greatest of all the long line of Davis Cup players. He has been playing for twenty years or more, and the fact that Australia kept the cup for six years is certainly due in large measure to him. He entered the tennis world in 1902 and the Davis Cup matches three years later. From the very beginning of his career he played a game that was far ahead of his time; a game that had all the brilliancy of stroke together with that variety which a modern champion simply has to have to hold his own on the courts. He is considered the greatest genius on court tactics, position and generalship that the game has ever had.

Jean Borotra, the Bounding Basque

Norman Brookes, the Wizard of Tennis

RIGHT from the start he played an all-court game, anticipating the methods of today and adding to them a resourcefulness and a sense of strategy that no other player has ever attained. He never hurries and he never chases a shot; he plays with an ease and leisureliness that deceive only those who have never played with him before. His air is almost mysterious; perhaps that is why he is so often called the Wizard. His strokes are mechanically perfect.

When he won the Wimbledon championship in 1912 someone asked him the secret of his success at tennis. He smiled and said that the secret of success for anyone in tennis was to get the ball over the net oftener than one's opponent.

Brookes had the faculty of keeping his opponent from playing his favorite game.

He would send his ball right at the man opposite him so that he had to take it off his body or at his feet, and it was not long before these tactics wore him out.

It seems incredible that a man born in 1880—when tennis first was played in anything like its modern form—should, as late as 1924, still be able to play against a

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René La Coste, the Rising Hope of France. Above—Takeichi Harada, the Leading Player of Japan Today

BATTLE SCARED

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

THIRTY minutes before the departure of the steamship Napoli from New York for Gibraltar, Naples and Genoa, a taxicab whirled up to the passenger entrance and disgorged a large and elegantly haberdashed colored gentleman, who produced from a capacious pocket a sizable roll of bills. This person paid his driver and added a lavish tip. He nodded to the porter, who dived for his very yellow suitcase, exhibited his tourist third-cabin ticket and followed the grip carrier up a long flight of steps and out onto the imposing pier.

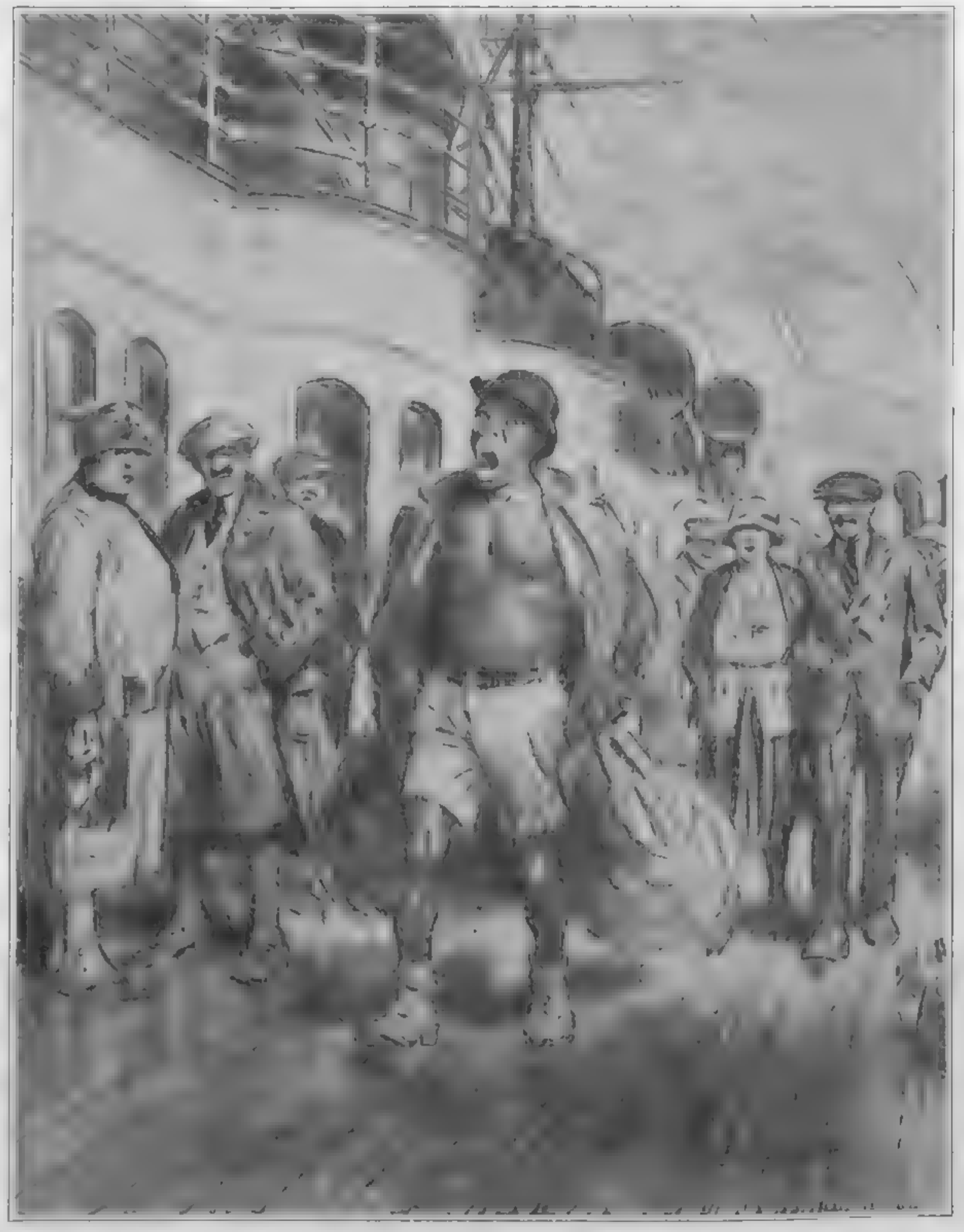
Through the aperture on the left Mr. Opus Randall, masculine star of the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., of Birmingham, Alabama, could see the proud lines of the Napoli limned against a forbidding background of sleet-streaked gray. Occasionally he caught a glimpse of the turbulent waters of the Hudson, and once he shivered apprehensively.

"'Tain't no day fo' no boat ride," he informed himself. "They's too much water an' too little sunshine."

At the foot of the tourist third-cabin gangplank two persons were standing. One was large and important; the other only half as large but twice as important. The ponderous one, Orifice R. Latimer, president of Midnight, clutched the arm of his diminutive chief director.

"Yonder comes Opus," he announced. Then, significantly—"Alone!"

J. Cæsar Clump breathed a sigh of relief. For two hours he had waited and worried. Now his foremost masculine star had come, and the Midnight touring organization was practically complete. There remained a single absentee, but he was of slight importance beside the pudgy Mr. Randall.



His Clear Tenor Voice Rang Out in a Paean of Triumph: "Oh-h-h-h-h-h! A Jay Bird Sat on a Hick'ry Limb, He Look at Me an' I Look at Him"

"How come you is so late, Opus?"

"Business," returned Mr. Randall laconically.

"Us has been havin' fits worryin' over you."

"Shuh! Fits never done nobody no good. Ise heah, an' all ready to sail the brimy deep."

"Tha's so. But where is Florian Slappey?"

"Florian?" A beatific expression overspread Opus' countenance. "Las' time I seen him he was runnin'."

"Runnin'?"

"Tha's the one thing he wasn't doin' nothin' else but."

"Where to?"

"Heah."

"Where was you?"

"In a taxicab."

"Why didn't you pick him up an' bring him with you?"

"Listen at me, Brother Clump: I ain't doin' no favors to Florian Slappey, no times, no way. Was I to inform you how that cullud boy has played fumadiddles aroun' me an' "

"But we's 'most sailin'," wailed President Latimer. "S'pose he should miss catchin' the boat."

"In that case," snapped Opus viciously, as he slowly ascended the gangplank, "Ise plumb sorry fo' New Yawk."

Clump and Latimer eyed each other doubtfully.

"What kind of misfortune you reckon Florian Slappey has happened to?"

"Dunno. But it must be somethin' se'ious, fum the happy way Opus was prognosticatin'."

"Dawg-gone his hide! Him an' Florian always is makin' trouble fo' one 'nother."

"Ain't you tootin'? If Florian gets left—him bein' our on'y French interpreter ——"

"Golla!" Latimer was visibly nervous. "I suttinly would give two bits to know where Brother Slappey is at."

Just at that particular moment, Florian was occupied in picking himself up from a cold and unyielding New York sidewalk which was partially sheeted with ice. Upon this glaze Mr. Slappey had stepped recklessly in his too great haste to get to Europe. The result was immediate and catastrophic, and when Florian rose painfully and again set on his way, it was with considerably more caution and somewhat less speed.

The race against time had been long and agonizingly bitter. In the pants pocket of Mr. Opus Randall's largely checkered suit reposed the ultimate dime of Mr. Slappey's bank roll. And only an hour since, Florian had humbled himself, groveled a bit, and begged Opus for a taxi ride to the pier. Mr. Randall had merely sneered his negative answer and wished Florian lots of luck—all of it bad. Whereupon Mr. Slappey started out on his journey on foot, burdened with a large and almost leather suitcase in which was packed the bulk of his earthly belongings. In his mind was a great ambition to achieve the Napoli before sailing time, and in his heart a burning desire to bring the mortal existence of Opus Randall to a complete and permanent end.

"'Twoul'n't of been so bad," sobbed Mr. Slappey as he struggled along, "if it wasn't that it was my money Opus was actin' so kinglike with."

When Florian was two blocks distant from the pier at which the Napoli was berthed, the siren of that ship emitted a brass-throated roar. Mr. Slappey, battered, bruised, unutterably exhausted, accelerated his staggering pace.

He spoke pleadingly.

"Foots," he begged, "stick with me jus' a few minutes longer. Us has got to keep together."

He lurched up to the entrance of the pier. He sensed, rather than saw, the tense excitement which immediately precedes the departure of a big liner. From somewhere in the cavernous depths of the pier came the shrill of a bugle to warn careless stragglers that the gangplanks were being lowered. Florian threw his suitcase at a pop-eyed porter.

"Le's go, white folks!" he begged. "I craves to travel on this ship."

When Florian reached the stern of the vessel, Orifice Latimer and J. Cæsar Clump had already gone forlornly aboard. The men were at the ropes, and a shrill cry pealed from the lips of the late comer:

"Hol' on a secon', gemmun! Heah comes the tail of the passenger list."

He lurched onto the ship and leaned limply against the rail. He was a battered and woebegone figure. About him clustered the twenty other colored persons comprising the traveling unit of the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc. There were the president and the director, and others of great importance—Welford Potts and Sicily Clump, stars; Exotic Hines, the cameraman; Forcep Swain, the author, Eddie Fizz, second director, and Professor Aleck Champagne, owner and director of Champagne's Jazzphony Orchestra, and many others, including the magniloquent Lawyer Evans Chew. They hovered solicitously over Florian, their relief transcending the excitement of this great adventure. But Mr. Slappey had eyes for none of them. He singled out the leering face of Opus Randall. He shouldered his way through the crowd and fluffed himself before the Gargantuan comedian.

"Opus," he sizzled, "some mawnin' you is gwine wake up completely extinct, an' Ise gwine know the esplanation of how it happened!"

"Shuh!" Opus was disdainful. "Any man which fools aroun' me eagers to git bit by disaster."

The steel hull of the Napoli trembled as the engines commenced the throb which was not to be stilled for nine long days, the steam feathered from her siren, three valiant little tugs nosed firmly but gently, and the twelve-thousand-ton bulk commenced to move.

The crowds on ship and pier waved at each other; the ship's band played gayly, the last hawser dropped, and Florian Slappey looked fearfully at his friend, Welford Potts.

"Heah we is, Welford."

"Uh-huh. But where is we?"

The colored motion-picture group was huddled aft on the section of deck which had been specially reserved for it. The faces, ranging from richest ebony to highest brown, were alight with excitement not untinctured with apprehension. Their world had changed. No longer was the firm familiar ground of Eighteenth Street beneath their feet, no longer did the aroma of fresh barbecue and succulent Brunswick stew drift through the modest portals of Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor, no more could they see the imposing bulk of the Penny Prudential Bank Building. Instead was the finger of a skyscraper reaching into the cold gray murk—and even it was moving.

The Napoli nosed through the congested harbor traffic and into the seething waters of the bay. The Birmingham folk, eyes round and jaws drooping, shivered in the icy blasts of mid-December and found cause to regret the keen business manipulation which had dispatched them on this voyage of discovery and adventure. Confronted by the stark reality of being actually under way, they sensed certain elements of danger.

"Great sufferin' tripe!" ejaculated one. "I don't know where us has gone, but it suttinly is away."

They hesitated to leave the deck, as though fearful of the warm, brilliantly lighted interior of the ship. Florian announced that he wasn't never goin' in. But when, a few minutes later, the tourist third-cabin steward arrived to inform them in his somewhat garbled English that lunch was being served, all but two reconsidered. Hot soup, meat, vegetables and tea served to restore a bit of confidence, and when they appeared on deck again the ship had reached Sandy Hook and was turning her prow eastward.

The sea was choppy and sprinkled with whitecaps, the ship rolled first to the right and then to the left; and as her course swung more definitely toward mid-Atlantic, the bow commenced to rise and fall with regular and devastating rhythm.

At the rail, aft, stood Florian Slappey, Lawyer Evans Chew and Director J. Cæsar Clump. Florian had completed a brief recital of the ways and means by which Opus Randall had succeeded, the previous night, in separating him from the whole of his bank roll—a little matter of about one hundred dollars. The decision was unanimously arrived at that Opus had been plumb ornery and that Florian was justified in vowing certain drastic vengeances. But the conversation could not long remain on the subject of a personal vendetta while the Atlantic yawned grayly before them. They braced themselves against the rail and swung with the roll of the ship. Florian was inclined to be boastful.

"Shuh!" said he. "There ain't nothin' to this. I always thought a ship would kind of stan' up an' buck when she got out in the middle of the ocean."

"Me too," chimed the director. "'Tain't nothin' 'bout this to cause nobody no apprehensiveness."

Lawyer Chew was inclined to become oratorical. "We is embarked 'pon a great an' glo'ious argosy," he declaimed. "We sails the brimy deep to ca'y to them Europeans a sight of America's greatest an' most foremost cullud motion-pitcher organization which has come to film their prettiest spots in our comedies which now shows in one hund'ed an' fifty ——"

"Seventy!"

"——seventy fust-run, fust-class theayters th'oughout America. We aims to make Midnight greater than the greatest an' elevate the two-reel comedies of the world by broadenin' the viewpoint as hereinbefo' stated an' ——" He paused and his eyes narrowed accusingly. "You ain't payin' me no heed, Florian."

"Nos-suh."

"Somethin' wrong?"

"N-n-nos-suh. Ise just kind of dizzy in the haid."

"You ain't seasick!"

"Naw. 'Tain't nothin' 'bout this ocean to make nobody seasick. But I think I craves to lie down fo' a few minutes."

Mr. Slappey staggered along the deck and into the social saloon. Lawyer Chew and Director Clump continued their conversation for a few minutes, and it was the erudite attorney who suggested that they inquire after the condition of Brother Slappey.

Florian's white stateroom, which he was sharing with Welford Potts, was far down on F Deck. As the two dignitaries paused outside the door, they heard a hollow groan.

"Florian?" called the lawyer.

"Oh-h-h-h-h-h!"

"Florian, us craves to make talk with you."

There was a moment's pause. Then the corpselike voice of the stricken Mr. Slappey.

"Listen, cullud folks," said he, "don't you-all talk to me again till you see a tree."

During the three days which followed, Florian Slappey plumbed the nethermost depths of misery. His sole fear was that the ship might not sink, and with each roll and pitch of the tiny stateroom he cursed the genius which had enabled him to secure a position with this company as a French interpreter when he knew not a word of the language. He was not neglected. Kind friends hounded him, tempting him to murder, with trays containing soups and broths and lamb chops and spaghetti.

"Git out!" moaned the unfortunate traveler. "Feed it to Opus Randall an' tell him I hope he dies."

"Opus is eatin' ev'ythin' on the ship," was the cheerful rejoinder. "He ain't been sick a minute."

"That feller wouldn't be. He ain't got sense enough."

On the morning of the fourth day Director Clump appeared, bearing a silver bucket. In the bucket were much ice and a gold-topped bottle. The cork popped loudly when it was drawn and the amber liquid which flowed forth sparkled and gleamed.

"Drink this, Florian."

"I ain't never gwine drink nothin' no mo'!"

"Drink it."

"What 'tis?"

"Champagne."

Florian made an effort and sipped. He sipped again. His eye brightened and he drained the glass. A beatific expression overspread his colorado-maduro complexion, and he lay back luxuriously.

"Don't say nothin', Cæsar. I feels myse'f gittin' well."

Ten minutes later Mr. Slappey again sampled the luxurious remedy, and less than ten minutes after that he made an announcement:

"I is almost enti'ly well, Brother Clump. I craves that you gits me four scrambled eggs, some bacon strips, a beefsteak an' two cups of coffee."

The food was obtained, and a half hour later Florian was on deck, somewhat pallid but eager for action.

The sun shimmered on a sea of billowy blue. The constant swishing of water against the steel sides, which had annoyed him so until a couple of hours since, now was a soothing symphony. The ship plowed steadily toward Italy, bow rising and falling gently, sides rolling slightly.

(Continued on Page 93)

"Listen, Florian. I Craves to Know is You Partial to Lilies"

WHO'S WHO IN HOOCH

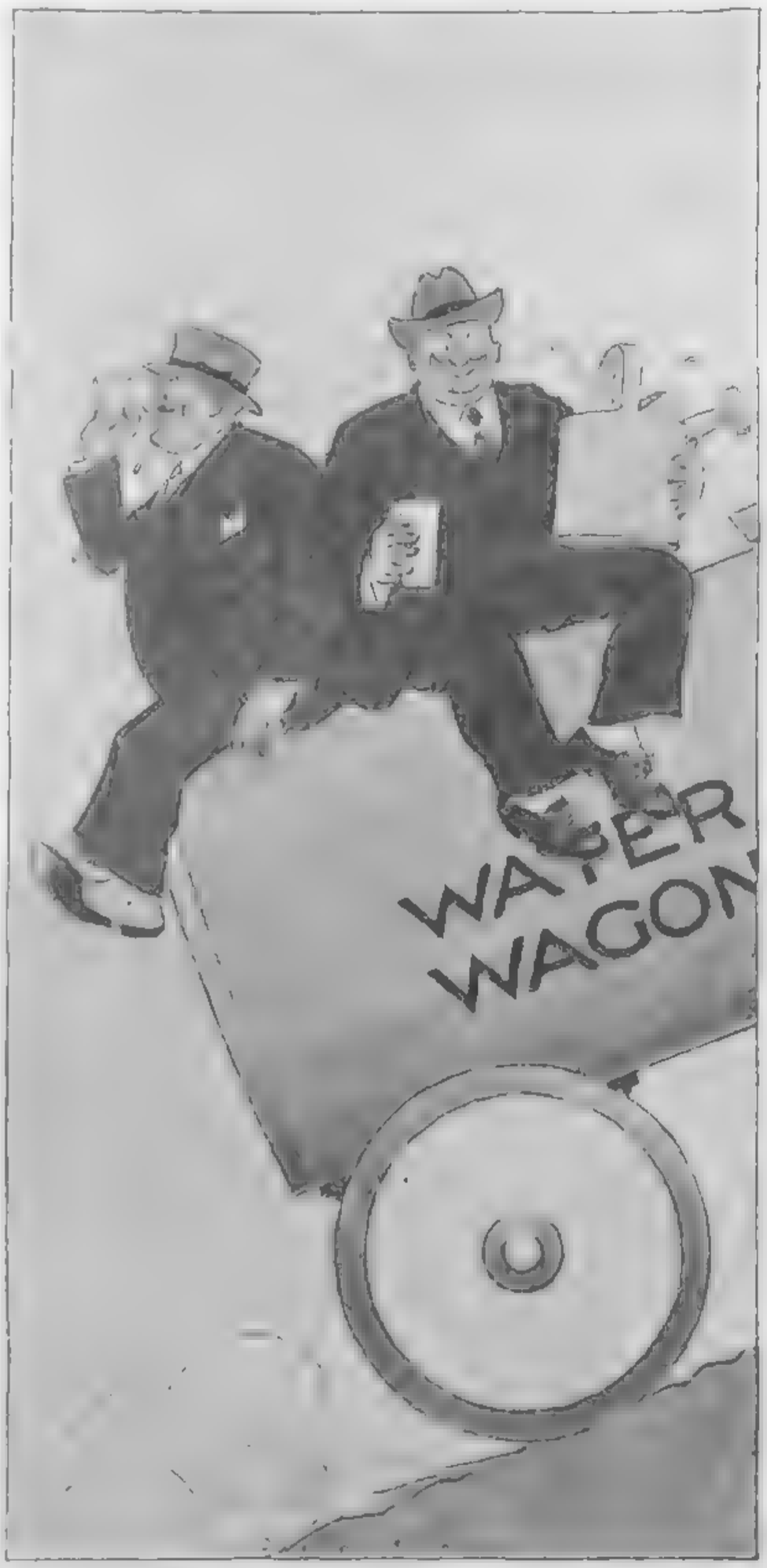
By Walton Green
Chief Prohibition Investigator

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

IT'S curious how both the Wets and Drys like to refer to the prohibition unit as an army. A real sopping Wet and a genuine Sahara Dry will agree upon nothing else in the world except the word "army."

Now an army is a pretty sizable affair. Not many people have seen an army all at one time, even in the late lamented war. Used as a figure of speech, the word is intended to convey an idea of vast and indefinite numbers. It is fair enough to speak of an army of unemployed, an army of clerks, an army of voters, and so on. But if we must inject the military note into our national rum squabble, 'twould be better to call the prohibition force a detachment, rather than an army. It would be nearer the truth.

Yes, very few of us have seen an army in being. But most of us have seen a regiment. Imagine a full-strength infantry regiment on parade. It can swing past you, band and all, in a few short minutes and disappear around the next street corner.



Were the Whole Country as Abstemious as Most of the Bigger Booties, Prohibition Would be a Fact Today

Orders

THE numerical strength of an infantry regiment is 3153 officers and men. The numerical strength of the prohibition unit is 2930, plus a handful of civil-service clerks and stenographers. This number includes all Federal prohibition employes in the United States, Alaska and Hawaii. It does not include the 125 border patrolmen who have been added to the customs service, and it does not include the Coast Guard, which has been virtually doubled since prohibition. But neither the customs nor the Coast Guard is exclusively concerned with prohibition enforcement. Contraband liquor is simply one more smuggled commodity which the customs has to deal with; and offshore rum running is merely an added and pestiferous duty imposed upon a fine old service which is primarily charged with the protection of shipping and the saving of life.

The Coast Guard is the line of outposts and the customs service is the front-line-trench system against smuggled liquor. But smuggled liquor does not constitute one-tenth of what the country is drinking today. The biggest battle is behind the lines—the battle of denatured alcohol and moonshine and high-powered beer and bathtub wine.

This battle behind the lines is being fought by the aforesaid army of 2930 men. It is the only government organization exclusively engaged in enforcement, and it is considerably smaller than a regiment. Let us imagine again our regiment drawn up for parade. The colonel steps up:

"Good morning, army. You will now fall out and scatter to the four corners of America and proceed to enforce the Volstead Act. You will watch a hundred distilleries and denaturing plants, a few hundred breweries and a hundred thousand permittees and manufacturers. You will discover and destroy several more thousand cooking plants and moonshine outfits, and you will get evidence against, and put in jail, a hundred thousand bootleggers and politicians and grafting cops and crooked agents. They'll be out and at it again next week, but never mind. And while you're about it, army, don't forget to padlock all the speakeasies and law-breaking hotels and clubs in America. That's all for today, army. Report back when you've finished."

Here is another way of looking at it: The New York police force is five times as large as the entire Federal prohibition unit; and New York spends about $35,000,000 a year on its police, compared with some $11,000,000 which the United States spends on interior enforcement. Of course, there is no parallel between the functions of the two forces. The New York police are charged with the suppression of all crime in one great city, while the prohibition force has to cope with one offense throughout the country; there is a difference both of kind and of degree. But even at that, the comparison is significant.

Three thousand men must be spread pretty thin to stop drinking in a nation of about 115,000,000. It makes one Federal enforcement officer for every 39,000 people—one man for a city larger than Poughkeepsie, New York. Or worse yet, put that man in the center of an area of 1200 square miles containing eight widely scattered towns of 5000 inhabitants each, and then tell him to suppress the liquor traffic in every last corner of that area.

There is nothing tricky about this. That is just what the prohibition army is up against today. Three thousand men to stop a hundred thousand professional crooks and a million or so amateur elbow crookers who are aiding and abetting and enriching the real crooks.

Now, without going into details of organization, let us take a look at the human side of the prohibition force—what they are paid and who they are. A little later we'll do the same for the bootie personnel.

The highest salary paid any prohibition official is $6000 and the minimum salary is $1200. The average salary—and this includes every employe from top to bottom—is $2198.20 per year.

It might be said in passing that it's a pretty poor fish of a bootie who can't turn two grand a week, when he isn't in jail or on the lam—hiding out.

When it comes to racial complexion, Uncle Sam has something of an edge on the underworld. Most prohibition agents are native Americans. Out of 895 agents whose files have been examined, only 60 were born outside of the United States. Enforcement is 93 per cent American—whatever else it may be. North Carolina is 100 per cent American, no foreign-born agents at all reported. Chicago is at the other extreme with 11 per cent alien agents. New Orleans has only one agent born outside the country. Florida is 90 per cent native, Los Angeles and San Francisco each 92 per cent native, Pittsburgh 90 per cent and Philadelphia 94 per cent native born. New York, though it is the first dumping port of Europe, strikes just about the general American average of 93 per cent native born.

Johnny Walker on the Banana Boat

NOW for the bootie side of the racial picture. The same cities which reported on agents also reported on arrests. They were selected to give a rough but fair cross section of the country as a whole. The returns show 62 per cent aliens and 38 per cent native Americans. Only in the South Atlantic States is there a preponderance of native violators over foreign born, and that is accounted for by the great number of native-born negroes in the rum business. In all other sections of the country the alien is the chief offender. Philadelphia violators are 30 per cent foreign born, Chicago 60 per cent, San Francisco 79 per cent, Pittsburgh 55 per cent, Los Angeles 68 per cent, and New York 85 per cent.

So in whatever part of the country you may find yourself, just remember that the chances are more than even that your bootlegger is foreign born. If you suffer the supreme alcoholic ill luck of living in New York, the chances are nearly nine in ten that the suave gentleman who promises you genuine Scotch learned his liquor and his lying on the other side.

Even at that, the suave gentleman may not be consciously lying. The retail seller is almost as gullible as the retail buyer. It's only when you get among the blue-water smugglers and the cooking-plant kings that you find men with sense enough to leave their own wares alone. Were the whole country as abstemious as most of the bigger booties, prohibition would be a fact today.

As it is, the ten-twenty-thirt'-case man, who buys his stuff on the sand and sells it f. o. b. doorstep, is the biggest sucker of all. Take the banana-boat shipment which gave a bibulous town its holiday supply of Johnny Walker not so many, many months ago. Word was quietly passed down from the bigger brethren to the little brethren that a big load was coming in of a Thursday night on a certain fruit steamer from a certain tropical port. Everything was fixed all along the line. The stuff would be delivered from a water-front storage shed hard by where the steamer was tied up.

Came Thursday night and with it the little brethren falling all over themselves to get their precious allotments of tens and fifties and hundreds. Their little closed flivvers and their big battered touring cars lined up thirstily in the lee of the shed, took aboard the coveted whisky at thirty-eight dollars per case, sped back to the city and sold it to friend and foe alike, to club and café, at seventy dollars the case.

The big city made merry and drank much of the beastly stuff. The little brethren made a little money and drank a little of the beastly stuff. The big brethren made much money and drank none of the beastly stuff at all. For they had made every drop of it in their cooking plants in the bowels of the big city. So the big brethren drew back again into their cooking plants and smiled and bided their time against the arrival of another banana boat, that they might bottle up their denatured alcohol and send it to the long shed hard by where the big ships tie up. To this day the little brethren do not know the truth of it.

The point is that many a small distributor knows rather less about his product than a slum grocer who has had a lot of damaged goods palmed off on him by an unscrupulous middleman. Most of the lesser booties are alien born, and many of them are the literal scrapings of Southern Europe. The higher-ups are a different matter—but that we shall come to presently. For the moment, let us take a look at Who's Who in Hooch in the four great cities of New York, Chicago, Pittsburgh and Philadelphia.

The racial percentage of foreign-born violators in these four cities is: Italian, 28 per cent; Jews, 25 per cent; Irish, 22 per cent; German, 15 per cent; and the remaining 10 per cent scattered. Taken by cities, the Italians predominate with 30 per cent in Chicago and 34 per cent in New York. Jews lead in Philadelphia with 31 per cent, and Irish in Pittsburgh with 30 per cent. Abie's Irish Rose is an oft-encountered bootleg team—usually, it is true, among the higher-ups in the game. The minor rôles in the business, the retail distributing, the kitchen still and the bathtub work, generally fall to the lot of the Italians and the scattered 10 per cent of Europe's foreign element. Bootlegging is only a new and astonishingly safe and remunerative kind of crime in which to engage.

The coke peddler or white slaver who has done a stretch of ten years or so comes up from Atlanta to find a new and splendid world of criminal opportunity. His mind turns to the higher and finer things of crookdom. He decides to become a respectable bootlegger. In a few short months he is driving downtown in his car, talking to his customers across a mahogany desk, slipping a careless hundred here and a careful thousand there.

He deals with bankers and politicians and brokers and gunmen and clubmen and cops. He corrupts and undermines the social structure. He is the condoned and shameful link between the underworld and society.

But he makes money. Sometimes he makes a great deal of money.

How much money he really makes is a matter of speculation. Certainly, some of the pioneers in the business have made real fortunes. A few of the shrewdest have managed to retire with their loot, as their income-tax returns have shown; but most of the rank and file are no better off than when they started. Money criminally gained is generally criminally spent.

The men who have made money in bootlegging would have made money in legitimate business, and the failures would likely have failed in any walk of life. There is no golden touchstone in alcohol, popular belief to the contrary notwithstanding. In the early days, it is true, almost everybody made money, but that was before methods and processes were standardized, before the big fellows had got themselves organized. Nowadays, competition, price cutting and the high cost of bribing are driving many a struggling young bootie out of business. To make real money these days you've got to have capital plus brains plus connections.

Driving Many a Struggling Young Bootie Out of Business

It is sometimes said that bootlegging demands no special qualifications or training, and that any bright young man can pick it up as he goes along. But that is a fallacy. All the ablest men in the business—all the conspicuous successes—have undergone years of preliminary training, either as jailbirds with long criminal records—thieves, gangsters, narcotic dealers and white slavers—or as lawyers, politicians, detectives, police officials and legislators.

Bootlegger is a loosely used term. Every amateur lawbreaker speaks affectionately of "my bootlegger" when referring to the swarthy gentleman who drops into the office. As well refer to the uniformed guard who stands near the cashier's cage as "my banker." Whisky salesmen, delivery men, truck drivers, guerrillas, and such, are the hired men of the business.

Like most hired men, their wages are small and their percentages still smaller. The big profits go with the big risks and the big investments.

That there have been and are big profits, there is no denying. The Chicago beer rings made money into the hundreds of thousands a few years ago. One man cleaned up a sizable fortune and was cleaned out himself while he was in prison. Another admits deprecatingly that he received $850,000 for one shipload he landed.

He spent a couple of cursory years in the U. S. penitentiary, but apparently he was so rich he didn't mind it. When he came out he announced that he had made his pile and would retire from business. But they indicted him anew—this time for falsifying his income-tax returns. Hard on the heels of that, he was arrested again a few weeks ago and pleaded guilty—this time with a wet-cleaning plant which had a bootleg-alcohol capacity of some 4000 gallons a day. He may have made and may have put away all the millions attributed to him, but it would seem that he just naturally can't keep out of court or off the front page.

These are some of the headliners, whose exploits have been in the newspapers for years. There have been others, less well advertised, but just as successful. There are men in various parts of the country, their names scarcely known to the public, whose bank deposits run into millions. Rumor is a pretty wild thing; but even rumor falls short of the huge sums that pass through the hands of some of the really big fellows.

How much of it sticks? That's the real question. How much is gross turnover and how much is net profit? What is the capital investment in ships and trucks and cleaning plants and cars? What is the labor pay roll, the bribery pay roll, the contingent shake-down fund? What percentage must be written off annually for losses through capture or hijacking?

leavings. These figures, of course, are not conclusive, because they do not embrace every last drinking corner of the country. But they may be taken as fairly indicative of the nationalities which are bootlegging to our great Eastern centers of saturation. Go to the country, go to the mountain fastnesses where moonshine is increasingly made, and you will still and always find the native American the principal criminal. But where there is one down-east Yankee running liquor ashore, or one Kentucky mountaineer turning out moonshine "cawn," there are a hundred—no, a thousand—Italians and Poles and Russians and Greeks, cooking and cutting, mixing, peddling and pandering to the appetites of our thirsty cities. Nor is there anything surprising in this; for our criminal classes have always been recruited from the

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TRIAL MARRIAGE

By Elizabeth Alexander

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"There's Only One Thing I am Sure Of. If I'm Ever Jealous of You, Thor, I Shall Say So Straight Out, and Not Call it Morality"

VI

GLAD to see you back again, Mr. Ware," said the janitor, who liked to be called the superintendent, as he accepted Thor's tip. "Lemme give you a hand up with them," he added, nodding toward Thor's luggage, two rather battered old suitcases with foreign labels, a paint box and one of those large brown-paper parcels which, it seems, young artists must always carry.

"Oh, never mind. That's all right," replied Thor, who appeared confused for some reason, and could hardly meet the genial eye of his old friend, the superintendent. "I can get along all right. But -er—wait a minute."

He paused with one foot on the first step of the staircase.

"Maybe you had better come on up with me, Mike," said Thorvald, blushing. "There's—er—a little matter I want to talk to you about ah ——"

"Roof ain't been leakin' again, I know!" Mike interrupted firmly. "No, sir, Mr. Ware; I been up there myself once or twicet, since you been gone, to take a look at her."

"It's not that." Thor's color deepened. "It's—well—a personal matter, Mike."

"Oh!" Mike's friendly expression was intensified to one of conspiracy. "Yeah? Well, you know me, Mr. Ware."

"Come on up!" mumbled Thor, sprinting ahead with the bags, two steps at a time.

Mike, following more slowly with the brown-paper parcel, entered Thor's large studio on the top floor, puffing a bit

"Oughta had a elevator in this dump," he grumbled good-naturedly. "But that woulda sent up the service charges. Got a piece o' good news for you, Mr. Ware! Heard they cut down the maint'nance at the las' directors' meetin'. Seems they saved money las' year. Charlerot in 4A was tellin' me. Great thing this here cooperative ownership, ain't it? Excep' when you got to put on copper gutters!"

Mike chuckled at the memory of this episode, which had sent panic into the cooperative owners, most of them young, and rather on the edge financially.

"What you payin' now, Mr. Ware?" Mike asked, though, of course, he knew perfectly. He knew everything about that studio building and all its occupants—their love affairs, incomes, artistic success or failure, even, some claimed, the most exact inventory of their personal possessions.

"I swear old Mike knows it, if you've got on a new collar!" Charlerot had once declared. Though it must be admitted that Charlerot, himself an incurable gossip, was the source of much of Mike's information.

So the question about Thor's upkeep was purely academic, and as Thor appeared absent-minded, Mike answered it himself.

"Ninety-eight fifty, ain't it? Well, they's a 5 per cent cut. That makes—lemme see—got a pencil? Well, anyway, it's somethin'."

"Great! That's good," replied Thor vaguely.

He closed his studio door and faced Mike, but still without looking at him.

"Sit down—have a cigarette," he mumbled, and blew at the thick dust on a table top.

"Whew!" cried Thor, irritated. "How can a place get so dirty when you're not in it?"

He took out a clean handkerchief and wrecked it, scrubbing furiously at the table.

"This place needs a good thorough cleaning up!" he grumbled. "Wonder if I could get Mrs. Callahan to come up today or tomorrow ——"

"Oh, sure, Mary'll fix it for you," Mike answered for his wife, with the easy assurance of a lord of creation.

Then his eyes twinkled.

"If that was all you wanted to see me about, Mr. Ware, you needn't 'a' made me climb all them stairs."

He grinned at Thor, and reached for a cigarette, flipped it back contemptuously, and drew his pipe out of his pocket, crossed his legs, tipped his chair back, and settled himself for a good, long, confidential chat.

"Look here, Mike," Thor began, coloring up to his hair, "there's something I want to explain before ——"

"Say, kid," said Mike pleasantly, "if you're in any mix-up with a dame ——"

"Good Lord!" said Thor, sitting down weakly. "How'd you know, Mike?"

"Say," cried Mike indignantly, "ain't I been takin' care o' artists for fifteen years? What I was goin' to say," he added, "was, if you're in any mix-up with a dame, count on Mike."

"Well, it's not a mix-up," Thor explained, clutching at a cigarette. "You see, Mike, I—well, I'm engaged to be married"

"An' he don't call that a mix-up!" exclaimed the friend and janitor.

Thor, ignoring the comment, went on, "And she's coming here to live. That's what I wanted to tell you, Mike"

"What?" cried Mike, sitting up straight. "Who's comin' here to live, Mr. Ware?"

"My fiancée."

Mike's face took on a severe expression.

"Now, Mr. Ware," he expostulated. "I'm your frien', an' all that, an' I said you could count on me, an' you can—within reason. But you know as well as me, there's certain rules an' regulations in this house, an' got to be, too, if it's to be kept a decent, fit place ——"

"Hold on!" shouted Thor, looking like an overripe plum. "Hold on, Mike! You don't understand! Oh, why, good Lord, Mike! My fiancée—why, my fiancée ——"

"Well, there's all kinds of fiansays in New York City," Mike apologized hastily. "But I see now what kin' you mean. Ye're in love, poor boy. An' though it's fifteen years since I got over that meself—thank God—I've still me sympathy left for poor, dumb, sufferin' creatures."

Thor, slowly subsiding in color, asked weakly, "How do you mean, got over it?"

"Marryin'," replied Mike. "The surest cure for love."

Thor's face contracted with distaste.

"I hate vaudeville jokes about marriage," he said coldly. "They aren't worthy of an original fellow like you, Mike."

Mike rolled his eyes to heaven as a witness.

"Original, is it?" he scoffed. "Find me a fellow that's original about love, or in it, an' I'll find ye a million dollars layin' in the street.

"All I'm meanin', though, Mr. Ware," he added more kindly, "is that a man's got to marry to git his mind off fallin' in love an' onto his work. An' if he gets a good, honest, strong, determined woman she'll keep his attention where it belongs or know the reason why!"

"That doesn't sound very attractive to me," said Thor. "I don't think I want that kind of a wife."

"That's what ye'll get, though," said Mike cheerfully, "or else a divorce. Yes, sir, Mr Ware, us men need a strong-minded, two-fisted woman to make us behave We're natural-born Mormons."

He seemed, in spite of his advocacy of behaving, rather proud of the polygamous streak in masculine nature. He even looked confidential, so Thor, knowing the length and probable nature of Mike's reminiscences, interrupted crisply: "About that matter, Mike. I'm going to a hotel to live—temporarily"

"A hotel?"

"While my fiancée is living here with her chaperon."

"Chapyrone!" cried Mike. "I never heard of a chapyrone in this buildin', though it's respectable enough. Mary Callahan would see to that, though I didn't do me duty."

"Miss Bannester and Mrs. Weston will arrive day after tomorrow," said Thor firmly. "And I want you to see, Mike, that they get all the service and attention ——"

"Oh, sure! I'll see to 'em. How long will they be here?"

"Six months."

"Six months! Mr. Ware, you ain't goin' to let a couple of dames inter your studio for six months'"

"Why not?"

"They'll wreck the place," stated Mike authoritatively. "Take it from me, Mr. Ware. Ye'll never know the place afterward—with a pink bow tied onto yer very easel, maybe!"

Thor laughed.

"Don't worry, Mike. That's not likely to happen."

"Mr. Ware, ye don't know what's likely to happen with women tenants!" Mike warned him.

"Remember that young feller in 5B—Adamson—went off to Europe a year, sublet to two women said they was artists? Whin he come back, they had took down his good, plain, artis' curtains, like you got there yourself, an' put up those batik doodads. An' what's more, they was a hole kicked right through one of his canvases he'd lef' with its face to the wall in a corner disturbin' nobody. An' green cats painted onto the door an' woodwork fer all the world like a tea room in Greenwich Village."

"Miss Bannester and Mrs. Weston aren't like that," Thor replied. "Besides, I'm not subletting. I shall be here every day, painting, just the same as usual, Mike."

"Oh, ye will? With thim women around!"

"Mike, you mustn't call my fiancée and her chaperon 'thim women.'"

"Thim ladies, then," Mike amended amiably. "Sure, I know they'll be ladies all right, Mr. Ware. Ye niver was one fer the common kind. Often I've thought, whin I've seen some of thim others goin' up the stairs—well, models or no, an' pretty faces or not ——"

"Will you ask Mrs. Callahan about the cleaning right away?" Thor interrupted. "I want everything to look first-rate, you know."

"Oh, Mary'll fix ye," said Mike, dismissing that subject lightly. Then, as he rose

"Let me get this straight now, Mr. Ware. Ye're to be here every day, git your mail an' phone calls as usual, an' only sleep out?"

"Yes," said Thor, blushing, "that's it."

"Oh, all right thin. I'll take care o' the ladies," Mike promised gallantly. "An' God take care o' you," he muttered under his breath, as he went out.

"LOOK around, won't you, Mrs. Callahan," Thor begged nervously, two days later, "and see if there's anything else. I don't want a thing left that would look untidy. You know how men are!" he added flatteringly.

"Oh, yes, I know how min are, all right!" replied Mary Callahan firmly, but not unpleasantly, and she set her firm, capable hands on her broad hips, and looked about the newly swept and waxed and dusted studio; its white woodwork scrubbed, its large white-framed mirrors gleaming, the fireplace ready with logs for lighting, the brasses polished, clean cream-colored linen curtains drawn across the huge studio window, softening the bleak north light.

"Looks swell to me, Mr. Ware," said Mary Callahan. "Ye've got a gran' little home. An' if the young lady can find a speck of dust anywhere, I'll eat it."

Her good-humored laugh joined Thor's boyish chuckle.

"You're a wonder, Mrs. Callahan, and I'm ever so grateful to you for helping me out. I don't know what I'd have done if you hadn't washed those curtains for me overnight."

"Oh, that's all right now. Glad to do it. I been in love myself."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Thor suddenly, while an expression of horror came over his face.

And he dashed upstairs to the balcony which ran around two sides of the studio.

In a moment he was down again, holding something gingerly

"About two dozen old razor blades on top the medicine cabinet," he explained. "Always meant to throw 'em away sometime—just remembered."

"Well, there now," said Mrs. Callahan, "I ought to thought o' that meself. I know that little fallin' o' men. There never was one that threw one away."

"If there's anything you can think of that I ought to buy, Mrs. Callahan ——" Thor was looking critically about the abode which had once seemed absolutely perfect to him. "You see, Miss Bannester has such a beautiful home herself, I wouldn't want her to be

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"I Can't Believe You're Here!" He Whispered Against Her Cheek

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 12, 1926

Sauce for the Gander

THE world-wide importance of the miners' strike in England hinged upon the employment of methods which might easily threaten the national existence of every civilized country on the globe. The right to negotiate in mass with employers as to wages, hours and conditions of labor ceases to be a right the moment that public servants use it to intimidate the rank and file of the population and to coerce the government with a general strike.

Labor is of two sorts: That which is enlisted in the immediate service of the public and that which is not. Labor which falls into the former classification, including the production of fuel, gas, electricity and power; the operation of telephone and telegraph; transport of all sorts by land and sea, with service incident thereto; the postal establishment, fire departments, police forces and organizations for the distribution of food, milk, gasoline and other indispensable supplies—labor which from its very nature is essential to communal life—must be set apart from other labor.

The ultimate necessity of setting up some control as a defense against the tyranny of minorities was long ago foreseen; but the right of labor to work or not to work and to employ collective bargaining for its own advantage is generally accepted, except when it jeopardizes the safety of the public. We have not, however, been so tender with capital. When capital is enlisted in the public service it is tied hand and foot. Verboten signs are everywhere. State or Federal bodies fix rates for service, prescribe its quantity and quality, limit net earnings and nose about at will among all industries of a public nature. Railroad executives may not at their pleasure rip up the tracks of a branch line which can be operated only at a loss. They may not keep their books in any fashion not specifically laid down for them. Utility companies of all sorts operate in harnesses of sticky legal tape. Price control is forbidden in industry. All along the line the rights of individuals—that is to say, the rights of partners and stockholders—are sacrificed for the common good; and though regulation has sometimes been oppressively applied the principle behind it stands virtually unchallenged.

If capital employed in public service should be subject to a thousand intricate restrictions, why should not labor enlisted in the same service be put under sufficient restraint to prevent its becoming a menace to the population as a whole and to the state which that population has set up?

It will be objected that inasmuch as labor and capital are as different in their natures as chalk and cheese, the comparison does not hold; but is the objection valid? So much attention has been devoted to the differences between these two economic forces that their similarities are usually overlooked. To all intents and purposes capital is often nothing more or less than canned labor, a store of dormant surplus energy which the owner may wake to action according to his requirements. The clock on the mantel is not operated by capital but by the orderly release of the labor that someone expended in winding it. In many instances what is loosely referred to as capital is nothing but the charge which some man's surplus energy has fed into the storage battery our social system has set up to enable youth to keep old age going and to permit old age to give posterity a start. The human qualities of such capital are elusive and invisible, but they are not absent, for it is still man's creature, conceived in his head or wrought by his hands and brought forth in the sweat of his face.

Whatever may be the nature of capital enrolled in public service its rights are narrowly limited. Imagine, for example, the executives of our railroads, street-car companies, telephone systems and electric-lighting corporations getting together and announcing that their respective organizations would all suspend service until the pressure of public opinion on various regulatory bodies forced them to permit all utilities to earn twelve per cent upon their invested capital. The reaction of the public would not be expressed in economic technicalities. And yet, this unthinkable strike of capital would bear a family resemblance to the general strike by labor.

Meters, Liters and World Pounds

FOR more than a century advocates of the metric system of weights and measures have been working for its world-wide adoption. Not until 1850 did their efforts begin to count for much; but from that year onward their gains were so swift and steady that by 1910 more than four hundred million persons were accustomed to the use of meters, liters and kilograms. During the next decade the movement slowed down materially; but in 1920 it began to pick up speed again, with the result that during the past six years the new converts to the system have been as numerous as those won over during the seventy years which followed 1850.

Today, according to the All-America Standards Council, no fewer than eleven hundred million persons are definitely committed to metric weights and measures. The United States and Great Britain are the only great manufacturing and trading nations which hang back and decline to fall in with the world procession. Even this country is partially committed to a decimal system, for though meter and kilogram are not in common use with us, we did have the wisdom to divide our monetary unit into one hundred parts, instead of first splitting it twenty ways and then redividing each part into twelfths, as the British do with their pounds, shillings and pence.

The beauty and simplicity of the metric system, the ease with which multiplications and divisions are accomplished simply by shifting the decimal point, are too well known to require comment. There is, however, a new talking point in favor of the adoption of the metric system. This is the tremendous impetus it would give to the world-wide standardization of all physical measurements. This movement for general standardization is a dry and technical subject, but its effectiveness in putting an end to needless economic wastes and in cheapening production is too great to be ignored. Any well-sponsored reform which if put into effect would assist and extend the process is too significant to thrust aside without a full hearing.

Our foreign trade could not fail to benefit by our adoption of metric units. All Latin America, to give a single example, is accustomed to this system and will tolerate no other except as a matter of necessity. The employment of inches, ounces and feet simply increases the so-called "sales-resistance" which our manufacturers have to overcome when they enter into competition with Europeans who use the favored dimensional units. There can be little doubt that international trade would be materially facilitated by the adoption of the meter as the world yard and the half kilogram as the world pound. These units vary so little from those now in use that their formal acceptance need cause little inconvenience.

Congressman Fred A. Britten, of the Ninth Illinois District, introduced into the House a resolution requiring the use of metric weights and measures, for merchandising purposes, after January 1, 1935. The ultimate fate of this particular measure cannot be predicted; but there are already strong indications that economic pressure of one sort or another is steadily crowding us toward the step it contemplates.

Who Imports the Goods?

WE READ a great deal of comment on the relative increase of imports of goods over exports, the less satisfactory state of business and the possible connection between the two. For illustration, the Chicago Journal of Commerce recently quoted a prominent banker as follows:

"When our exports of manufactured goods begin declining and our imports of merchandise, particularly manufactured goods, begin to go up, there will be trouble ahead. Sooner or later Europe will have completed her readjustments and will be ready for a real invasion of the American markets. When she does, it is going to mean a thorough readjustment in the United States. . . . We are going to see many plants closed when that time comes, because we are going to meet the stiffest competition American industry has ever been called upon to face. . . . I have never thought that this would come until 1928, or thereafter, and I still believe that it is a good way off."

We see no trade signs to convince us that a recession in business, due to invasion of foreign goods, is imminent. But if, as and when it comes, it is important to place the cause where it belongs.

Apparently, assuming war-debt settlements with all European countries, the time is not far distant when we shall receive, as creditor country, a billion dollars annually in payment of interest and amortization. Less than one-third of this is represented by war debts to the Government; more than two-thirds will be the returns on foreign loans and investments of American citizens and corporations. We have heard a great deal about the difficulty of absorbing payments of war debts, but very little about the difficulty of absorbing payments of private debts. It is important to have it made clear that whenever difficulties arise, whatever the effect on our imports and exports, whatever the repercussions upon our industries and wage levels, two-thirds will be ascribable to the investment ventures of Americans abroad, not more than one-third to our war debts.

It has been said, in advocacy of private loans to Europe, that these were for productive purposes, aiding the restoration of the Continent and enlarging the commerce of the world, of which we would draw our goodly share. But to follow the logic of the quotation cited above, our loans must also have aided factory restorations in Europe in such a way as to enable them to enter our markets and displace domestic goods despite the present tariff. In effect, it is just as though American manufacturers had set up plants abroad to supply the American market. We have financed, to some extent, European factories using cheap labor to compete with American factories using dear labor. To urge that these foreign countries, increasing their exports to us, will buy more farm produce from us is wide of the mark, to the extent that their exports represent payments due us. It may be urged that if we had not made the loans the funds would have been procurable elsewhere, and this may be true; but then goods would not have come in as payment for services on loans to that extent, but instead as payment for goods from us.

While awaiting developments, it is at least logical to urge that we be spared further effusions as to the effect of debt payments on the balance of trade. From now on it is foreign investments, rather than war-debt payments, that will tend to enlarge imports and depress exports.

MAKING A LIVING IN FRANCE

The Pharmacist

By Jesse Rainsford Sprague

BUSINESS in France moves slowly, methodically. Few business men attempt to get rich quickly, for that means one must take chances. To take chances is bad business. The French are a nation of small proprietors, one succeeding another in endless procession, each playing his game safely until the time arrives when he has a competence, when he passes his affairs on to another.

There is, for instance, the Pharmacie of the Better Health, located near the Boulevard St.-Germain in Paris. Monsieur Étienne Rigaud, the present proprietor, cannot himself say how many fortunes have been made in the Pharmacie of the Better Health since it first opened its doors for business years before the Grand Revolution. He himself has followed the rigid rules laid down for those who aspire to become pharmacist proprietors. Monsieur Rigaud is now thirty-four years of age; when he was fifteen he apprenticed himself to the owner of the Pharmacie of the Better Health. According to law, he was obliged to have a high-school diploma before he could enter upon this apprenticeship. He worked one year as apprentice, putting in full time. During the following four years the law compelled his master to allow him time from his duties to attend the courses of the pharmacy school. While apprentice and part-time worker he received pay equal to two dollars and a half a week. After gaining his diploma he was advanced from time to time until he attained the top pay for registered pharmacists in France — forty-five dollars a month.

A hard road, one thinks, to lead only to such pay? Indeed so from the standpoint of America; but one must remember that in France few salaried men of any sort receive more than that sum, and many receive less. Also, Étienne Rigaud was not thinking alone of the pay. He knew that according to French custom his employer would have his competence and wish to retire. The Pharmacie of the Better Health would then be for sale, and who would be a more logical purchaser than the employe who was on cordial terms with all the clients?

Events worked out well for Étienne Rigaud. Four years ago his employer intimated he would sell the Pharmacie. If Monsieur Étienne had a part of the purchase price to lay down, the matter might be arranged. One may be sure Monsieur Étienne had a part of the purchase price, for this was the dénouement toward which he had worked during many years. In the bank was a full thousand dollars to his credit, the economies of his forty-five-dollar-a-month pay. To accumulate this sum had not been easy, but he knew all the time his credit as a business man would be judged by his ability to save while an employe.

How had he managed it? Well, it was done through system. His wife, whom he had married when he was twenty-six, looked after the family finances. Their apartment of two rooms and a kitchen was on the sixth floor of a building that had no elevator. Sometimes it seemed hard to climb all those stairs, but one was consoled by the cheaper rent—only seven dollars a month. Madame Rigaud walked each day with a basket on her arm to the public market near the river, where one bought things cheaper than at the shops. On his weekly day of leisure they went to the Garden of the Tuileries to hear the band play, or did window shopping on the Boulevard St.-Germain. Once or twice a month they attended the neighborhood cinema. Not an exciting life, surely, but pleasant in its way; and always there was the bank account that grew larger as the months went by.

So Monsieur Étienne bought the Pharmacie of the Better Health with his thousand dollars as first payment and signed notes for the balance, payable over a period of five years, at 8 per cent interest. One is glad to state that his affairs go well and that in another year he will be free from debt. To be owner of a pharmacy in France means much, for it is of all retail lines the most solid. During three whole years there have been but

(Continued on Page 138)

THE RAIN MAKERS

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Ballad of the Average Woman

SHE'LL sit through a cruel tirade
And show no resentment thereat;
She likes being labeled a jade,
And smiles if you call her a cat.
Existence is horribly flat
Without some suggestion of spice—
There's spice in a spirited spat!
She'll take anything but advice!

And if you're not one to upbraid,
To flaws are as blind as a bat,
She'll bend to your best accolade,
And find all your compliments pat;
Not the pitiful price of a sprat
Does it matter to her if the mice
Are known to nest under your hat,
She'll take anything but advice!

Don't hint that magenta's a shade
Taboo in an oldster's cravat;
Don't tell her what fare to evade
If so be she wouldn't get fat;
Don't spoil a felicitous chat
With counsel. To be quite precise,
Till laid in the family plat
She'll take anything but advice!

When all you can give her is that,
It really isn't quite nice!
It's a case of the camel and gnat;
She'll take anything but advice!

—Edward W Barnard

1779 THE BLUE BOY (Gainsborough) 1926

The Primary Candidate's Primer

A IS America. Oceans surround it.
In your speeches it's wise to infer that you found it.

B stands for Babies you simply must kiss.
It redoubles a cheer or will silence a hiss.

C is for—yes, Constitution—you've said it!
Just swear to uphold it, although you've not read it.

D is Democracy. Goes like a whiz
In a speech. No, of course we don't know what it is.

E is Economy. Play to the gallery—
Pledge huge reductions—except in your salary!

F is the Farmer. If hazy about him,
Remember, from now on you're crazy about him.

G is our Government. Wasteful as sin, it
Is sure to improve just as soon as you're in it.

H is our Heroes. Each year we remember
In May, but forget shortly after November.

I is an Issue. You simply must get one—
It depends where you live if a dry or a wet one.

J is the Justice you'll see done to all,
If only they'll send you to Congress this fall.

K is the—sh! We advise here a wide step
In other directions—a good time to side-step.

L is the Law, with its running mate, Order.
You're strong for them both, except right on the border.

M's the Machine that is backing your rival,
With evil intent to prevent your survival.

N is November, the month whose first Tuesday—
Best mark it in red—is for you Win or Lose Day!

O is your Organization. When seen
By the tyro, it's quite like your rival's machine.

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A Possibility

"IS THIS yore baby?" asked the constable. "I found him playing around a horse's heels just now."

"I don't know whether he's mine or not," replied Gap Johnson, of Rumpus Ridge. "I brung considerable many of the children to town with me and turned 'em loose. This little cuss 'pears to be about the right size. Slap him, and mebby I'll reckernize him with his mouth open."

Good News

"GOOD news?" I asked my wife, who was poring fascinatedly over the paper.

"Good news?" she echoed enthusiastically. "Well, I'll say so! Just listen to these headlines: Ax Fiend Kills Two More; Five Slain in Rum War; Bank Bandits Shoot Three and Escape With $60,000; Twenty Die in Train Wreck; Liner Sinks With All on Board; Earthquake Kills Thousands; Tenement Fire Takes Toll of Thirty Lives; Three Children Crushed Under Motor Cars; Tornado Lays Waste Four Hamlets; Hundreds Drown in Flood; Twenty-One Freeze to Death in Record Cold Wave; Divorce Scandal Wrecks Two Families; Six Arrested in Love Nest Raid; Sheik Says Not to Blame for Three Women Committing Suicide Because of Unrequited Love; Three Gunmen Die in Chair; Flapper Stabs Married Sweetheart; Goes to Gallows Without Confessing Seven Murders; and a lot of other good news. What more could you expect in a three-cent paper? Now leave me alone, will you, while I read it!" —*Douglas Turney.*

"Old Bill Smith Hasn't Got a Care in the World." "What Does He Do?" "He's a Caretaker"

First Child: "That's Mr. Spiels, the Great Leader, Who Managed the Strike for Us"

Vegetable Soup!

Hearty as it is delicious!

"I long ago gave up making vegetable soup in my kitchen," said a housewife. "Life's too short to go to all that trouble when I can get such good vegetable soup at the store!"

This opinion is shared by so many thousands of others that Campbell's Vegetable Soup is the most popular hearty soup in the world—an ever-ready standby, a meal in itself!

32 ingredients

Women are so quick to appreciate splendid quality in food, combined with ease and convenience of service!

How much it saves them to be able any time, anywhere simply to say to their grocer "Campbell's Vegetable Soup!" And get for their table a soup with fifteen different vegetables, invigorating beef broth, substantial cereals, herbs and seasoning!

12 cents a can

PUPPY DOGS' TAILS

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

ONE day a strange, nay, an unheard-of event took place in the village of Little Dole Keynes. Sally, the fat springer spaniel who belonged to Amardis, was delivered of spaniel puppies.

Amardis' admiration and delight knew no bounds, for, although in her opinion Sally approached perfection as nearly as it is possible for perfection to be approached, there had lurked in the background of her mind a vague misgiving that in the choice of husbands, Sally's taste had been a shade too catholic. In the joy of the new litter all shadows of grievance were at an end.

Even Sally hailed the event as something out of the ordinary and paid sundry calls on other lady dogs in the village to apprise them of the good news. Previous husbands met en route were treated with studied contempt. Sally allowed no one save Amardis to approach the puppies, and Amardis rose twice every night and early every morning to be sure they had all they wanted.

It was a lovely time for Amardis—a time only marred by the nightmare thought that very soon the funny little piggy tails of the family would have to be cut off.

It was useless to try to blind herself to the fact, for already Sally had poked at them with her nose as who should say:

"What about it, my dear? No sentiment in matters of this kind."

Good springer stock must not be treated mongrelwise, and Amardis knew that this was so and knew that it was right and proper. But she trembled inside. It seemed so cruel that perfection could only be arrived at through suffering and aristocracy through pain.

Amardis consulted Mad Harry about it. Mad Harry was soft in many ways, but in others he was austere. Mad Harry was always writing bits of poetry that wouldn't rime, and sometimes when the moon was at full the words that poured from his lips would frighten villagers and keep them behind their doors. But all agreed that Mad Harry was wise in the ways of the earth and of the creatures that dwelt upon it. It was said that growing crops and beasts and running waters told him their secrets.

"They are such little things," lamented Amardis, "and they don't know."

The apple-smooth cheeks of Mad Harry wrinkled into a thousand lines. His thin brows came down.

"Pain is the great edicator," said he, "and 'tis accordin' to the rule as all should suffer in a divarsity o' manners. 'Twould be b' no means praper that a spannel dog should carry a tail like 'twas a peacock. The spannel is a worker as must force his way through brier and thicket, rush and reed. Workers needs no tails to hang themselves up by and impede the dooties they mus' parform. The spannel of all dogs is the mos' lovin', and day long would be wagging his tail in indacint affection were't not clipped."

Amardis nodded. "I s'pose it doesn't do to show one's feelings too much."

Mad Harry shook his head. "He that doeth so, his feelings shall be trampled upon and he shall know the bitterness of shame."

"It's horrid to be ashamed," said Amardis.

Mad Harry smiled. "Nay, missy, 'tis an honor to be ashamed, for without shame there is no growing up toward dignity for the mind." His thoughts wandered unconsciously into poetry:

"Oh, oak, you poke your branches straight and level with the sky.
Oh, oak, you poke ——

"Crimlay!" Said Charlie. "Aren't Girls the Limit!"

"Yes, they tails mus' come off, missy."

So one day Amardis packed Bill and Fanny and Banco and Little Lucy, who was the smallest, into a basket and, putting it under her arm, marched off to the vet's. Sally walked at her heels, which is the proper place, disdaining passers-by and listening with a motherly ear to the muffled sounds that came from the basket.

Now it was two miles' walk to the vet's, for he lived at Willingly, and on the way Amardis wished she had asked Michael Greville or Charlie Hands to bear her company. Michael and Charlie were the boys who lived one on either side of the cottage in which Amardis lived. They were home on their holidays from the great public school of Burton. Once, not very long ago, they had nearly fallen in love with her and had punched each other's noses in consequence. But now they knew better and had put all such nonsense behind them.

Amardis reflected that perhaps she would have asked them were it not that both had displayed a predilection for bloodshed, and might very well have viewed the tragic operation in the light of an agreeable experience.

"All the same," said Amardis, "I do hope I shan't be silly and weak about it."

The vet was a kindly man who did the business with cunning and dispatch, but even so, it was hateful. Amardis held the puppies one by one and shut her eyes as the scissors snicked. She felt as if her fingers were being snipped off.

"Let Sally lick them, my dear," said the vet. "They'll be right as rain in a day or two."

Amardis, whose throat was too dry for words, nodded, put four shillings on the table, one for each tail, picked up the basket with its whimpering cargo and went out.

The sunlight had become very white and the road wabbly. There was no wind, yet trees were dipping this way and that. A milestone came hurrying along to meet her. Amardis put out a hand to check it and it wriggled in her hand. A tiny drop of blood on her right sleeve was suddenly a sea. Then all the world began to heave and blacken.

Let there be no nonsense about this; Amardis was sick—basin sick.

"Oh, dear," she whimpered, and again, "oh, dear."

Something roared to a standstill at her side. A pair of cool, strong hands fastened upon her forehead and a voice said, in our curiously slurred modern argot, "Poor li'l' kid. Don't you fret. I got you. Just take it easy now."

The world steadied beneath the feet of Amardis, the road straightened and the trees were still. She blinked, sneezed and felt for a handkerchief.

"Here, use mine," said young Talbot Chesser, of the Manneringe, producing a large square of colored silk from his pocket.

"Thank you," said Amardis and blew her nose gratefully. "You're mos' kind and I'm awfully silly."

"Almos' faintin', you were," said he. "Somefin's upset your stummick, that's what it is."

"No," said Amardis, wiping tears from her eyes. "It was seeing the puppies' tails come off."

For the moment young Talbot Chesser looked puzzled. A whimper from the basket enlightened him.

"In here, are they?" he asked, stooping.

"Mind Sally doesn't bite you," Amardis warned.

But there was no danger of that. Sally had witnessed an act of chivalry to her mistress. She was delighted for Talbot Chesser to have a peep at the pups.

"Jolly li'l' beggars," said the young man. "Darn shame they have to be clipped, but there it is. Can't understan' you tacklin' a job like this without an escort though. It's tryin' oneself a bit high."

"I didn't think Sally would have liked anyone else to come," Amardis explained. "She's very particular."

Young Talbot Chesser laughed.

"Anyway, I'm goin' to see you're flipped home safely. Hop into the li'l' two-seater and the family shall have the jolly ole dicky all to theirselves."

It was a glorious ending to a most painful experience. Amardis, who had never been in a fast motor car before, simply couldn't speak for enjoyment. She just shut her eyes and gloried. Sally occupied the dicky seat, her face set in an expansive grin. Oh, a wonderful ending!

Young Talbot Chesser deposited them at the gate of Cooden, waved farewell and thundered away, without giving Amardis a chance to say how grateful she was.

Amardis stood by the gate, the basket under her arm, and watched the dust cloud disappear over the crest of a little rise. Then as if speaking to herself, she said, "He was awfully, awfully kind."

And in that moment Amardis found her hero.

Earlier in the tale it was told how, in pursuit of the favor of Amardis, Charlie Hands and Michael Greville had once come into violent conflict and how, since then, they had conquered sentiment and returned to occupations of a sterner kind. And this was true. But though no longer concerned personally with emotional crises, they were unwilling that Amardis should look tenderly upon the retreating form of another suitor. Through the small window of the ten-by-six wooden hut that Captain Greville had made for his son's very own, they had witnessed the

(Continued on Page 33)

Double action
Single cost

A weekly Sunbrite cleansing!

To keep them white and spotless
To destroy food odors and flavors

A refrigerator is a safe place for foods only when it is absolutely clean. Food spoils more quickly in moist air, so there is need of constant, scrupulous care to keep the shelves and walls free from all taint.

What your refrigerator and your vegetable box need, is a thorough cleansing once a week with **Sunbrite,** the "double action" cleanser. This will not only cleanse them from the dirt and stains you see, but will destroy that dangerous kind of uncleanness you cannot see.

"Double action"! This is the peculiar power of **Sunbrite.** It does two kinds of cleaning in one simple process. It scours and brightens; at the same time, it also sweetens and destroys clinging food odors.

Think of the time and energy this saves! You save on the price of **Sunbrite,** too, for it is inexpensive. A United Profit Sharing coupon gives added value to every can.

There are numberless cleaning jobs around the house which **Sunbrite** would do more thoroughly and with less work. Your kitchen sink, utensils, stove, cabinet; your bathroom—keep them all doubly clean with "double action"!

Swift & Company

Have you tried it? Quick Naptha White Soap Chips

If you haven't used this fine quick cleansing soap yet, you have a great pleasure in store.

You'll be delighted with the way it loosens dirt—yet is so mild it will not harm a thread of delicate fabric. And its flake form is so handy for the dish pan and washing machine!

SAVE THE COUPON ON EVERY CAN AND EXCHANGE FOR PREMIUMS

A Pledge of Floor-Covering Satisfaction—

THE Gold Seal, shown above, appears *only* on Congoleum *Gold Seal* Floor-Coverings. It is put there for the guidance of the many women who prefer goods whose value and dependability have been established beyond dispute. The Gold Seal Guarantee is an assurance of every quality that makes for floor-covering satisfaction.

Congoleum-Nairn Inc. are the world's largest manufacturers of labor-saving floor-coverings. Back of the widespread reputation and popularity of Congoleum *Gold Seal* Art-Rugs stand many years of unequalled service and satisfaction. Millions of footsteps have tested Congoleum durability. Hundreds of thousands of housewives can testify to the soundness of Congoleum value.

And what an abundance of exclusive and charming patterns you find in these serviceable, moderate-priced rugs. Designs and sizes to suit every room in the house. Every one of them the creation of a master rug designer.

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Ask for Congoleum by name and be sure to look for the Gold Seal on the rugs you buy.

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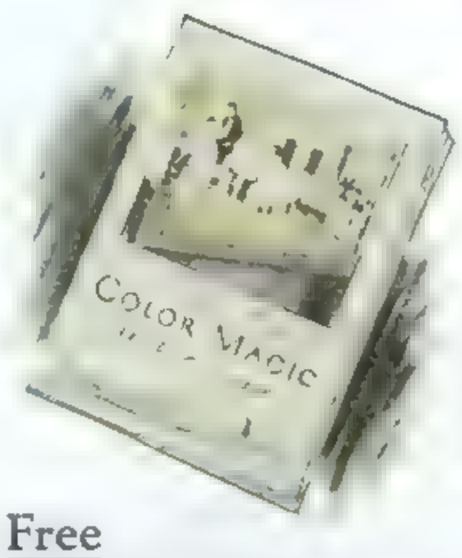

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Kindly send me a free copy of Anne Lewis Pierce's booklet.

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S.E.P.-2

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startling arrival of Amardis, side by side with young Talbot Chesser, in a glittering two-seater. Moreover, they had seen her linger by the gate, and the sight was not good in their eyes. At that moment they were busily engaged in the preparation of a chemical compound which admitted of no interruption in its manufacture. It was a curious mixture composed of sulphuric acid, salad oil, baking powder, sulphate of copper, a pink table jelly, the heads of wax matches and zinc knobs. What service was to be rendered to science by this unusual combination of ingredients was not very clear. But they were engrossed in the experiment. Anything might result—a new hair wash, an elixir for the prolongation of life or a high explosive for its swift destruction. Certain it is that no ordinary event would have been allowed to disturb them at their work; but the infatuation of Amardis was no ordinary event.

"We must look into this," Michael announced. "Blow out the meth. stove, Chas, and let's see what it's all about."

Charlie Hands concurred readily.

"That bounder, Talbot Chesser," said he.

Charlie and Michael harbored a natural animosity against Talbot Chesser, in as much as he belonged to a higher social stratum than any to which they had entrance. Talbot Chesser shot and rode to hounds. Talbot Chesser fished with a dry fly in preserved waters. Talbot Chesser was always passing and repassing on something desirable—a blood mare, a motor bike and a variety of road-devouring streamline automobiles. These were luxuries to which Charlie and Michael were strangers. Neither Mr. Hands, who had done very nicely out of dry cleaning, nor Captain Greville, who made a living out of a poultry farm augmented by a little journalistic work, could afford to provide his son with the more refined forms of sport or transport. Out of envy springs contempt, and it is not surprising that Talbot Chesser, being blessed so bounteously with the world's goods, should excite the unfavorable opinions of persons less fortunate.

Amardis was in the back garden putting the puppies to bed when the heads of Michael and Charlie appeared above the top of the hedge. Michael spoke, "Don't know what you think you were doing sailing round with that Chesser fool."

"He isn't a fool," said Amardis simply.

"He's a fool and a blight," Michael insisted.

Amardis shook her head. "No, he's kind."

"Pain is the Great Edicater," Said He, "and 'Tis Accordin' to the Rule as All Should Suffer in a Diversity o' Manners"

"How can a Chesser cheese be kind?" demanded Charlie ironically. "Anyway, if he comes fooling round here, he'll get himself scragged."

And suddenly a new Amardis was born—an Amardis conceived in hero worship—an Amardis with bright red cheeks, flashing eyes and claws.

"If you dare to touch him, or speak another word against him I'll—I'll—I don't know what I'll do. He—he is a gentleman."

The two boys watched her, open-mouthed, as she turned and made a dash for the house. Sally, from the opening in her kennel, barked, "Get out; clear off."

Amardis buried her head in her grandmother's silk lap and cried.

"Darling," said the old lady, "what can have upset you like this?"

"I don't know," Amardis sniffed, "but I think I'm very happy."

Now when a gentle maid conceives herself to be under a lasting obligation to a young man, neither locks nor bars, dikes nor hedges will restrain her. Amardis was too young for this to be acknowledged as a love affair. It was a case of sheer devotion. She had fallen under the spell of Talbot Chesser in as much as he had held her head in a time of sickness, spoken fair words of the puppies and rendered her service. Actually, what he did was no more than any average young man in similar circumstances would have done. But Amardis would never have admitted that. If earthly beings are ever to be deified, small considerations of what others might do must not be allowed to interfere with the heavenly enthronement. Everything becomes commonplace if enough precedents are brought to bear.

In Amardis' opinion, Talbot Chesser had proved himself a knight of the first order of chivalry. She determined not to rest until she had given proof of devotion.

Amardis had already learned something of the admiration of the female by the male, but the admiration of the female for the male was novel to her experience. When Charlie and Michael had made their bid to excite her favorable attention, they had done so with parade-loud trumpetings and struttings up and down. But Amardis' ambitions were modest. She did not want young Talbot Chesser to cry aloud in rapture and amazement. She wanted to render to him a secret service, independent of whether or not he was aware of it. She would rather he was unaware. She would rather he never knew. The difficulty was to decide in which direction to proceed.

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"Atmos' Faintin', You Were," Said He. "Somefin's Upset Your Stummick, That's What it Is"

THE DREADFUL NIGHT

The Young Man Lay Still for a While, and Then His Muscles Became Somewhat Cramped and He Changed His Position; and This Movement on His Part Seemed to Him Astonishingly Noisy, So That He Realized for the First Time How Quiet the Night Was Become

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

NEWBERT stayed for a little while on the narrow front veranda, the mole extending into the lake before him, the big house at his back. He made some scrutiny of his surroundings, curious and intent, his senses alert, his nerves poised. The mole was perhaps thirty feet long, rounded at its outer end; and about its circumference there extended a low parapet of rough and jagged bowlders, wide enough so that along the top there was space for loam among the rocks, and petunias had been planted here. The fountain, with its basin filled with water, the goose not spitting now, stood in the middle of the open space; around it there was firm smooth sand. Four steps led from the veranda down to this level; and just beside the steps was the hemlock tree by which, as Molly had pointed out, an active man might gain access to the second-floor veranda, and so if he chose reach the balcony which ran around the living room. Newbert studied it, grinned ruefully.

"Never saw a house where they made it so easy for a second-story man," he remarked to himself. "And not a decent lock on a door or window in the place, I suppose."

The wind was perceptibly decreasing in violence; he decided that in a very short time now even a small motorboat could cross the lake in security. The idea that the madman would come as soon as the wind relaxed had taken such a firm hold upon him that he accepted it as fact.

"That means," he decided, "that I've got half an hour or so to spare to look around." And with the thought he rounded the veranda and came to the south side of the house.

It was in his mind to look outside the billiard-room door, discover whether there was in that locality any stump or tree which, dimly seen, might wear the semblance of a man. He came to the spot and could find nothing of the kind; and he went into the billiard room and extinguished the lights and peered out, trying to check up his former impression. It seemed to him certain that he had, earlier in the evening, seen something in the shadows which was not there now. This puzzled and disturbed him; he could not believe that if the man who had killed Madame Capello was on the island, they who were in the house would have gone so long undisturbed; and he was inclined to blame his own lively imagination, aroused now to an unusual sensitiveness. It seemed impossible that he could have seen anyone here.

Continuing on his way, he rounded the rear of the house and the kitchen wing; and he saw that an active man might from the ground reach the roof over the kitchen. This discovery made him remember a fact that had, in the confusion of his own mind, escaped his thoughts. Lying on the kitchen table while Molly and Nell tended his hurt, he had seemed to see a face at the skylight over their heads, peering down at them. The impression was only momentary, not tangible or complete. Yet there had been about it something vaguely familiar, and he tried to remember now what this was.

"A man with a cap on," he told himself gravely. "Rather a ridiculous cap—plaid."

And then he realized that by the association of ideas he had been led into error. His mind's eye could see so clearly this man with the amusing cap; but he remembered now that he had seen such a man, a few days before, in the restaurant where he and Raleigh and Paul were lunching together. The man had come in and sat down near them, and thereafter they lowered their voices so that he might not hear what they said. But his face and this cap had fixed themselves upon Newbert's mind. He laughed at his own fears now; decided that the face at the skylight had been imaginary; that his subconscious memory had substituted for it the face of this man with the ludicrous cap.

Completing his circuit of the place the house blazed with light, so that his way was all illumined—he came under the wide windows of the room where Nell and Molly were going to bed. Their lights were on; but as he drew near, these were switched off, and a moment later from above his head Nell called:

"Oh, it's you, Jim! Thank goodness! We heard someone."

He laughed reassuringly. "Just taking a breath of air," he explained. "Go to sleep, why don't you?"

"We're going," she assured him. "Good night again."

There was, just outside one of their windows, a poplar tree growing to the level of their room, and he remarked this. But it seemed to him unlikely that anyone could climb this tree and reach the window; the space between was too considerable. The leaves, already stiff with cold at the approach of fall, jerked to and fro in the slackening wind with a little tapping sound.

He went back into the house then, and he tried to lock the outer doors and the windows. There were keys in some of the locks, but at other doors he had less satisfaction; and the door by which he himself had entered on his arrival, the door on the north veranda, had a broken pane of glass just beside the latch, where it had blown against the table a moment after he came into the house. His survey of the place complete, he grinned regretfully.

"If anybody's coming, they can get in all right," he decided. "So it's up to me to figure out what to do about it then."

He again examined Paul's pistol, drawing it from its place in his belt; made sure that the firing pin was broken, the weapon useless. It was hopeless to attempt to make it workable.

"But I've got to have some kind of a weapon," he thought; and he turned toward the kitchen with some notion of selecting a stout knife, or perhaps a cleaver. There were knives enough, but they were either small, for paring vegetables, or long and flimsy carving blades, fit to break at the least use. On the porch outside the kitchen door, however, he found an ax, dulled and good only for splitting. This he kept with him, took it with him back into the house when he returned to the billiard room. There the pool table caught his eye, and the balls in their rack upon it, and he smiled.

"Used to be able to throw a baseball," he reminded himself, and took half a dozen of the balls, as many as his pockets would comfortably hold, and bestowed them about his person. An hour or so ago, going upstairs to destroy the harmless bat, he had borne a niblick in his hand; and this, he remembered now, was on the seat before the fire; and he went back into the living room and picked it up again, hefting it in his right hand, the ax in his left.

"I look pretty warlike," he told himself in grim amusement. "But I'm afraid I'm not so good as I look."

Nevertheless, the feel of these things gave him some confidence and courage, helped him to face with bolder front whatever might befall.

It was the niblick in his hand which made him think of the bat; and thinking of it, he indolently raised his eyes toward the high rafters above the living room. What he saw there gave him a start of unpleasant surprise; and as he realized its significance, his posture stiffened with dismay. For the bat was there again, the same creature, or another one, flying in arrowlike circles around and around the big chimney. And he had locked the bat securely in the bathroom at the end of the upper hall!

With the thought he bounded up the stairs and into this hall at the stair top. The bathroom door was shut; but when he approached it he saw that it was not latched—that it had been opened. It occurred to him as possible that the latch had slipped, that the door had opened of itself; but when he latched it again it appeared to be secure.

He thought grimly, "There may be someone in the house right now. The place is big enough!" He opened the bathroom door and saw the casement window there, which he had left ajar; and when he looked out, it was to discover the kitchen roof just below the sill.

"A man could get in that way," he confessed; and his hair prickled a little on the nape of his neck, and he drew back warily, retreating along the hall.

In his former investigations among the rooms here he had found that from Molly's room there were two exits; the door which opened on the balcony, and another way through a bathroom into a bedroom adjoining. He looked into this bedroom—the lights were burning as he had left them—and tried the bathroom door and found that it was locked on the inside, and this reassured him. At least no one could come at the two women by this way without an alarm. He considered searching the upper floor for the possible intruder, decided against this.

"He'd have the advantage then," he reminded himself; "be able to get at me from behind." And it seemed to him wise to select a vantage point from which he could keep watch and ward, and where at the same time he would be reasonably safe from a surprise attack.

To find such a post was not so simple a matter as it seemed; he had difficulty in discovering any corner where he would be secure against approach from the rear. In the living room the enormous chimney was so bulky that an enemy might easily hide behind it; no matter where the

(Continued on Page 36)

The Dog Was There, on the Path. They Saw Him Plainly

The goal of hopes unrealized for any other car

Enthusiasm over this latest great new, 90-degree, eight-cylinder Cadillac is more ardent and eager and vigorous than was the outburst of approval over the first great eight-cylinder Cadillac eleven years ago.

It is an enthusiasm which has burst the ordinary bounds of restraint and registered itself in a sales preference surpassing all past golden periods in Cadillac history.

This freshened and swelling enthusiasm over Cadillac is impressive because it is spontaneous and unforced.

It is public *recognition* in the truest sense—a recognition that Cadillac performance is still, as it always has been, the goal of hopes unrealized for every other car.

Priced from $2995 upward, f. o. b. Detroit

NEW 90 DEGREE

CADILLAC

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

FISHER

(Continued from Page 34)

reporter stayed, he must watch both sides of it at once: and there were always the windows on every hand. There were windows everywhere; the whole lower floor was walled with them. He must go upstairs to escape their espionage.

But even abovestairs the matter was not easy. He had already convinced himself that a man might enter the house either by way of the kitchen roof and the bathroom or by climbing the hemlock in front. From that rear bathroom an intruder could, without being seen, go into the bedroom on either side; and on the south side, keeping in the bedrooms and passing from one to another, a man might reach the balcony above the living room without ever appearing in the open hall. There was no easy way to block the doors which connected the rooms along that side, and to turn out the lights would be to lend the cloak of darkness to such a marauder's movements.

Besides these available entrances over the kitchen roof and by way of the front veranda, there were two flights of stairs, starting at opposite sides of the living room and meeting on the balcony. The balcony itself was the logical place, Jim saw at last, for him to stay; but even so his view of a portion of the living room below was cut off by the balcony beneath his feet; and wherever he stood or sat, he must be visible through the windows on the opposite side of the room.

"They could take a shot at me as easily as at a blackbird," he told himself. "Like a canary in its cage—that's me!"

In the end he decided to concentrate upon the necessity of protecting the two women; and with this in view he went along the balcony on the side where they were and opened the outer door, the door that led to the second-floor veranda. With a glance he satisfied himself there was no one here: the wind had by this time quieted to such an extent that no man could climb the hemlock without making a noise that would be audible. And from a spot just within the doorway Jim was able to watch the stairs and the rear hall, and to see any movement there before he himself was in immediate danger of attack at close range.

This, in the end, was the measure he adopted; and for greater security he lay along the floor, the ax and the niblick ready to his hands, the pool balls heavy and awkward in his pockets. His body was on the balcony within the living room, his legs trailed on the veranda outside. The wind blew about him, persistent, but dying rapidly; the tumult of the waters slowly stilled. His sense of humor made him grin at his own precautions, but he did not relax his vigilance. He lay there, and the bat wheeled tirelessly about the chimney, almost over his head.

The young man lay still for a while, and then his muscles became somewhat cramped and he changed his position; and this movement on his part seemed to him astonishingly noisy, so that he realized for the first time how quiet the night was become. Outside, along the shore by the bathing beach, the waves, shrunk to ripples now, lapped and splashed with a gentle, rhythmic sound, curiously suggestive of footsteps, as though someone walked along the shallows in the edge of the water. The sound was so persistent that Newbert at last rose and looked over the veranda rail, and he could see, dimly, the lighter color of the sand along the water, could see no one was there.

When he returned to his post he sat on the floor instead of lying down, and he heard an occasional murmur of voices from Molly's room. They were not going to sleep, after all; but they were better off abed, out of the way of whatever was to come. Then he laughed at himself and thought his precautions all absurd.

"A fuss about nothing," he told himself severely. "You'll feel like a fool in the morning." And this led him to look at his watch. It was half after twelve, and he was surprised to find the night was so little sped; and he wound the watch carefully to make sure it had not run down.

As the silence thickened, little sounds hitherto unnoticed made themselves heard. A scurrying somewhere in the walls, a mouse or a rat disporting there; a squeak from the bat; a little ruffling of the pages of a magazine on the table below, turning over in the vagrant air currents which played through the big room. Toward the rear of the house a board creaked, as though under weight stealthily applied; but though Jim's vigilance was thereafter for a space heartbreaking, and he watched the end of the upper hall with staring eyes, nothing happened, no one appeared. Then he remarked the fact that the door of the big south bedroom, opposite Molly's room, was closed; and he got up and went around the balcony and opened it and returned to his post. With the door open, he could from where he sat see into that room—might thus have warning of anyone's presence there. He was pleased with this measure, amplified it by shifting a dressing table so that its mirror reflected the bathroom door; and when he was back at his vantage he found it possible to watch this bathroom door without shifting his position at all.

"Now," he decided, with some satisfaction—"now I've got the place pretty well covered. I can see what's coming anyway, and before it comes."

He heard, a little later, movement in Molly's room, and voices there; and the door of this room opened. He watched regretfully, sorry they were coming out again; but he was not wholly sorry when he saw that Nell came out alone and closed the door behind her. She looked around, and at first did not see him; and he spoke to her.

"Here I am," he said.

She gave a little exclamation—"Oh!" Then discovered where he sat, and laughed, and came and huddled at his side. She had put on a woolen bath robe belonging to Molly over her nightdress; her feet were in slippers, her ankles bare. She hugged her knees and leaned against the wall, settling comfortably.

"I'm going to sit with you for a while," she explained. "I can't go to sleep anyway."

Her voice was low, and his, when he answered, was as low as hers. "No need," he said. "I don't mind."

"I should think you'd want company," she told him. "I would in your place."

"It's pleasant," he agreed. Her throat was bare, the soft border of her nightgown visible between the folds of the bath robe. "I haven't had time," he confessed, laughing a little, "to realize how nice you both are to me. Patching up my head and all, after I've scared the life out of you. I've made a fool of myself probably."

"You must have a lot of adventures," she commented. "Reporters do, don't they? This is probably an old story to you."

The light from below was reflected in her hair, and he said gently, "This isn't an old story to me." Something in his tone caught her attention, and she met his eyes, and after a moment she smiled. They talked then of indifferent things for a while; and once, outside, high in the air, something cried out, startling them both.

"That's a heron," he said as she clutched his arm. "One of these big blue herons."

"Of course," she agreed. "I've heard them. But it scared me for a moment."

"You can hear so many things on a still night."

"There's a poplar tree outside Molly's window," she told him, "and the leaves on it keep tapping in the wind, they sound exactly like a dog trotting—a big dog." She shivered, and then laughed. "I got up twice to look, to make sure," she confessed. "Till Molly laughed me out of it. She's a wonder, isn't she? Doesn't seem to be a bit scared."

"Sensible," he agreed. "She's probably gone to sleep now—where you ought to be."

"I wanted to hear more about the emerald," she told him. "Molly wouldn't show it to me. I think she's hidden it somewhere. There was more, wasn't there, that you didn't tell?"

He hesitated, lulled into security, a little sleepy, though his senses were still alert; and the fragrance of her hair came to his nostrils. Their heads were very close together; they were relaxed and inattentive

"I suppose so," he agreed.

After the First Moment of Paralyzed Attention Nell Said Quickly, "It Was Just a Dog!"

(Continued on Page 68)

Sensational New Values Famous Chrysler "70"

New lower prices give you savings of $50 to $200 on world-famed Chrysler Six

Two and one-half years ago, the Chrysler "70" revolutionized six-cylinder performance, comfort, style and value.

For two and one-half years, emulation and imitation have failed to keep pace with Chrysler engineering supremacy, Chrysler compactness and roominess, Chrysler dynamic symmetry and Chrysler enduring quality.

The outstanding leader—proved by the world-wide experience of owners beyond comparison in flashing acceleration, speed of 70 miles plus per hour, roadability, comfort, safety and long life—the Chrysler "70" now gains, at the new low prices, even greater pre-eminence in value as well as in quality.

In no way has the Chrysler "70" been changed—except in price.

In performance, quality, comfort, style, equipment, design, materials and workmanship in both body and chassis, it is the identical car which has won such universal preference and admiration.

Unequaled, unapproached, it is today offered you at savings of $50 to $200—establishing it even more emphatically as the world's one outstanding motor car value in its class.

Everywhere you hear the name Chrysler; everywhere you see motor car buyers turning more and more to Chrysler; everywhere you hear motor car experience more emphatically acclaiming Chrysler performance, endurance and long life—and now, all of the best for which the name Chrysler stands is offered you at sensational new lower prices which make it the outstanding value of all time.

New Lower Prices on Famous Chrysler "70"— Changed in No Way, Except in the Price

	Old Prices	New Prices	Savings
Coach	$1445	$1395	$ 50
Roadster	1625	1525	100
Royal Coupe	1795	1695	100
Brougham	1865	1745	120
Sedan	1695	1545	150
Royal Sedan	1995	1795	200
Crown Sedan	2095	1895	200

All Prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax

You will find every Chrysler dealer eager to demonstrate to you the extraordinary Chrysler qualities which make these new lower prices on the Chrysler "70" the most sensational values in all motor car history.

CHRYSLER "70"

ANECDOTES AND ANTIDOTES ON ANTIQUES—By Philip Meredith Allen

NEW, old, out-of-date, junk, antique, early American, Americana. Thus runs the history. Or, as Heaton aptly put it, "It appears to require about a century for the wheel of fashion to make one complete revolution. What our great-grandfathers bought and valued, what our grandfathers despised and neglected, what our fathers utterly forgot, we value, restore and copy!"

With regard to household furniture his words were prophetic, nothing less. America has picked up, bag and baggage, and gone hunting.

Not with rifle, shotgun or dog, but with motors, pocketbooks and high hopes.

He—or she—whose sense of the fitness of things might forbid the carrying of an innocent parcel in the city's shopping district thinks nothing of returning in the car, exultant in mood and bursting with the news of how and how much, the seats and running boards piled high with what to the uninitiated, if such there still be, is merely so much dilapidated junk.

To some price is no object, but to the great mass of buyers the cost and method of obtaining is a fascinating part of this eternal search for antiques.

A Hepplewhite Sideboard and Knife Boxes and a Spread-Eagle Mirror. At Right—A Banjo Clock, a Secretary and a Windsor Chair

Just what is an antique, anyway? In the Far West many collectors are eagerly buying carved rosewood of the mid-Victorian era which we of the East despise and our sons may ignore, but who can tell? Will our grandsons snoop in dusty attics and flock to auctions to outbid each other for just such things? It is not altogether improbable.

The vogue for Empire and Victorian in the West is at least excusable. The country was settled long after the East, and is not the period of settlement the key? The European smiles in a superior manner at our antiques of 150 years. His go back four, five, six centuries and more. Eastern collectors have faint praise for pieces later than 1800, yet they have the merit of honest, unhurried workmanship and splendid materials—more than may be said of much furniture of present-day manufacture.

Younger and Younger Antiques

AS THE limited and dwindling supply of really good American pieces is exhausted by the ever-increasing number of ardent collectors, the East, too, must turn to later periods. With all our condescension, we still must admit that an article of furniture that has served for a century or more, as have most of the Empire, is worthy of rescue and restoration.

One dealer is buying all the good Empire pieces he can find and storing them away in his warehouse, awaiting the inevitable day when they will come into their own again—a day not far distant. Probably it is being done by many others.

The present prices of these are no greater than prices asked twenty years ago for the finest Hepplewhite and Sheraton, and dealers are always anxious to point out that a good antique is a good investment.

It is a mystery to many, with antiques becoming more and more scarce, how dealers can thrive, and why so many new shops are opening. It is true that those whose business it is to sell are finding it increasingly difficult to maintain an attractive stock; but the great majority, who are honest, do not stoop to faking. Say what you will of experience and knowledge, however, the shrewdest of antique dealers will sometimes buy spurious pieces and sell them as genuine in absolute good faith.

A dealer who is known in his community is constantly called upon to buy antiques from private families in his vicinity. Sometimes they are good, more often they are not, but he must see for himself in order to decide.

Unless the owner is an antiquarian, the description is too vague and unconsciously misleading to be intelligible.

Several months ago a telephone inquiry came to a well-known dealer regarding a set of eight dining-room chairs. They were described as having twisty legs and fancy backs—two armchairs and six side chairs, upholstery in poor condition. He was busy at the time and it would consume an hour to inspect them. He asked how much, and being told that twenty-five dollars would buy the set, he concluded that they were worthless and failed to follow up the lead. These chairs were offered to several other dealers, none of whom called to see them, so they were sent to auction. The keen-eyed auctioneer was quick to discover true Chippendale. He held them for an antique auction, where they brought $2150.

Last summer I spent several weeks along the Eastern Shore of the Chesapeake in a fruitless search for good pieces.

At a resort hotel I encountered a bland young gentleman from Baltimore who, in the course of conversation, mentioned that he was collecting antiques.

It seems that he had recently come into considerable money and had been favorably impressed by the constant rise in value of good old furniture. He mentioned one after another that he had acquired, going into minute detail.

"But where," I asked, "can you buy such pieces as you describe in this day and age?"

"Oh, I don't buy them," he answered. "I get them in Baltimore—I have them made."

At that, he knew when they were made, which is more than some buyers do. I have never seen evidence of faking on a scale that is commonly believed to exist. Certainly it is done by some unscrupulous dealers, but there is no wholesale conspiracy, as many seem to think.

Tricky Arithmetic of Private Owners

THOSE who can't understand the prices commanded by fine pieces can never quite comprehend why exact reproductions made today aren't worth an equal amount. "Given the same wood, the same design, the same craftsmanship, wouldn't the product be the same?" they query.

Just what the age and unaltered genuineness have to do with the desirability of a thing is beyond their grasp. But these same folk wouldn't pay a diamond price for a paste imitation even though the glisten, shape and general appearance were identical. Nor would they pay a Rembrandt price for a modern painting that to their eyes might be infinitely more beautiful and understandable.

There is little use in arguing the point, however—either you appreciate the old or you don't; and unless the misty spell of dusty age is upon the piece the collector holds it condemned.

The method of arriving at the age of furniture is sometimes highly enlightening. The average run of pieces naturally fall into their chronological classifications. For instance, we know the dates of the Chippendale period and influence, and that of Phyfe and the other schools of cabinetmaking, as well as the earlier pine and oak. Thus, an Empire chest cannot date previous to 1800, nor a Victorian piece before the era of that ruler.

Yet private owners, hypnotized into visions of vast wealth by stories of auction prices, will give you the age of an 1850–1870 piece in this manner:

"Let me see. That belonged to my grandmother—she was ninety when she died. Then it was pop's. He was seventy-nine, and I'm goin' on sixty-eight, come winter. Yes, that piece is all of two hundred and thirty-odd years old."

Figures can't lie, but the figurer unintentionally miscalculates and never, never allows grandmother to buy anything except during the first year of her life, nor do any of her progeny have issue until the last year.

Possibly the most expensive way for the private buyer to gather antiques is from private owners.

Sooner or later in his career every collector becomes a sort of amateur dealer, sometimes for profit, sometimes not. As better pieces are discovered and acquired the earlier purchases are traded in, sold, bartered or otherwise

(Continued on Page 40

THE TRUE MEASURE OF ITS VALUE IS OWNER SATISFACTION

OLDSMOBILE SIX

The car illustrated is the De Luxe Sedan. Priced $1115 at Lansing

SEDAN
$1025
F.O.B. LANSING

The most obvious proof of Oldsmobile value is increased sales in every section of the land. That is the natural response to inviting prices, winning beauty, quality construction and superior performance.

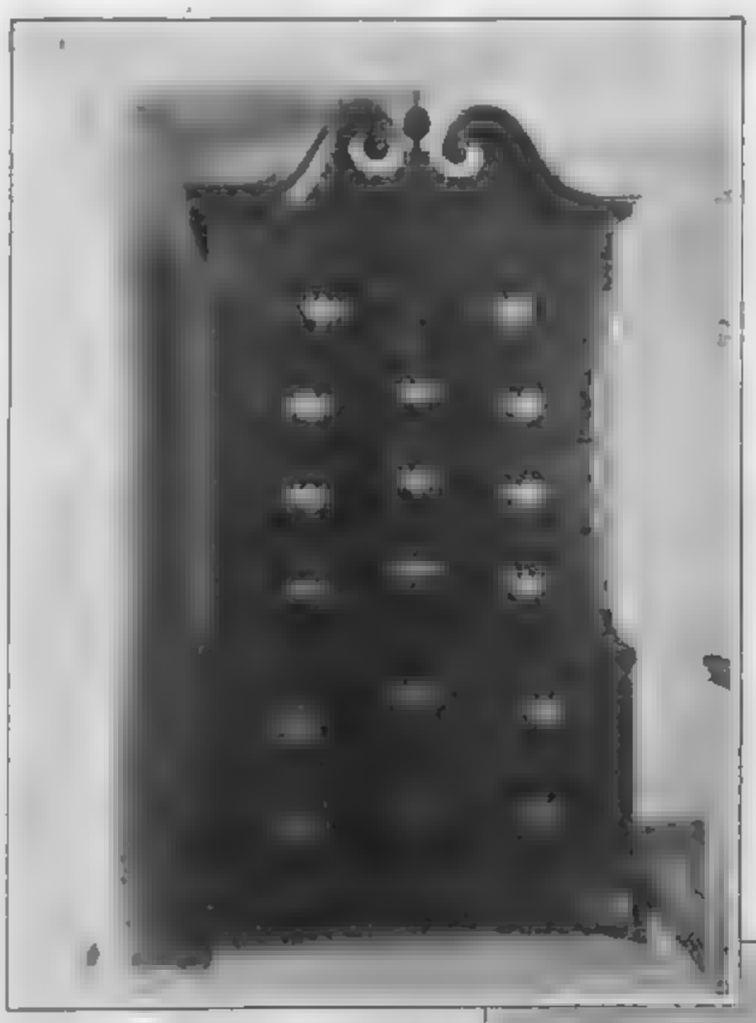
But the *true* measure of Oldsmobile value is the enthusiasm of owners, and to their repeated expressions of whole-hearted praise we frankly attribute a considerable proportion of Oldsmobile's increasing sales.

We have secured a supply of Francis Birtels' interesting book "Conquering the Australian Bush." If you would like a complimentary copy address Olds Motor Works, Lansing, Mich.

(Continued from Page 38)

disposed of. If no customers appear they are sent to one of the antique auctions, where they usually command two or three times the price they would bring at private sale, whether they be genuine, reproduction, or downright fakes. Regarding auctions, it has always been a puzzle to me just why people of otherwise sound judgment will fight *au mort* to pay too much for an undesirable thing at auction—a thing they wouldn't buy privately.

Antique dealers, especially, seem to understand mass psychology as it relates to auction sales. This is true in country and city. In the rivalry to possess, all senses of value and proportion are cast to the winds, and unbelievable altitude records are established by foolish flyers before they find themselves back to earth and holding the empty bag. With ghoulish glee a dealer will tell of a rival whom he has ensnared in a conflict of colorful prices. "I ran him up to such-and-such a price, then I let him have it and laughed at him." This is often told, particularly when one dealer wants to impress a customer with his competitor's ignorance of values. The competitor, however, may laugh a little too. There is always someone who will pay him a profit on his mistakes. Many dealers in large cities have their own systems of maintaining their stocks, usually worked out along such lines as this:



A Fine Type of Pennsylvania Chest-Upon-Chest. At Right—A Pair of Rare High-Back Pennsylvania Windsor Chairs

In the classified columns of the newspapers they advertise for antiques, "positively highest prices paid." A postal card is sent them announcing something for sale, and the dealer, if possible, gets the prospective seller on the telephone, asking for description and approximate price wanted. If the price sounds too high, he says he'll call and see it when he's in the neighborhood, thus gracefully terminating the interview. If, on the other hand, the description gives promise of something good and the price is low enough, he'll send one of his runners.

Taking It Off Their Hands

A RUNNER may be in the employ of a dealer who maintains a staff of them for no other purpose than to run down clews and to buy for as little as possible, or he may be a free lance, advertising and buying for himself and selling to dealers at a profit. Some confine themselves to city limits, others with machines cover as much as 1000 miles a week scouring the outlying districts and countrysides.

For ways that are dark and for tricks, they are masters. They can view a museum piece with an air of utmost indifference. They seldom admire what they really want to buy, nor attempt to buy what they ostensibly admire. One case in point comes to mind. A family of country folk had had a series of misfortunes and needed money. Deciding to sell some old furniture about the time a runner appeared, they asked him to make offers.

With the exception of one or two pieces, their things amounted to very little, but they did have a real block-front double chest in walnut, beautifully carved and of the finest type. They showed him this, but he didn't want it.

"There's no call for such stuff nowadays," he said.

He outdid himself, however, in admiring a miserable bedroom suite in oak, of the ante-Victorian period, finally offering $500 for it, an offer that was immediately accepted. He explained that his truck would be through the latter part of the week, at which time he would pay in cash and remove the suite. As an earnest of good faith he paid twenty-five dollars down—much more than the suite was worth—to bind the bargain.

Now, having impressed the family with his magnanimity and fair dealing, he contrived to stop before the piece he wanted, for a short chat. In the course of this, and as an afterthought, he offered to take away the chest for ten dollars, more as a favor to them than to himself—he wouldn't get more than that for it. More or less overcome by gratitude and sudden wealth, they were more than glad to let him have it, to "take it off their hands," so he piled it in his car, agreeing to pay for it when he returned later. They are still awaiting that return. The chest subsequently brought $1500.

An almost similar case happened in the city recently. An elderly woman needing ready funds looked through the phone book and called one of the most disreputable dealers in town, announcing a very old mahogany highboy for sale. Having nothing important to do that particular morning, the dealer went to see it. His shrewd eye was quick to detect through the coating of mahogany stain the manifest curl of maple in a pure Queen Anne highboy of perfect proportion and exquisite detail. Did he dance with joy? Did his admiring eyes drink in the beautiful lines while he stood in breathless admiration? Was he lost in appreciation of such a gem of past years? Not he!

A contemptuous curl came to his lips. He shrugged his shoulders meaningly and looked, half with pity, half with disgust upon the owner of that highboy.

"Oi, leddy," he exclaimed. "Here I leave my business, I shut up my shop, I lose customers to look at this—what do you call it may-hoggeny, and—vat iss it?"

"Why, what's the matter with it?" asked the innocent seller.

"It's mepple," came the condemning answer. "The may-hoggeny's nothing but paint!"

He asked what she wanted for it. She said she thought she'd get seventy-five dollars, but if it wasn't mahogany what was it worth? It wasn't worth anything much, but the dealer didn't like to lose all this time sight-seeing and return empty-handed; so he offered twenty-five dollars and got the piece. It was packed in his truck, and made a short run of a few blocks to another dealer, who paid him $1000 spot cash for the so-inferior "mepple." This particular piece has changed hands several times since, and its last sale brought $3600. The highboy is now securely housed in one of the country's leading museums. All of which goes to prove truth in advertising. The "positively highest prices" are paid, but not always to the original owner.

Probably no merchandise or class of articles in the world is so little known as to values as antique furniture to its original owners, unless they themselves are collectors. The finest things are often sold for virtually nothing, while the most inferior products of thirty, forty and fifty years ago are held as antiques for a king's ransom.

In buying jewelry, furs or other commodities, the purchaser who wants first quality naturally gravitates to the larger and more reputable dealer in the community, other things being equal. But sometimes the largest dealers in antiques, particularly in the big cities, are less to be trusted than the smaller ones. I have found that there must be a double incentive behind a really good and reliable antique dealer's business. He is, of course, in business to make money. But unless he is an honest and discriminating admirer of fine old things, he has little to offer an intelligent buyer or collector. His shop may be exclusive, extensive and Ritzy, but the dominating mercenary motive is almost certain to influence the genuineness of things offered for sale, and let the *emptor* in such a place be sure to *caveat!*

By far the most satisfying manner of buying early American pieces is "in the rough"; that is, in the parlance of the trade, in its natural dilapidated state. It is much more easy then to detect charlatanism, changes and substitution. This, too, has its drawbacks. First, it is difficult to find a refinisher. Many there are who will, for a price, apply sandpaper and varnish, but it takes an artist really to restore the original beauty to an old piece, and to give it that soft satiny finish that sets it apart.

Having once found a craftsman who will do this latter, you must make no effort to hurry him in his work. It is discouraging but apparently true that the better these gentry are in their work, the longer they take to do it. The best refinisher I have known has a large shed full of things to have their lost youth restored, and most of them have been there for a year and more.

Honor Among Dealers

FRENZIED owners importune him. They beg, plead, beseech and demand. Finally he may soften toward them and say, "All right, I'll get on it pretty soon, now," and that's the end of it until he's good and ready to do it. And bribes, dynamite, daylight-saving time or promises of immunity from brimstone will not bring him to do it one minute earlier or quicker than he wants to. The end, however, justifies the wait. He gives his furniture the finish you love to touch.

The antique business has many idiosyncrasies peculiar to itself. I have bought things ranging in value from a few dollars to hundreds from men who never saw me before or since, but I have yet to meet a dealer who didn't quite willingly take a check. They take checks from strangers in the most matter-of-fact way. If you haven't a check with you—"Why, that's all right—send me the money when you get home!" And, more remarkable still, few dealers ever experience a loss through trusting strangers in this way. It speaks well for the characters of collectors and dealers. Drawn together by similar tastes, there is a fellow feeling among these amounting almost to a fraternity.

Nearly every dealer has his own pet hobby. Thus, one shop will have dozens of Chippendale mirrors hung on every available wall space and hidden in corners and drawers, while another will specialize in clocks or scroll-top pieces, or whatever strikes the fancy of the proprietor. Early in the game I learned to keep away from the dealer's specialty. If a man is particularly given to admiring Currier prints they will be proportionately higher than his other things. If his leanings are toward Windsor chairs, he may have a splendid collection, but his regard for them will boost their prices. The shrewdest of dealers doesn't know everything, and there is always a chance of getting a real bargain in something else while he is lost in admiration of the newest arrival in his hobby class.

One dealer who has been in business nearly half a century and whose stock is large enough to fill a dozen average shops admits that he can't keep up to present prices. "But I've got that all fixed," he confided to me recently. "I ask two or three times what I think a thing is actually worth, so I don't lose anything."

Dealers in Philadelphia are straining every financial nerve to buy as much as possible. They are making little effort to sell more than they necessarily must to live, and are salting away as much surplus as they can.

I had noticed this trend for some time before curiosity prompted me to look into it. Why this sudden change in policy? Two reasons. First, the greater demand and consequently greater prices. Second—and here was the proverbial brunet in the kindling—the Sesqui-Centennial!

"The growing appreciation of things antique will crystallize with the World's Fair," said a dealer to me last summer.

(Continued on Page 137)

The Greatest Packard of Them All

The Packard Eight has done more than hold for Packard that pre-eminent place among fine cars which has been Packard's for a generation.

For the Eight has dimmed the glory won by the famous Packards of the past and established a new degree of expected excellence.

The simple dignity and beauty of Packard Eight body lines established the prevailing style, and these graceful lines truthfully reflect the great car's fleet and smooth performance —its vast, latent power made gentle by remarkable ease of control.

The eye can appraise Packard beauty and distinction, can even grasp something of its comfort and luxury. But only long usage can demonstrate all the notable qualities of this masterpiece of Packard engineering.

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

A SESQUI DAY — By Kenneth L. Roberts

An Interior View of the Stadium, One of the Structures of the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition in Philadelphia From June 1st to December 1st

GREAT expositions of bygone days were comparatively easily described by favored exposition viewers when they took pen in hand to communicate with the nontraveling unfortunates who remained at home to engage in such unromantic tasks as clipping defunct blossoms from the flower beds, feeding the cat and counting the week's wash.

A fairly good description of many old-time expositions was conveyed by stating that one had seen the big locomotive, that the great fountain used up enough water every hour to float Noah's ark, that Cousin Eddie had bought a glass cane and that Little Walt cried all the afternoon because his feet hurt him.

Times change, however. The sturdy citizenry of America are no longer content to spend their days of rest sitting uneasily on haircloth furniture and waiting for their dinners to digest, as was once the case. They demand more frivolous and absorbing pursuits, such as motoring sixty or a hundred miles, combing through a Sunday paper weighing three pounds, and viewing an eight-reel extra-super-crown-jewel feature film in which the heroine dons a new three-ounce costume twice in each reel.

Corresponding changes may be observed in the matter of expositions. No longer does the exposition addict get a thrill out of viewing 1100 pieces of machinery, seventy-two shooting galleries and a squash-pie factory showing every step in the life of a squash pie, from the planting of the squash seed to the hurling of the finished product against the features of a burlesque comedian.

The exposition addict of today not only wishes to see the 1100 pieces of machinery, but also demands action, and plenty of it; and when many records are broken to supply this demand, as they have been in the case of the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition, the old simple standards of description must be enthusiastically abandoned by those who wish to picture the outstanding features to the home folk who couldn't get away.

Post-Card Impressions of Grandeur

IN PLACE of the old-fashioned descriptive bulletin that covered the situation with the statement that the buildings occupied ninety-six acres, were light brown in color and smelled slightly of bananas and machine oil, one naturally inclines to the new and jerky method of literary description that is affected by persons who appear to have insufficient time at their disposal to write complete sentences.

The modern exposition goer, accompanied, let us say, by his Uncle Sammy and his Cousin Hughie, proceeds down the long banner-decked avenue that extends from Philadelphia's City Hall, tipped with the statue of the late William Penn, to the monster replica of the Liberty Bell that stands before the entrance to the Sesqui-Centennial, lifted high above the forty-eight columns and the flags with which the surrounding square is decorated.

Being a seasoned exposition goer of the first class, he is immediately seized with a burning desire to dash off his exposition impressions to Cousin Bill, who is unable to leave home because of the necessity of devoting all his time to thinking about going to Europe. So he hastens around the giant Liberty Bell, between the double trolley stations, from which the crowds are pouring, and surges with them between the two statue-surmounted pylons that guard the main portal, wholly oblivious of the fretful queries of Uncle Sammy as to the reason for all the hurry.

From the pylons the Grand Court bursts silently but violently on his vision, with its two enormous gayly colored palaces flanking the Tower of Light, the long vista of flowering rosebushes on each side, and the tremendous steps opposite the palaces and the tower, leading down to the lagoons and fountain, around three sides of which is built the collection of depression chasers and weariness dispellers known as the Gladway.

One glimpse of even these preliminary matters is sufficient to provide a post card full of modernist impressions for Cousin Bill, running somewhat as follows:

"Pink walls and a massive tower. Small towers and statues and sculptured eagles. Airplanes roaring across the sky. Continental soldiers. Small people walking up and down large steps. Lakes. Gondolas. Gondoliers. Large Liberty Bells and small Liberty Bells. Bands. More bands. Columns and flags and pylons and banners. People saying, 'Where do we go first?' and feeling of their pockets to make sure that their money is all there. Airplanes pursuing one another. Airplanes writing smoke messages on the sky. Swedish uniforms. Bavarian short pants. A detachment of marines. Liberty Bells. The booming of cannon. Hundreds of Boy Scouts. Banners and pylons and flags and columns. Japanese uniforms. Hindus and Persians and Czecho-Slovaks and Chinese. Americans looking at airplanes and bumping into other Americans. Cries of 'Let's go over here first,' 'Why don't you look where you're going?' and 'Where did she say she'd meet us?' More bands. More Liberty Bells. More flags. More airplanes. Wish you were here."

During the writing of the post card, Cousin Hughie has engaged a serious and educated guide with horn-rimmed spectacles, a pronounced Germantown accent and a great head for statistics. This has been done over the noisy protests of Uncle Sammy, who is a confirmed skeptic where the spoken word is concerned, and is suspicious of the statements of all guides on general principles. Having been ignored by Cousin Hughie, however, Uncle Sammy has bowed to the inevitable and graciously consented to join with the others in accepting the guide's services.

"You must realize," declares the guide, looking severely at Uncle Sammy and receiving several severe looks in return, "that at the end of January of this year there was a total lack of exposition buildings on the grounds on which you now stand. Most of the ground was a swamp, visited only by mosquitoes and people who wanted to get rid of cats. The task of building this exposition in four short months is the most remarkable performance ever recorded in the history of expositions."

"Amazing!" says Cousin Hughie.

"Amazing!" says the seasoned exposition goer.

"Moderately amazing," says Uncle Sammy reluctantly.

"Now on our left," continues the guide, gesturing toward an imposing pink façade, and only escaping by a hairbreadth from placing his hand in the mouth of a gentleman engaged in watching an airplane stunting overhead—"on our left is the Palace of Manufactures and Liberal Arts. In it there are seven and three-quarters acres of exhibition space, and each and every acre fairly teems with exhibits of interest to the manufacturers."

"If you will kindly excuse me for a moment," says Uncle Sammy. "I see something down beyond that lagoon that looks like a place in Germany where I used to get Spätenbrau and little sausages, with a bit of smoked eel on rainy days to keep the skin waterproof and supple."

An Appeal to One's Innermost Nature

"THAT is possible," says the guide in his most precise Germantown accent, "for what you see down beyond the lagoon are the walls and towers of the little bit of the Gladway that is known as Old Nuremberg. In Old Nuremberg one finds perfect reproductions of the market place and churches and restaurants of an ancient Bavarian town, with beautiful Bavarian maidens clad in the quaint though somewhat snug costumes of typical Bavarian lady yodelers, engaged in rushing Linsensuppe, Gänsebrust, Knödliche, Kartoffel Salat, Ersatz Bier and other popular Bavarian dishes to their patrons."

"In that case," observed Uncle Sammy, "I might as well walk down in that direction, for it is nearly luncheon time, and it is barely possible that the Bavarian maidens of whom you speak might go so far as to dig up for me a morsel or two of Leberwurst, of which I am passionately fond."

So saying, Uncle Sammy deliberately turns away from the chaste pink walls of the Palace of Manufactures and Liberal Arts and threads his way through the crowds in a stately manner until he stands at the top of the great flight of steps that lead down to the lagoons, the great fountain that constantly changes its shape and color, the band stand and the manifold attractions of the Gladway that cluster around these features.

The conscientious guide, however, refuses to permit him to escape without registering a loud and penetrating protest.

"Sir," says he passionately, keeping close to Uncle Sammy's elbow, "you are committing a grave error in refusing to visit the Palace of Manufactures and Liberal Arts; for the exhibits therein are the cream of the products of America, Europe, the Orient and other sections too numerous to mention, and comprise all that human ingenuity can contrive from raw materials in the way of textiles,

(Continued on Page 44)

SATISFACTION

Your contentment and satisfaction while touring will be safeguarded and insured if you install a full set of dependable Champion Spark Plugs before you start —if you have not changed your plugs within the last year. More than two-thirds of the motorists the world over use Champions.

CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

Toledo, Ohio

Champion X— exclusively for Fords—packed in the Red Box

60¢ each

Champion— for cars other than Fords—packed in the Blue Box.

75¢ each

In the great automobile race won by Harry Hartz at Atlantic City May 1, in which five new world's records were established, every car to finish but one was equipped with Champion Spark Plugs

Dependable Champion Spark Plugs render better service for a longer time. But even Champions should be replaced after 10,000 miles service. Power, speed and acceleration will be restored and their cost saved many times over in less gas and oil used

(Continued from Page 42)

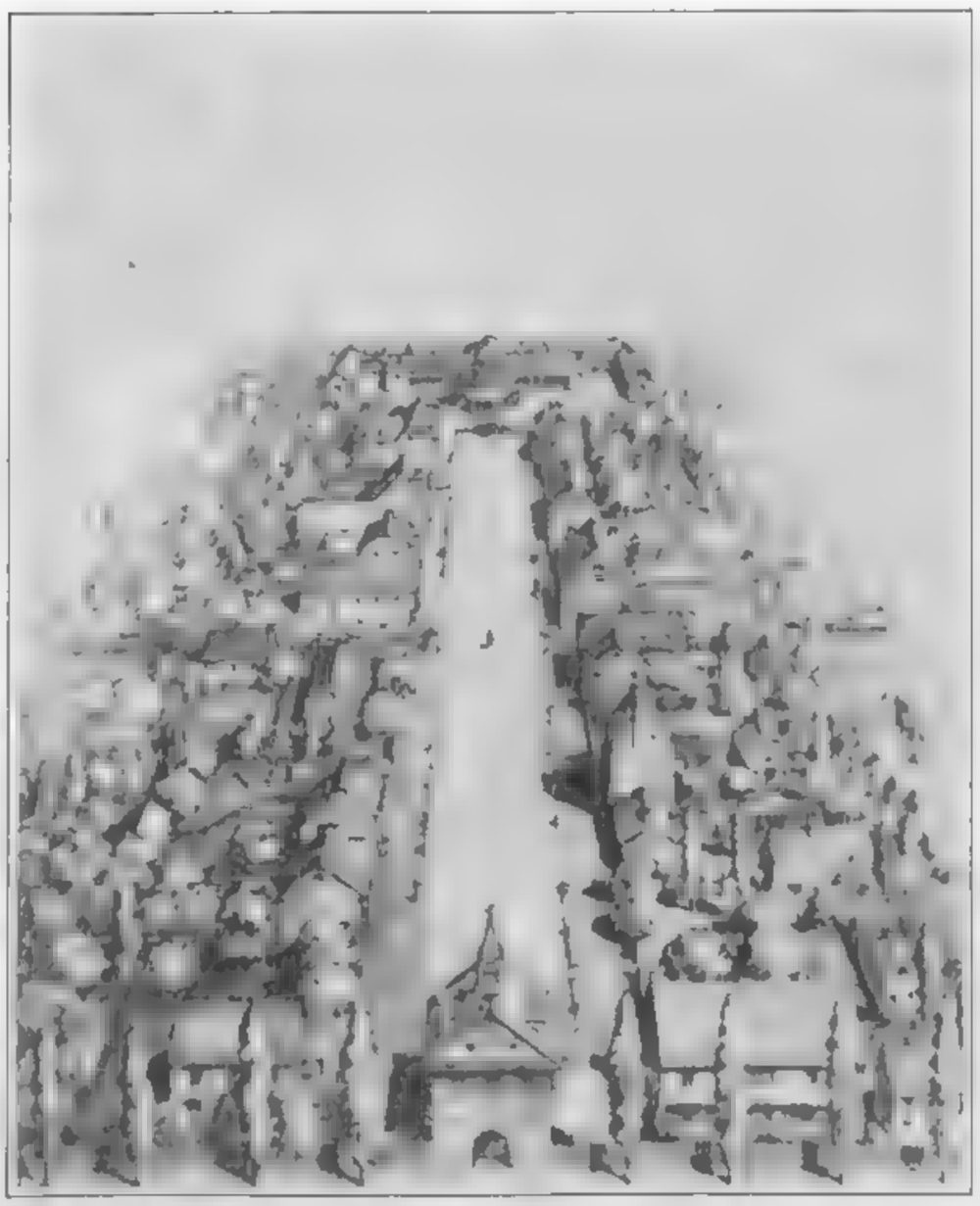
pottery, fishing tackle, leather goods, cutlery, silverware, hardware, brass knuckles, chemicals and countless other products in everyday use, including extra-long golf trousers, the little tassels occasionally worn with golf stockings, and many varieties of automatic cigar lighters that cannot be lighted without special technical knowledge."

"Now whatever put it into your head," asks Uncle Sammy coldly, "that I am refusing to visit the Palace of Manufactures and Liberal Arts? Later, we must and will come back to it, of course; but at the present moment I hear the Leberwurst calling me."

The guide tightens his grip on Uncle Sammy's coat sleeve and points dramatically at an imposing dome-topped structure opposite the Palace of Manufactures and Liberal Arts.

"It is little less than criminal," he declares in a trembling voice, "for you to ignore this great auditorium, in which daily organ recitals are given each noon, and in which is being offered the greatest musical program ever offered at any exposition. All the great orchestras of America will play here; and the choral work will be so unusual that the roof of the auditorium may be lifted off and blown away during any part of it by the volume of sound. There are many choruses of 300, 400, 500 and 600 voices, the combined college glee clubs, which number 900, the Associated Glee Clubs of America, numbering 2200, and one great chorus of 5000 voices taken from every state in the Union. There will be the great national interstate singing contest going on most of the time. The auditorium seats 20,000 and the organ has 200 stops, which is several more than can be found on the entire Santa Fe Railway system."

"Now don't get excited, young feller," replies Uncle Sammy soothingly. "We will attend to all these matters at the proper time, but just at the present moment there is pressing business on hand."



A View of High Street, a Replica of the Original High Street of 1776, a Feature of the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition

The Guided and the Guyed

WITHOUT further delay Uncle Sammy descends the grand staircase, glances appreciatively at the shape-changing fountain and the genuine Italian gondoliers on the lagoons, and continues around them in the general direction of Old Nuremberg and its beautiful Bavarians. Cousin Hughie and the seasoned exposition goer, having no definite program in mind, follow him docilely, so that the grumbling guide is also obliged to tag along.

"Stop that growling, man," expostulates Cousin Hughie. "I craves action. Tell me right now where can I hit a nigger baby in the face with a baseball and get me three cigars."

"Sir," replies the conscientious guide, "there is nothing like that in our Sesqui-Centennial. Our amusements are high-class and instructive. Would you not care to ride in one of the gondolas on the glassy waters of the lagoons, propelled by an Italian gondolier imported direct from the shores of the Adriatic, and accompanied by the dulcet strains of mandolins?"

"Nothing could be sweeter," admits Cousin Hughie, "but I craves more velocity. Lead me to the Avenue of Shooting Galleries or something like that, so that I can break up several dollars' worth of china."

"No, no," says the horrified guide. "Shooting galleries and bum arcades and phony auction sales and similar devices have been barred from the Sesqui-Centennial grounds."

"Hughie," interjects Uncle Sammy, "we can get our velocity from these exciting-looking structures that we must pass in order to get to Old Nuremberg. I notice that one is known as the Jazz Railway and that another is known as the Tumble Bug, and that there is a Missouri Mule and also a Whip and furthermore a Carrousel. The basis of these seems to be swift and eccentric locomotion; so I suggest that you get aboard the Missouri Mule, while I get aboard the Tumble Bug, and that we then contemplate our reactions."

"The time that you will spend in doing this," declares the guide despondently, "would take you a long way through the Palace of Agriculture, which is the enormous pink structure separated from the Palace of Manufactures and Liberal Arts by the Tower of Light. This building was completed in 120 days at a cost of $750,000, and in it there is everything edible that can be raised anywhere on earth, and complete exhibits showing every step in such thrilling and vital operations as vegetable canning, egg storing, ice-cream making, and milk, butter and cheese producing, with a national livestock show and various other absorbing features."

"Well," says Uncle Sammy, "we will just dally with these diversions for a moment and have a bite of lunch, and then you can conduct us to a number of elevating and educational exhibits."

Once Aboard the Tumble Bug

HE THEN embarks on the Tumble Bug, while Cousin Hughie intrusts himself to the Missouri Mule; and later, when they have smoothed the dents out of their hats and readjusted their neckties and driven the wild light from their eyes, they continue onward to Old Nuremberg, pass hastily through the Marktplatz, or Market Place, to the restaurant and request a beautiful Bavarian waitress, imported all the way from Nuremberg for this occasion, to bring a mess of Leberwurst und Hasenpfeffer und Ersatz Bier und Käse und Kaffee und Süsskuchen for four hungry Ausländers, and make it schnell—which is German for snappy.

Three-quarters of an hour later the guide takes them in hand and, content at last, heads them due south.

"I think," he observes, "that our first stop should be the beautiful Palace of Education and Social Economy, where exhibits from all parts of the country and from many foreign countries illustrate the remarkable educational progress that has been made in the past 150 years, even down to such insignificant details as the making of toy horses by kindergarten pupils out of clay and toothpicks. Or, if you would prefer to do so, we can stop first at the Palace of Fine Arts, where 70,000 feet of floor space is filled with superb collections of paintings, drawings, sculptures and etchings, and with priceless examples of tapestries, metal work and ceramics."

"Yes, indeed," says Uncle Sammy; "yes, indeed, we can do all that; and what is more, we will do it; but let us wait just a moment and take a look at this phenomenon."

This phenomenon proves to be a thrilling Gladway feature known as Fire and Flames, in which heroic fire fighters cleverly abstract trapped humans from the windows of a burning building by means of the very last word in fire-fighting apparatus.

"Now, here," declares Uncle Sammy in his best didactic manner, "is something that we oughtn't to miss. I fully realize the educational value of seeing a cheese factory

(Continued on Page 60)

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A View of the Exposition Grounds Showing the Palaces of Agriculture, Liberal Arts, the Auditorium and Other Sesqui Buildings

Meeting the Double Test —*of Tire Supremacy*

SUPREMACY of quality reaches heights that pay the richest dividends in satisfaction, especially so when the way is found to produce it so economically that it is sounder value by every possible standard than any lesser quality at any lesser price.

There are commodities that show little outward evidence of quality—commodities whose measure of quality and goodness is service.

We strive for the dominant quality supremacy in the production of a commodity that delivers its service in so fixed a standard of measurement as the mile.

The price at which it delivers its miles of service is the true and final verdict.

If the sum total of its uninterrupted miles of service is regularly greater than others, supremacy of quality is proven.

If its price divided by the sum total of miles delivered regularly shows a lower cost per mile, supremacy of value is proven.

It is in meeting these two tests of supremacy that this Organization finds greater satisfaction than it could ever realize in attaining even the undisputed supremacy of size.

The growth of this business will keep pace with the growth of public appreciation of strict adherence to the ideal of dominant quality supremacy and lower *final* cost.

When double the number of automobile owners replace their worn-out tires with a given tire in a single year, compared with the previous year, it is a remarkable demonstration of public appreciation.

That happened last year in the case of Mansfield Tires.

When public patronage doubles again the very next year, it begins to be an acclamation of public appreciation.

That is happening *this* year in the case of Mansfield Tires.

When owners of automobiles buy twice as many tires of a given kind as they bought the year before;

—that particular tire is meeting the double test of tire supremacy—*more miles* of service and *lower* cost per mile.

THE MANSFIELD TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, MANSFIELD, OHIO

Balloon Cords *Truck Cords* *Heavy Duty Cords* *Regular Cords* *Fabric Tires*

The Cost of Distribution is Lower — The Standard of Quality is Higher

MANSFIELD

Built — Not to Undersell, but — to Overserve

Effecto AUTO Enamels

It is easy to paint your car with Effecto!

It is easy to paint your car with Effecto Auto *Enamel* and there is a lot of fun and satisfaction in doing the job. Made for amateurs—creamy, smooth, free-flowing, self-leveling and quick-drying, Effecto produces a finish that defies rain, snow, sleet, mud, sun and even boiling water from the radiator.

Renewing your car with Effecto costs but $2 to $5 and will add $50 or $100 to its value, should you care to sell or trade it in for a new one. Re-named carriage paints and stiff, hard-working enamels do not give Effecto results, either in appearance or durability—get the genuine.

Effecto is not a paint, wax or polish, but is the *original* automobile *enamel*, sold everywhere, in all size cans, by paint, hardware and accessory dealers, in eight live *enamel* colors, Finishing (clear varnish) and Top & Seat Dressing.

Free Quarter Pint Can of Black Effecto Enamel

Send a dime to cover packing and mailing cost and we will send you a quarter pint of Black Effecto Enamel which you can try out on a fender or wheel.

Free Effecto Color Card and Names of Local Dealers Sent on Request

If you wish a professional finishing job, your automobile painter can secure the very best results with one of the several Pratt & Lambert automobile finishes.

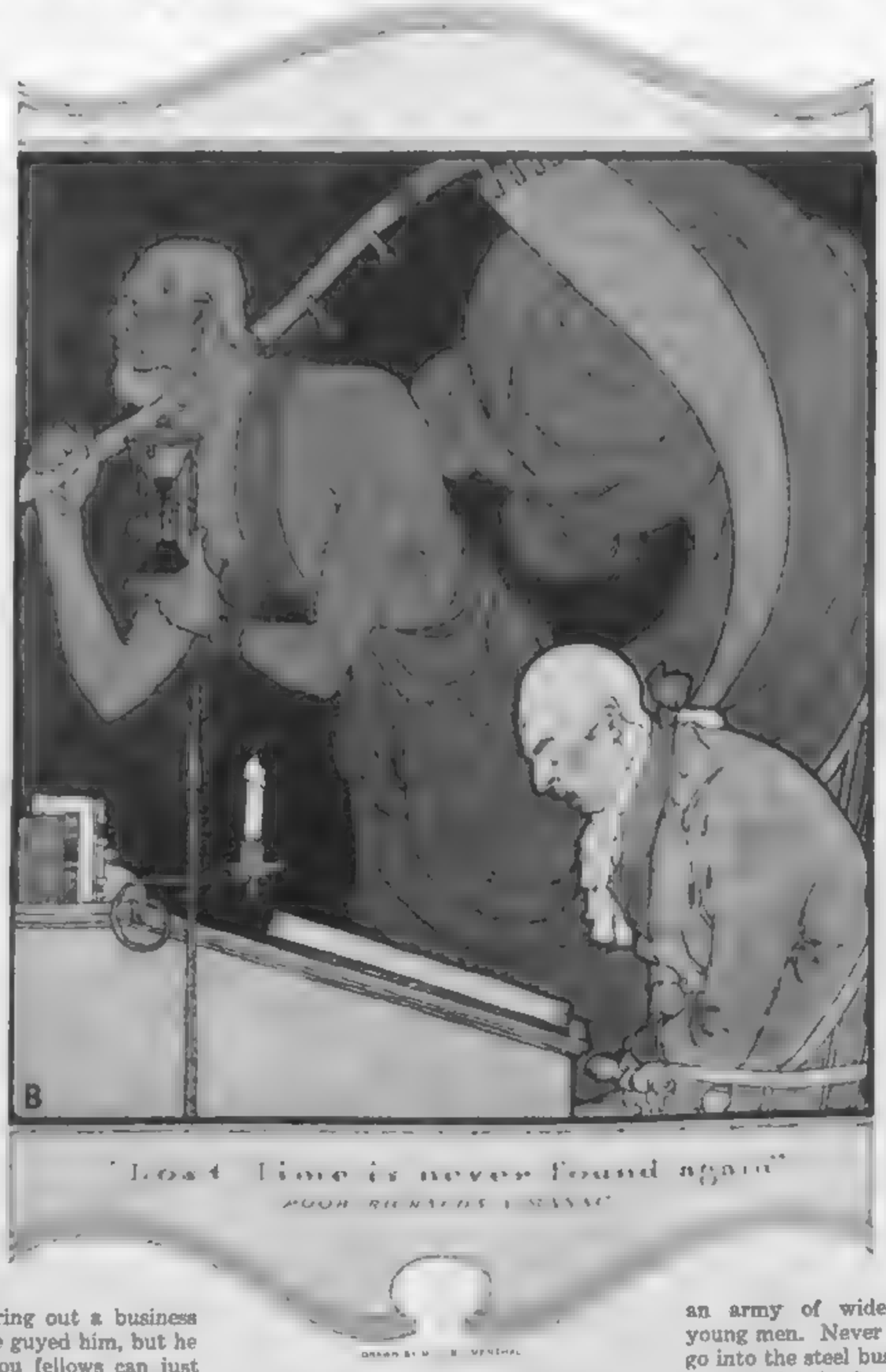
PRATT & LAMBERT-INC.
145 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y.
In Canada: 91 Courtwright Street
Bridgeburg, Ontario

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISH PRODUCTS

"Save the surface and you save all" — Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Getting On in the World

He Picked His Job



A SUCCESSFUL Cincinnati business man lately remarked to me: "When you consider that nearly all young men who go into business blunder into their particular lines instead of selecting them, the high average of success is amazing. It is a wonderful proof of the adaptability of the general run of American boys. I'm in the printing-ink business simply because there was an office-boy vacancy in this house when I left high school and I fell into it.

"One man only of my personal acquaintances figured out deliberately, in advance, the field of business in which he proposed to operate. He is Charles R. Hook, president of the Armco International Corporation and vice president and general manager of the American Rolling Mill Company.

"We were in the old Walnut Hills High School when one of the boys said he'd discovered something rich. Charlie Hook was putting in his spare time figuring out a business career for himself! We guyed him, but he retorted, 'All right, you fellows can just fall into the first jobs you find; I don't care to spend my life in a poor business or one that I don't like. I'm going to pick mine.'

"Well, he has the laugh on us now. He's outtraveled all of us and is one of the outstanding steel men of the country today. Charlie Hook has made me think. Now when a young man applies to me for a job I find out whether he merely wants a pay envelope or has thought about the printing-ink business, believes in it and has a liking for it."

When Mr. Hook was interviewed, he admitted:

"Yes, when I was a junior in high school I began to study about the main lines of business with a view to a choice. It seemed silly to me to allow a matter so important to me to be decided by a freak of chance. After considerable reading and inquiry, I reached the conclusion that the big basic industries which would offer the greatest opportunities for young men, because they were fundamental and permanent and would inevitably expand, requiring increasing numbers of capable employes, were iron and steel, lumber, paper and coal.

"Everything I studied or read immediately related itself to this problem. It gave the touch of reality and direct personal interest to every lesson and book that came my way. Andrew Carnegie's book, The Empire of Business, fell into my hands. I read it through twice while in my senior year and it focused my attention sharply on the iron-and-steel industry. In my own way I made an analysis and a forecast. Without any personal outside help, I reached the conclusion that the necessity for the conservation of our wood supply would be emphasized as the years went on; therefore many products then being made from lumber or paper would be produced, in the future, from iron or steel. This then was the business for me! The rise of Carnegie and his associates—all poor boys without technical training—to positions of wealth and respect, and my own conclusion that iron and steel would replace many other products of that day, really decided me to choose iron and steel.

"I went after the job I wanted—that of office boy for the Cincinnati Rolling Mill and Tin Plate Company—and got it. Then I followed a deliberate plan of education. I worked in the Chicago and New York offices. Then I tackled the production end in the Indiana mill and became assistant superintendent. Then I took the job of night superintendent at Middletown, Ohio, with the American Rolling Mill Company.

"If there was one reason for my choice of the steel business back in 1898, there are twenty additional ones today. Look about any place, every place, and you can see new uses for iron and steel—scores of them. In the kitchen you find the ice box lined with iron coated with vitrified enamel, the table top, the stove front, the kitchen cabinet, and numerous other articles made of iron treated in the same way.

"In the sheet branch of the steel industry, 35 per cent of the production is going into the automobile plants. Is the automotive industry going to stop growing? You might just as well ask if the sun is going to stop shining. Witness the marvelous growth of the electric-machinery-building corporations, another industry using tremendous tonnages of steel products. Steel lumber is being produced in ever-increasing quantities; steel desks, steel filing cabinets, iron window frames and steel sashes. Opportunities in the iron-and-steel business? Yes, greater in number and offering as large rewards as existed at any time in the history of the industry.

"The tremendous increase in capacity occasioned by the World War and the shortage in many lines immediately thereafter forced the steel companies to find new uses for their product and the most efficient operation of their plants. This condition in itself creates a demand for an army of wide-awake, hard-working young men. Never advise a young man to go into the steel business unless he expects to work hard. Steel is not an easy taskmaster! Yet I am confident there is no line of endeavor that offers a greater opportunity to clear thinking, ambitious, technically trained men possessed of common sense and stick-to-itiveness.

"It would be unfortunate if I were to give the impression that a technical college education is necessary to a successful career in the iron-and-steel business; however, a technical training is a great help. The steel industry is hungry for men of imagination and vision; it needs and will continue to need a legion of men possessed of the characteristics I have named. The industry is willing and eager to help those who show a desire to help themselves.

"Information that twenty-five years ago was held as sacredly secret by superintendents and other department heads is not only available today to the ambitious young man but he is urged to accept and use it. In our company, for example, the training department offers such a variety of courses that any employe can secure the fundamental technical knowledge necessary to make good.

"Get something besides money out of success. Too many men have been lauded as successful simply because they made a lucky strike and piled up dollars. The steel business will give it to you. It's constructive; it spells something in the story of civilization and human progress. This is its great lure to men of real constructive bent."

It pays to pick your calling—not just fall in.

—FORREST CRISSEY.

"I owe to the Marmon my escape from what might have been a fatal accident"

— CARY T. GRAYSON

THE greatest distinction that can ever come to any motor car is to have saved the lives of its passengers. To Marmon this distinction has been accorded by its owners many, many times—each new experience adding to the undisputed reputation of Marmon as "The Safest Car in the World".

Admiral Cary T. Grayson, former aide and personal physician to the late President Wilson, speaks here of his great appreciation of Marmon safety.

"While driving in Washington, I found myself in the unfortunate position of being blocked in traffic at the intersection of two streets. From the street at my left a big truck bore down upon me, completely out of control of its driver. I could not go forward or backward; then came the crash, the truck striking my car slightly back of midship. The Marmon spun completely around. To my astonishment the solid steel running board repelled completely the force of the blow, the body of the car was slightly injured and I suffered only minor bruises.

"Naturally, I am most grateful to Marmon, as I feel that I owe to the Marmon my escape from what might have been a fatal accident".

So that you, too, may know why Marmon is "The Safest Car in the World", we have prepared a little booklet which most graphically and interestingly describes Marmon's "built-in" safety features. A copy may be had by addressing the factory.

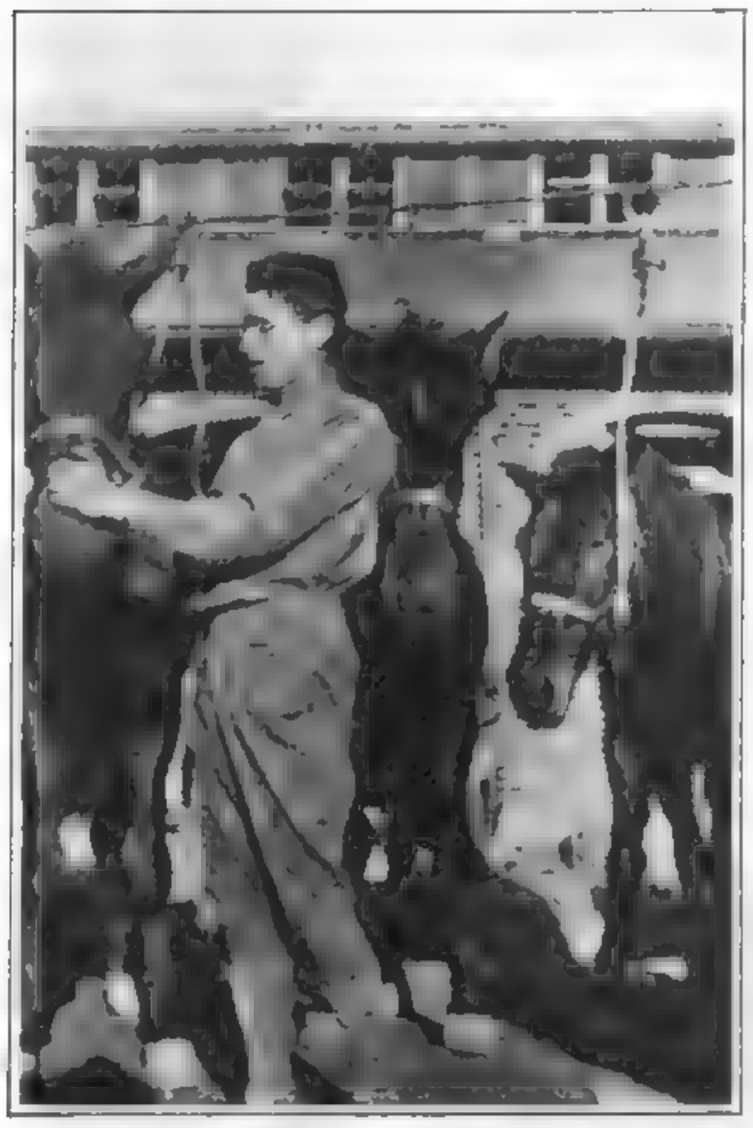
MARMON MOTOR CAR COMPANY · INDIANAPOLIS

THERE ARE TIMES WHEN ONLY A MARMON WILL DO

Painted from photograph by Underwood & Underwood

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great



William Hazlett Upson

William Hazlett Upson

I WAS born at Glen Ridge, New Jersey, on September 26, 1891. My father, William Ford Upson, was a lawyer, practicing in New York City. Later he was American Trade Commissioner in Vienna, and he is now a member of the Department of Commerce in Washington. My mother was Grace Hazlett, of Canton, Ohio.

I was graduated from the Glen Ridge High School in 1909 and then worked for a year on a cattle ranch in California. In 1914 I was graduated from the agricultural course at Cornell, and started out to be a farmer. That was the time of the big back-to-the-land movement. Thousands of educators and writers who lived in cities were urging the young men of the country to go back to the land.

I tried farming for three years, first as a farm hand in New York State and later as foreman and manager of an orchard in Virginia. My total income for the whole three years was about $1500. It was a fine life, but—for me at least—a very poor business, and I was rather glad when the war came along and gave me a chance to quit.

The day after war was declared I applied for admission to the First Officers' Training Camp, but failed to get in. I was later admitted to the Second Officers' Training Camp at Fort Myer, Virginia, where I spent three months in the Third Battery. At the end of the camp they told me that I was not considered officer material and let me go. This made me madder than anything that has happened to me before or since. But very possibly they were right.

A week or so later I enlisted and was assigned to D Battery of the 13th Field Artillery, 4th Division, and spent the rest of the war as a private in that outfit. We stayed at Camp Greene, Charlotte, North Carolina, through the winter of 1917–1918, and went to France in May of 1918. After six weeks' training at Camp DeSouge, near Bordeaux, we were sent by train to Château-Thierry, and took part in the latter half of the Marne-Aisne offensive. Then came the St.-Mihiel and Argonne offensives and the long hike up into Germany as part of the Army of Occupation. We spent the winter in a little town called Büchel, near Cochem-an-der-Mosel, and in March, 1919, I was transferred out of the battery and spent three glorious months at the University of Montpelher in Southern France. I came back to the States in July and was discharged at Camp Lee, Virginia.

For a couple of months I poked around rather aimlessly, looking for a job. And finally I landed one as service mechanic with a tractor company. The work was mainly trouble-shooting, which was very interesting, but rather difficult, owing to the fact that I knew practically nothing about tractors. I muddled along for six weeks, however, before I was fired, and managed to learn enough about machinery so that I was able to get a job with another tractor company, where I stayed several years and had a fine time traveling all over the country, putting on demonstrations, making deliveries and doing repair work.

In 1922 I had a serious operation, followed by a long period of convalescence, during which I conceived the idea of making myself rich and famous by writing moving-picture scenarios. At Cornell I had taken a course in short-story writing and also one in play writing. During the long convalescence I had to do something to pass the time away, so I wrote three or four scenarios which I sent to Hollywood. They all came back, and I decided that the moving-picture business did not look very promising. So I wrote up one of my scenarios in the form of a short story and sent it to a lot of magazines, getting it back each time. Finally I happened to show the story to my friend, William Almon Wolff. He helped me revise it and then surprised me by selling it for me. This encouraged me to write another story, which I also sold, much to my surprise. In the meantime I had married Miss Marjory Wright, of Middlebury, Vermont, and returned to the employ of the tractor company at their Dallas, Texas, branch. For almost a year I worked at my job in the daytime and wrote at night. Finally I was making more money at the writing business so said good-by to tractors.

PHOTO. BY BACHRACH

Mr. Upson in Front of His Pup Tent at Fort Myer, Virginia, 1917. In Oval—Leonard H. Nason

Albin Henning at Work on an Upson Story

Albin Henning

WHEN I received a letter from THE SATURDAY EVENING POST requesting a photograph and a synopsis of my career I had that melancholy sort of sinking feeling that a fellow gets when he is up against a hopeless task.

Because I can't imagine my career being of interest to anyone, and I am of no importance at all, even around home. My five-year-old son can vouch for that.

To make a beginning, I hail from far-off Minnesota, "where men are men." After going through school and being told by all the teachers that I would surely some day be a great artist, I got out into the cold, cold world and found that apparently no one else thought so.

My first art job was retouching photographs of machinery and making fashion drawings for mail-order catalogues, and so on.

Finally I drifted to Chicago and studied at the Art Institute in the night classes. Then I heard the call of Old Manhattan, and here I am.

Leonard H. Nason

THE interesting part of my life began when I entered Norwich University in 1914. This small college is located in Vermont and is essentially military in character. It has turned out some famous men—Admiral Dewey, General Dodge, who built the first transcontinental railway, and General Ward, who nearly became Emperor of China. It also turned me out several times, but every time they spun me down the back stairs we had

(Continued on Page 137

Unmask Hidden Wastes

Lubrication is the pivot on which industry turns. Suitable oils, accurately prescribed, lock doors against Friction, Wear, and Waste.

Friction-Wear-Waste rears its head in every factory. It is but partially checked because unseen.

One remedy—lubrication—gets slight attention because its cost is so small.

Although lubrication costs average less than 1-10 of 1% of total operating costs, big losses may result from failure to secure efficient lubrication of your machinery.

This waste need not be apparent to be actual. Often it is in plants where "everything seems to be running all right," that the most important improvements and economies can be brought about through correct lubrication.

Improvements are occurring daily in mechanical equipment—many accompanied by lubrication changes which overturn established methods.

The Vacuum Oil Company's corps of lubrication engineers is in constant contact with these changes—generating many of them—adapting them to lubrication problems in all kinds of machinery, new and old.

One of our representatives can bring to your superintendent or engineer a store of useful information to assist him, and enable him to employ the latest and best developments in lubrication practice. This service is at your command.

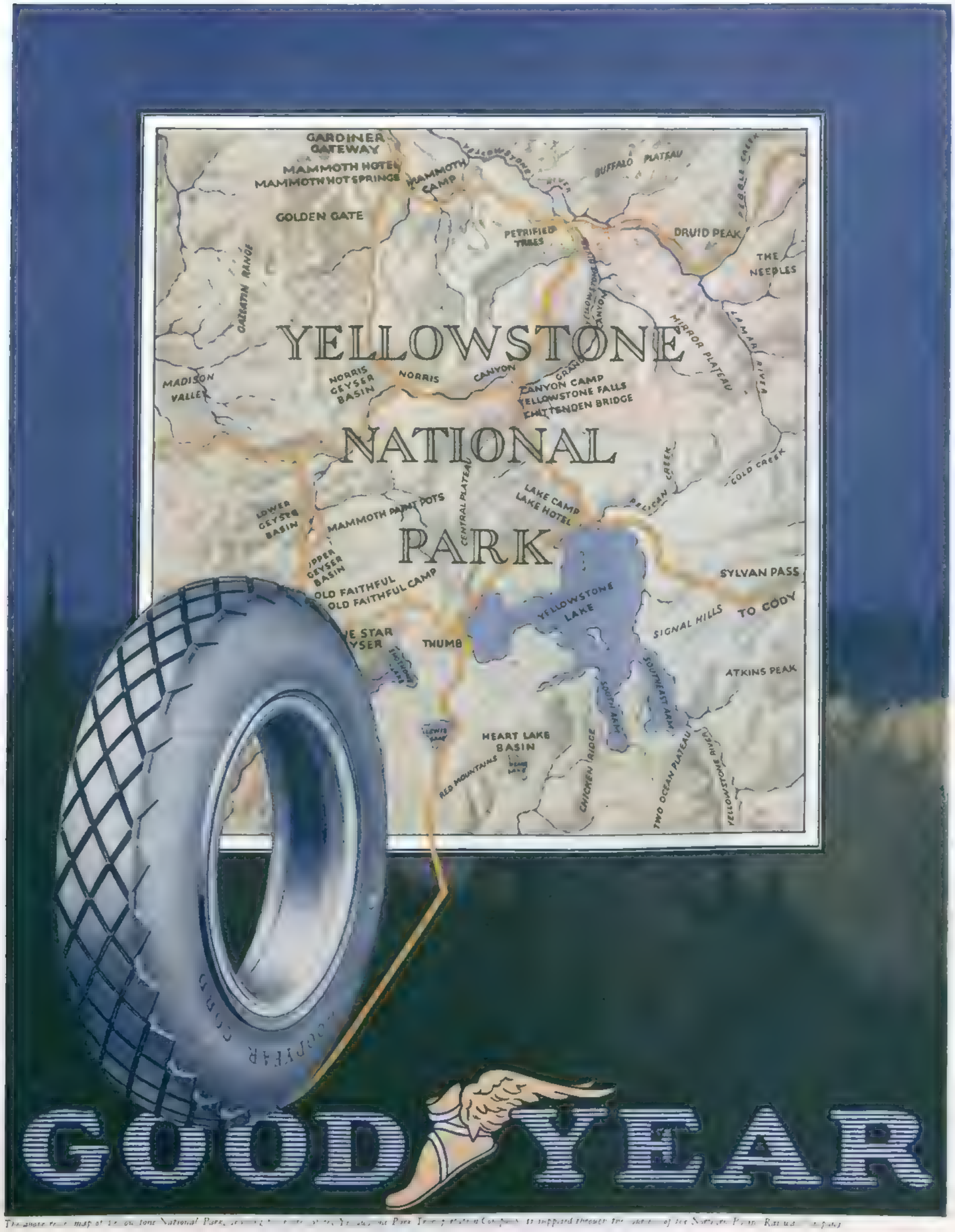
Contact with us may be the means of saving you thousands of dollars by facilitating your production flow, increasing your output, reducing waste, minimizing costs and expanding your profits. We invite you to get in touch with us.

GARGOYLE

Lubricating Oils
for
Plant Lubrication

Vacuum Oil Company

Headquarters: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
Branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country



The above is a map of Yellowstone National Park, [illegible] Yellowstone Park Transportation Company is supplied through the courtesy of the National Park Railways [illegible]

Nine Years on the Trails of Wonderland

ANOTHER week, and the gates of Yellowstone will open once again on the pageantry of peak and geyser, bubbling springs and paint pots, canyon depths and rainbow terraces.

The elk and deer that graze in mountain meadows will lift their heads to greet the year's first visitors, and the brown bear will shamble out along the trail to beg for morsels from the tourist's hand.

First in a thin stream, then quickly swelling to a happy river, by hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands, people will come from everywhere to stand spellbound beside Old Faithful.

And at every gateway, fleet and comfortable vehicles will be ready to carry you along the roads of wonderland—swiftly, by modern motor coach and car; easily, safely, in cushioned comfort—on Goodyear Tires

* *

THIS new season will be the ninth for Goodyear Tires in the service of the Yellowstone Park Transportation Company

More than 8,000,000 vehicle-miles now stand to the credit of Goodyear Tires on the traffic records of the Company

The Company's fleet of 270 ten-passenger buses and 47 seven-passenger touring cars is the chief sight-seeing reliance of about one-third of all the people who visit Yellowstone National Park. Last year, 44,786 passengers toured the Park this way, on Goodyear Tires.

* *

THIS is a service, given daily, rain or shine, in which the best of tires must do their best. The roads of wonderland lead to glorious sights for those who ride, but to the tires that breast them they are so much graded dirt and gravel, or, worse, the sharp obsidian rock that is volcanic glass.

Here you must have tires with the stubborn hold-fast power of gripping tread. Here you must have tires with rugged strength of bead and wall and carcass.

Here you have, performing with safety and with constantly more marked economy, Goodyear All-Weather Tread Cord Tires.

* *

THIS is the kind of service that Goodyear Tires everywhere deliver.

They deliver it with all the strength of Goodyear cord construction, with all the safety and surety of Goodyear perfected design, with all the lasting, lower-cost economy and riding ease embodied in that new cord fabric—SUPERTWIST

Goodyear Tires, and only Goodyear Tires, are made with SUPERTWIST

BUS TIRES

Made with SUPERTWIST

Copyright 1926, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

STEWART-WARNER

Matched-Unit Radio

INSTRUMENT *plus* TUBES *plus* REPRODUCER *plus* ACCESSORIES

"Not for just a year, but Always"

IF all the gifts the bride receives, those are cherished most that bring *lasting* happiness and satisfaction.

A Stewart-Warner Matched-Unit Radio is such a gift. It is in perfect keeping with the other lovely furnishings that are permanent sources of pride and satisfaction throughout the years—fine silver, rare vases, rich rugs from the Old World.

Truly the gift of a Stewart-Warner Matched-Unit Radio reflects the good taste and sound judgment of the giver. For it is the gift of *complete* and *lasting* radio satisfaction—"not for just a year, but Always."

In selecting a radio—for a wedding gift or for your own home—look first to the name of the maker. The Stewart-Warner name, for twenty years, has stood for unquestioned quality, stability, manufacturing skill and financial strength. Today Stewart-Warner precision instruments are used by more than twelve million people.

In Stewart-Warner Radio *all* the Units—Instrument, Reproducer, Tubes and Accessories—are matched to function together in perfect unison. Matched to give splendid reception every day in the year!

There is only one Matched-Unit Radio—and that is made by Stewart-Warner.

The Stewart-Warner Blue Ribbon Representative in your community was selected because of his excellent business character and his ability to give prompt, expert service whenever needed. He will gladly demonstrate the Matched-Unit model of your choice, under actual home conditions, without obligation.

STEWART-WARNER SPEEDOMETER COR'N
1826 DIVERSEY PARKWAY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Model 325

Model 400 Reproducer $25.00
Model 405 $19.50

Radio Tube Model 5-W
501-A . . . $2.00
499 (for dry cells) $2.25

Model 320

Cabinet Models	
Model 300 (As shown in illustration)	$65
Model 330 (dry cell set)	$65
Model 325	$75
Model 340 (dry cell set)	$75
Model 305	$95
Console Models	
Model 310	$175
Model 335 (dry cell set)	$175
Model 315	$250
Model 320	$400

Prices slightly higher West of the Rockies

Stewart-Warner

TWELVE MILLION PEOPLE ARE TODAY USING STEWART-WARNER PRODUCTS

MY MIKE MULE

By Dick Wick Hall

A HORSE is a Horse and not so bad, even if it is a Horse on you; but a Mule just naturally ain't anything, except ornery most of the time and when you Least Expect it. You can look at a Horse's Teeth and tell How Old he is, but if you try it on a Mule he is just as apt as not or a little apter to go into Reverse and tell you with his hind legs that you are as old right Now as you are Ever Going to Get—unless you are an unusual good dodger or a good doctor is right handy to do a repair job on you.

I never did have no Luck with Mules, and I have studied them a lot too—through the fence. You can't never tell from a Mule's Looks what he is thinking about or Aiming at and to do. Some folks say to watch his Ears, but who ever heard of anybody getting slapped over by a Mule's Ears or getting crippled up that way. That's too much nonsense, like a Book I bought on Fighting once, for Seven Dollars, which said always to Watch a Man's Eyes, and the very first man I got into a Fight with after studying the Book, I looked right into his Eyes and he Lammed me one in the jaw. The Nurse said all I talked about for Three Days was "Look in the Book." But since then I always look at a Man's Fists and a Mule's Heels and do my dog-gonedest to Dodge everything I see coming my way, which is a Lot better than any Correspondence Course.

A Mule is the Devil's Blend, a sort of a 50-50 Mixture, which sounds like an even break, the same as Faro Bank; but the Mule does the Dealing and always gets the best of it because he has the Best Cards, Four Aces to a Jack, and he knows how to play them. A Mule's Foot looks like an Ace of Spades, but it feels more like a Big Club. A Mule always looks like he thought Some Body had played a Dirty Trick on him and it was up to him to Get Even with Everybody. The best place to look at him is through a corral fence. They don't have to be White Mules to have a Kick in them. The worst Kick I ever got was out of a Brown Mule.

Some men, like from Missouri and Kentucky and Texas, they understand Mules better than others, and so do the Mules. I've seen Mules that I wouldn't go into the corral with, not even if you give me a pitchfork and a pick handle and a Gatling Gun, and one of these men that know Mules will come along and walk right into the corral and Strut right up to the Mule and Slap Him on the Business End and Cuss him out and throw the harness onto him just like taking a chew of Plug Cut, and all the old Mule does is to uncock his ear and listen for Orders, because He Knows. I don't believe no Mule ever did kick nobody from Missouri, but I come from across the line in Iowa and I always carry a Gun when I go monkeying around a Mule. I feel safer if I know we are Both Armed.

This always used to be a good clean Cow country around here, with a little mining on the side, and no Mules or anything like that until after Archie Bald Doveface come. Archie Bald is a Prodigal's Son and gets Money from Home every month without working for it, so long as he stays out here and just writes for it. I understand his Folks sent him out here for their health and to try and make a He Man out of him, or else maybe they figured he might get Killed Off or Lost out in the Great Wide Open Spaces. Maybe that was why his father let Archie Bald have the money to buy the Mules.

How Come Archie Bald got into the Mule business was like this: Archie is like all tenderfeet with a little money and nothing else to do, and can ask more foolish questions than you could answer with the dictionary and the almanac. One day a contractor come through here with a lot of Mules, on his way to Phœnix to dig an irrigation canal, and Archie Bald was asking a lot of questions about Mules, etc., and the man told him they was worth $250 apiece and there was a Lot of Money in raising Good Mules. There is about a million acres of unowned Government Land around here and raising Mules looked like Easy Money, so Archie Bald telegraphed his father and got three thousand dollars and bought a dozen Mules to go into the Mule Raising business. Real Money always talks and Archie Bald was a good figurer, so he got ten per cent off by the Dozen, which left him enough money to buy a carload of Hay and a little extra for another Poker stake.

The first thing he did was to put them all into the corral, to get them acclimated and so as they would know where the Hay and Home was, before turning them loose on the range to raise some more Mules. Archie Bald made a Good Start raising Mules, but he didn't get very far, only about fifty yards. The second day he had them he was out in the corral trying to Get Acquainted with them and figuring to himself how much money he was going to make Raising Mules; but the Big Mistake Archie Bald made was in not being born in Missouri, which it didn't take the Mules long to find out. Any one of them Mules was better Raisers than Archie Bald, and as soon as they had sized up what part of the country he was from, one of them got into Reverse when Archie wasn't looking and Raised him clear over the corral fence and out into the greasewood. Next day when he come to, Archie Bald hired the Reptyle Kid to open the corral gate and turn the Mules loose and told everybody to help themselves, but nobody did.

Two of them got into the garage that night and eat all the lining out of the back seat of Chloride Kate's old Limpazene, which is an Antique and don't run anyway; but she was mad about it and got the Reptyle Kid and me to put the two Mules in the corral and said she was going to hold them until Archie Bald paid for her Upholstery. Kate couldn't take care of the Mules and feed them, so I had to do it for her, and at the end of the month she wouldn't pay me for my time and work, so I had to take the Mules for what she owed me, and that was How Come I got into the Mule business. One of them was a Jinny Mule and the other one I called Mike, because he looked like it. Mike was the name of the fellow who lammed me in the Jaw when I was looking into his eyes.

I couldn't get the Reptyle Kid to go in with me on the Mules or have anything to do with them. He said he hadn't hired out as no Mule Mechanic; that he was O. K. on anything with a steering wheel that burned gas and you have to crank it and oil it, but that a Mule is a Hay Burner and don't need no cranking or oiling and he don't like the kind of a Self-Starter they have got; besides which, there is always something the matter with a Mule's Ignition that makes him Back Fire too much and there ain't nothing on the Transmission to keep them from slipping into Reverse or no Good Place to use a Monkey Wrench on one excepting in Between the Eyes.

I had to take care of Mike and Jinny for about six weeks, throwing the Hay over the fence to them and studying them from a distance, until finally one day Scar Face Scroggs come to town and I hired him. The Mules seemed to know Scar Face the first time they saw him and the first time they had brayed for a month was when he went by the corral. He was raised in Missouri and had lived in Texas a long time and it didn't take him no time to gentle them and ride them all around, and pretty soon he hooked them up to an old spring wagon there was at the corral and drove them all around town every day. After he had got them good and tame, he made me acquainted with them and I got so as I could drive them around town too, but never with no great Enjoyment.

One day when the Reptyle Kid was out at the Golden Wonder mine with the truck and a load of grub, a Tourist got stuck in the Sand Wash a couple of miles from town and no way of getting out before night except we take the Mules, which Scar Face says can pull it out all right, so we went down to do it. We hooked a rope to the front axle of the car and unhooked the Mules and tied the rope to the double trees and the Tourist got in his car to drive and Scar Face got on Mike and kicked him in the ribs and reached over and hit Jinny with the lines and they didn't have a bit of trouble dragging the car out of the sand.

Every thing would have been all right if the Tourist hadn't of blowed his horn when he got out, as a sign for Scar Face to stop, but something was the matter with the horn and it stuck and kept on blowing, and away went the Mules across country toward Indian Springs, dragging the car after them and not stopping for nothing. The only time they even Hesitated was when they jumped a big arroyo about ten feet deep and the car come right along after them, only the car didn't jump as good as the Mules and went head first into the arroyo. The Mules stretched the rope as far as they could and then they busted it and kept on going. I can see where Mules is never going to be a very Popular Model until someone invents a Four Wheel Brake that will regulate them a little. That was one Towing Job that we lost money on, but Scar Face says you hadn't ought to blame two Good Mules for any trouble caused by a Horn wire getting short circuited on a car forty feet away.

Things run along all right after this for two or three months, until after Scar Face had to leave, and then one day we got word that the boys was all out of Dynamite out at the Golden Wonder and would have to close down that night if we didn't get some out to them. Me and the Reptyle Kid had the contract to do the hauling out to the Golden Wonder and it just happened that we had the truck all tore apart that day, putting in new piston rings, so there wasn't no other way of getting the Dynamite out except to use the Mules and the spring wagon, which meant that I had to do it. The Reptyle Kid wouldn't even help me hook up, but I made him load on the ten fifty-pound boxes of Dynamite.

I was a little nervous starting out because I had never drove the Mules nowhere before, excepting around town where it is flat; and the road out to the Golden Wonder mine run through Tank Pass, where there is a long steep hill to go down, one of the worst in the West and so much so that the first time you see it, it looks almost straight upandicular. We made good time and I didn't have no trouble getting out to Tank Pass, Mike and Jinny both going along fine and hitting on all fours.

When we got to the top of the hill I stopped and let them rest and looked everything over and then I stuck my foot on the brake and started down. It was so steep that the brakes didn't hold very good and the wagon kept pushing up on the Mules and I pulled back on the lines and the tongue pushed the neck yoke away up and ahead and the Mules held back and that made the tugs hang loose and first thing I knew the tugs was all unhitched and dragging and nothing holding the Mules and the wagon together except the neck yoke and me a hanging on to the lines.

There wasn't no way I could stop to get out and hook up the tugs again, and I knew

Watch This Column

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SCENE FROM "LES MISERABLES"

Deep interest attaches to the forthcoming presentation of the Universal Film de France Triumph, "*LES MISERABLES*," one of the finest foreign productions in years. The cast is composed entirely of celebrated continental stars, and the spectacle was produced on a gigantic scale by Les Films de France, a subsidiary of Societe des Cineromans.

Many of the sets are enormous and many of the scenes were "shot" in the actual localities in Paris which Jean Valjean was supposed to have traversed in his wanderings after he became a criminal-at-law and an outcast for stealing a loaf of bread to keep his family from starvation. France knows Hugo as America knows Mark Twain and the great cast of highly talented stars give a presentation which will amaze you.

The adaptation of Hugo's great novel was written by Henry Fescourt, assisted by Rene Barberis, and Louis Nalpas was the director artistique. The part of Jean Valjean is taken by M. Gabriel Gabrio who also enacts the role of M. Madeleine. Mme. Sandra Milowanoff appears in the dual role of Cosette and Fantine. The rest of the cast and other details will be given you later.

The London Star says that Universal's spectacle of the former Imperial Russian Court, "*The Midnight Sun*," is "a magnificent production." The Film Review says it is "fascinating and faultless." The Cinema says "it takes the public by storm." The leading star LAURA LA PLANTE is given some remarkable compliments, likewise her supporting stars PAT O'MALLEY, GEORGE SEIGMAN and RAYMOND KEANE.

Be sure to see REGINALD DENNY in John Hunter Booth's hilarious story, "*Rolling Home*" and write me your opinion of it, please.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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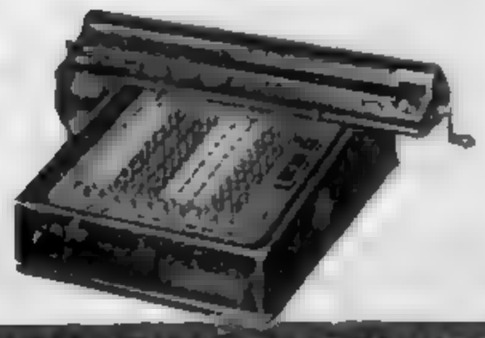

THE MACHINE THAT MAKES FIGURES TELL THE TRUTH

we wouldn't need no tugs to pull with until we got to the bottom of the hill, so I shoved hard on the brake and pulled on the lines and we went ahead. We couldn't have helped it if we wanted to. Just when we got about half way down the steepest part, the brake busted, and away we went, me a-setting up there on the seat of a spring wagon going down Tank Pass Hill with the brakes busted behind a team of scared Mules with the tugs all unhitched and Five Hundred Pounds of Dynamite getting the Devil jolted out of it right under my seat—and a Hair Pin Curve just ahead, where you either have to turn sharp around a granite bowlder as big as a house or else go straight ahead over the cliff into a rocky canyon about three hundred feet deep—which would sure make a Nice Mess of me and my Mules, even if the Dynamite didn't bounce on a rock and go off.

I didn't have no time to do much thinking, and you don't need much time to think when there is Five Hundred Pounds of Dynamite right in under you waiting to go off and a big cliff just ahead waiting for you to go off. One thing I sure was sure of, and that was that no matter what the Mules did, me and that Dynamite wasn't a-going to go to the same place at the same time, and if there was going to be any going off done, I was going to do it First, which I did.

I let go of the lines and jumped clear over Jinny, the nigh Mule, where there was just room for me to light and not roll off of the grade. I lit on my toes, all doubled up, and stuck my head down into my arms and then I started to turning summer salts as fast as I could, not particular because I'm any expert acrobat, but because turning summer salts was just about the easiest thing I could do just then, with the downhill jumping start I had got and a quarter of a ton of Dynamite chasing me and no time to stop to get up and run yet.

I must have turned over about a hundred and seventy-five times, getting around the curve, and slowed up enough to get onto my feet again, which I didn't hardly know which was my feet at first, I was that dizzy. I had doubled up the best I could so as to roll easy, but the road was pretty rough and rocky and I was pretty well polished up and all the corners rounded off of me and if I had of rolled fifty yards farther I would have been as round as a ball. When I quit rolling and got onto my feet again, I made another running start, so as to give the Dynamite a chance to get by, and the first big bowlder I come to I got behind it so as to be in the clear when the Dynamite went off.

I hugged the bowlder so close it made dents in me and listened for the Mules to go by or the Dynamite to go off, but I couldn't hear nothing, so after a little while I went back up the road to see what had become of everything. That sure was a Lucky Jump I had made. When I lit alongside of Jinny it had scared her and she had crowded Mike over and the front wheel had run into the bank and collapsed and the wagon had turned half way around and stopped, and there they all was and no harm done, excepting to the wagon and some of my projecting corners, which wasn't nothing to what might have happened with the start we all had.

The wagon had crowded the Mules into the side of the bank when it turned around and they hadn't tried to get away, so I finished unhooking them and tied them to the wagon and there we was, nine miles from town and seven miles from camp and the wagon busted, and if there is anything I don't like, it is walking seven or nine miles on a hot day; but I saw it had to be done and what has to be done had better be did, so I started out.

I was Tired before I got to the foot of the hill, just thinking about it, so I went over to the water hole in the canyon, from which Tank Pass gets its name and where the Bar Z Ranch has a corral, and as Luck would have it, there was an old saddle hanging in the shed at the corral, so I didn't have to walk seven miles after all.

I packed the saddle back up the hill to the wagon, wondering all the way up which Mule I had better ride, and not wanting to ride either one of them very bad, to tell the truth, but I would try to ride anything rather than walk seven miles. I'm not very strong for or ever had much Luck with ladies of any kind, and Lady Mules look the unluckiest of any of them, so I picked on the Mike Mule as being the best to try first. No use taking any extra chances when there ain't nobody around watching you, even with a Mule, and Safety First is Always a Good Plan when you are going to try to Ride a Mule, so I took some Baling Wire and tied Mike's Tail to the wagon, when he wasn't looking, and then I put the saddle on him.

The way Mike bucked that saddle off I wouldn't have stayed on to him long enough for him to have found it out, and if it hadn't of been for his tail being tied to the wagon he would have gone twenty feet high. The wagon was heavy and I had used eight strands of baling wire and his tail muscles was tough, so Mike finally bucked himself out without doing anybody any damage, and he was so tired by then that I didn't have much trouble getting the saddle on and cinched, and then I got on and tried him, but I didn't untie the baling wire until after I had tried him out first. I thought it would be a good plan to have the wagon along for an anchor or ballast in case Mike decided to go somewhere without letting me know first.

Mike didn't make no more bother, so I emptied one of the gunny sacks I had full of hay for a seat cushion and opened up a fifty-pound box of Dynamite and put it in the gunny sack, half in each end, and tied it on back of the saddle and started for the Golden Wonder camp, driving the Jinny Mule ahead of me so she wouldn't get away or start back to town and make Mike act up.

It was kind of warm and slow going, riding along in the sun on a Mule, after being used to a truck, and I got tired and sleepy like and so did Mike and we both forgot all about the Dynamite. Going down the Alamo Wash I woke up a little and rolled another cigarette and smoked and dozed along and after a while I got tired again and I put my cigarette hand on the back of the saddle to rest myself.

The gunny sack must have been pretty dry and a little oil on it maybe, and it caught on fire, which I didn't notice at first on account of it being a warm day anyway. I smelled it burning finally, and just as I turned around and saw it all burning, that dog-goned Dynamite went off.

Me and Mike both moved simultaneously, if you know what that means, but not quite as simultaneous as the Dynamite, although Mike was a little more simultaneous than me, on account of having all four feet on solid ground and a better chance for action. I stayed with the saddle, but Mike jumped right out from in under it and I didn't have a very good hold on the reins and he jerked away from me when I went up in the air. I went up quite a ways too.

I left the saddle somewhere up in the air and when I lit I lit a-running. We both run like the Devil, me and Mike, passing the Jinny Mule like she was part of the landscape and running half a mile down the Wash before either one of us noticed that Mike had got blowed clean in two right in the middle, and we was both so scared that I don't believe we would have even noticed it then if the Hind Legs hadn't caught up with us and passed us, and when Mike saw his Hind Legs going by, he just stopped and looked and brayed once, and then he laid right down and died, and his Hind Legs laid down and died too.

That was the first and only time I ever saw a Dead Mule, and I've asked lots of folks about it and they all say they never saw one either.

I lost all the makings out of my Hip Pocket and had to walk the rest of the way to camp without a cigarette, and Mike was dead, and the wagon was busted, and the boys down at the Golden Wonder wanted me to pay for the fifty pounds of Dynamite that went off—and now comes Archie Bald, who is broke again and waiting for next month's Remittance, and he claims I ought to pay him for his Mike Mule. I would have been money ahead to have stayed at home at the Garage and patched a tube for some Tourist on his way to California or Bust.

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WOMEN IN LIBRARY WORK

By Frances Fisher Dubuc

THERE are thousands of special jobs in library work throughout the country for girls and women. Not only in general libraries, with their various departments—children, economics, art, and so on—but in banks, insurance companies, industrial plants, trade unions and organizations and in the libraries specializing in law, medicine, technology, music, engineering, to name but a few of the professions. The interesting clerical work to be done in these libraries, quite apart from the professional and executive, demands a large number of workers. This is the quickest way for a high-school graduate, or a woman without special training to enter the library profession.

If you don't like people; if you don't care much for books; if you are looking for an easy routine job; if children annoy you; if you can't do teamwork; if the weather affects you; if you hope to draw a munificent salary for little work; if you have any violent racial, religious or political prejudices, inherited or acquired, don't become a librarian, because you will probably be called upon to fill various positions, while you are climbing the ladder from apprentice to executive, which involve all the interesting phases of library work indicated in these warnings.

If, on the other hand, you possess a general knowledge and love of books, a tolerant mind, a willingness to serve and a genuine interest in all sorts of people, you will succeed in this profession, which brings the worker more constantly in touch with the practical activities of the world than almost any other open to our sex.

Because of the increasing demand for workers, the American Library Association is constantly recruiting for people of good caliber to fill library positions. The work is becoming more and more divided into two general classes: The professional and the clerical. College girls are being sought for the former, but in the field of clerical work there are many opportunities for girls who can be trained in the various departments of a library and who frequently do the work better than the college graduates, as the heads of library schools testify. Many of the positions in small libraries are filled by girls without college training, but who possess much native ability and have had training in library methods gained by practical experience or a course in a library summer school.

If you are living in or near a city and have a high-school education but cannot take a college course or even attend a library school, go to the nearest large library and inquire about the training class which prepares junior assistants. Usually such a course extends from four to five months, and a small salary is paid while the worker is gaining her experience. This is an especially good way for the girl to enter who lives at home. Free lectures are also given during this period of training.

Library-School Training

At the end of the probationary period you will be allowed to take an examination in literature and subjects of general information. Upon passing this examination you will be appointed to a junior grade and paid accordingly. The salary varies from $740 to $1200 to start, depending upon the size and financial support of your community. Promotion following this first appointment is usually based upon amount of experience and ability to pass more difficult examinations required before entering higher grades.

If you live in a small town, go to your librarian and ask her if she will take you as an apprentice to work for a certain period, mutually agreed upon, under her direction, until such time as you both may be able to determine whether the experiment will be permanently successful and agreeable. In some small towns or cities this apprentice work is paid service and in others the applicant must give her time without remuneration. Most of the state library commissions give summer library courses particularly adapted to the needs of the librarian in the towns and small villages. By writing to your state library commission you will receive full information about your nearest summer school.

The work of a junior assistant includes a good deal of clerical work. The senior assistants do the more difficult clerical work—reserving books, registration, delinquent work and shelf listing, and in the smaller libraries, cataloguing; while their contacts with the public include special reference work, schools, story telling and club organization. Having reached this grade a girl is ready to enter a library school. These schools must not be confused with the training classes in the large city libraries just described.

The library schools give courses in administration, budgets, book selection, classification, cataloguing, work with children, special and general reference work and all phases of library economy. The course is one year in most of the states; the second year being optional with the student. Library certificates or diplomas are given to those who pass the examinations at the end of the first year. The tuition in the large cities is about seventy-five dollars. No tuition is charged an assistant who has had staff experience for a year or more in the same city where the library school is located, or if she lives within a specified radius of the city. The course in many of the schools includes a trip to a large city library and a study of its methods.

The large city libraries circularize the women's colleges for summer substitutes. This has proved very successful in getting college girls interested in the work, who later enter the profession.

The library school gives workers the necessary technic for higher positions, which cannot be acquired even in a four-year academic course in college.

Not An Armchair Job

If a college graduate does not attend a library school and get a graduation certificate, she will have to go through the same examinations and processes that the high-school graduate does, although it is obvious that she will make more rapid progress and is better equipped for rapid promotion to the upper grades of library work—for special administrative work, which includes the direction of branch libraries in a large city or the position of chief librarian in smaller cities and towns, also for the position of head librarian and director of children's rooms, reference rooms and other special fields of library work.

Heads and assistants to the heads of departments begin at $2000 and average from $2500 to $4500 a year. Executive heads of great city libraries receive higher salaries; and most libraries supported by special organizations pay better than public libraries.

"The problems of book selection, care of buildings, and finance connected with the support of a library are of course highly important, but the question of personnel—that is, fitting the right people into the right places—tops them all," says Florence Overton, chief supervisor of branch libraries in New York.

A day spent going about with Miss Overton from one branch library to another, helping harassed librarians with problems of housekeeping, class work, reading clubs, entertainments, book distribution and personnel would forever disabuse anyone of the idea that being a librarian is an armchair job.

"If it is true," said Miss Overton, "that a library is three-quarters librarian, while the books and the building make up the other quarter, as has often been stated, then it is not surprising that so much time and careful thought must be devoted to the selection and placement of the staff in any library, large or small.

"During the holidays, Christmas and Easter, and at the beginning of the summer vacation, the large city libraries throughout the country are visited by students from high schools, private and preparatory schools and colleges seeking advice about entering library work. Generally, it is the personnel director or a supervisor who interviews the girls, talking with them individually and classifying them in groups; those who qualify to enter as apprentices, or prospective library-school students, or summer school, as the case may be. Others are acceptable as substitutes during the vacation periods of the regular library workers. Women by instinct make good hostesses and housekeepers," added Miss Overton. "Women have more patience and tact than most men. They also have considerable latent business efficiency; it only needs to be brought out."

"There is no public institution quite so broad in its possibilities of public service as the free public library in America, especially the free library of a small town," said Mr. John Cotton Dana, another outstanding figure in the library world, when the writer asked him to comment on the possibilities in library work for girls and women throughout the country.

"It is in the small library that women can find the best opportunity to show their capacity for work that is helpful to the community which supports the library, and an opportunity, also, to gain a broad general education and admirable training in the special field of library economy. The worker in such a library," he continued, "if she has the temperament fitted to her position, does not need a great store of book knowledge when she begins, nor does she need great skill in the technic of the profession, for she will naturally acquire these things in the performance of her varied duties, if she tries to make the most of her opportunities.

"A librarian's work is always interesting," he concluded, "because it is so varied. Because of the splendid work being done by women librarians throughout the country, often in isolated districts, where the bookmobile and book wagon have come into being and considerable effort must be made to reach the people, and in the congested sections of the large cities, where the duties are highly specialized, public libraries are becoming more and more centers of community life, and thus, with the public schools, the most potent factor for Americanization in our national life."

A Warning to Bookworms

"'I am never happier than when I have my nose in a book. My folks tell me I'm a regular bookworm,' is the remark made so often by many of the girls who come to us seeking library positions," said the director of the personnel department of a large library. They seem to think," she continued, "that their so-called fondness for reading, which we are very apt to find is most superficial in these cases, is the one essential qualification which will cause them to be placed immediately upon the pay roll. I always tell them as kindly as possible," she went on, "that though we are glad to know that they like to read, their own reading must be done in leisure moments, that though a general knowledge and love of books is indispensable for a successful librarian, she is usually too busy filling the reading needs of others to have time to read during library hours, and we would much rather have a worker who takes a genuine interest in the life of her community and the tastes of the readers who patronize her library."

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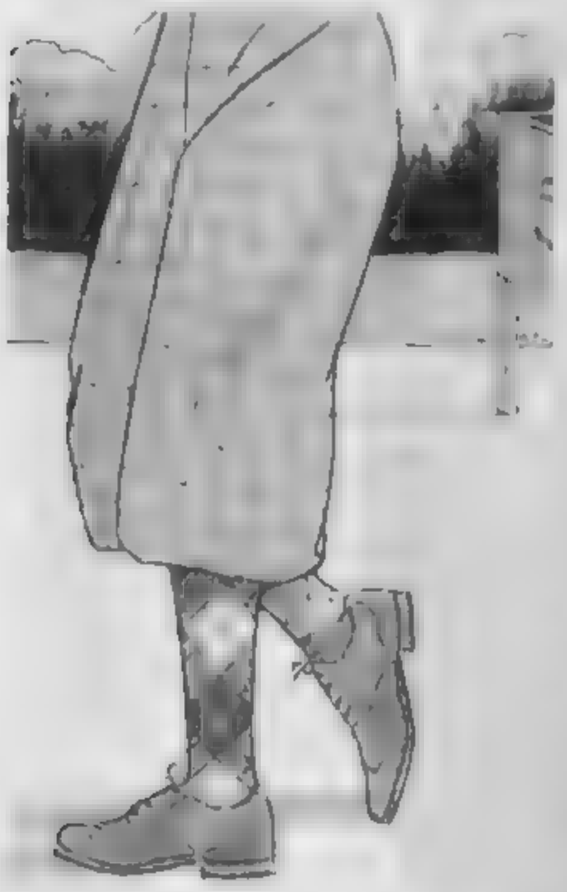

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THE TIGER OF THE SEA

By Harry J. Anslinger

A MOVING PICTURE with a South Sea scene is hardly complete unless the native hero, with a long dagger held between his teeth, balances his weight on the edge of a canoe to prepare for a dive to kill the shark that is between him and the precious pearl which he risks his life for to offer to the daughter of the white missionary whose beauty has captivated him.

Many stories of the sea contain a chapter where the hero steels himself for a death-defying dive into the blue lagoon of a coral island, infested with vicious sharks, to rescue the false teeth of his sweetheart, emerging victorious after an unequal but successful struggle for the pseudo molars.

A noted marine scientist who recently returned after a cruise of six months in tropical waters said, "Sharks? Pooh! They're no more dangerous than minnows." He descended many times wearing nothing but a diving helmet and arrived at terms of contemptuous familiarity with the shark family.

A well-known writer, in a recent article in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on what people believe as compared to the real truth, stated that the shark myth was one of the many handed down to us along with other superstitions that cannot be corrected, and that a large sum of money would be the reward for any person who could prove having seen a shark devour a human being.

There are many ways to prove that the shark is not dangerous. Of course it is not wise deliberately to feel his teeth after he has been landed, to see if they are sharp. More than one person has lost fingers in this way. The shark's jaw has a fashion of snapping shut after he is caught.

Scavenger, Not Man-Killer

In many tropical harbors it is common to see a shark in the immediate neighborhood of bathers. In the waters near Colon, Panama, the manager of a British bank was swimming languorously about. He heard shouts from the shore. Looking in that direction he saw a small crowd frantically waving arms. Thinking that something was amiss, he swam for the shore. "Didn't you see that shark swimming beside you?" they chorused. "Quite extraordin'ry," he replied. "I did feel something brushing my side."

At Trinidad, in the British West Indies, a fearless British sportswoman usually dives into a school of sharks, flays the water with her arms and shouts, "Go away, you dirty things." The sharks disappear.

The pearl divers of Margarita, a small island off the northern coast of South America, in the trading path between the Panama Canal and Trinidad, descend thirty feet without helmets. They carry knives in their belts. But not to be used against sharks, as might be imagined. They explain just how a knife is needed in their work on the bottom of the sea. They laugh derisively when asked if they are not afraid of sharks. There are many fish sharks in the waters of the Bahama Islands. The round-nosed sand shark is also common. The hammerhead shark is also seen, but is scarce. The latter looks large and fierce, but is really cowardly, sluggish, lazy and awkward. There are many overstated dangers registered against him.

The shark is the scavenger of the sea. He is usually found hovering near slaughter-house drains. He invariably follows fishing craft homeward bound to gather the fish refuse cast overboard. He always lies close to a vessel in port waiting for the ship's garbage. The shark is caught with dead bait. He is wary of live bait.

Besides the oil extracted from the shark and the use found for shark leather in the manufacture of shoes, his backbone, covered with leather, makes the best riding crop obtainable. A horse seems to know instinctively when his rider carries a shark-backbone crop, just as he knows spurs with rowels.

It may be safely stated that unless a shark is ravenously hungry he will not attack a human being, unless he is positive that the man has been drowned or is absolutely helpless. He has never been known to attack anything that is perfectly healthy.

Beware the Barracuda

The tigerish barracuda unquestionably gets away with the attacks placed at the mouth of the innocent shark.

The barracuda—*Sphyræna barracuda*—is a voracious pikelike marine fish. He is allied to the gray mullet inhabiting tropical waters, and is often six feet or more long. He is of the same family as the river pike. He has a doglike mouth with long, saberlike, triangular, powerful teeth, as sharp as the point of a needle. They are likely to grow on the roof of his mouth as well as along the edge of the jaws. There are three species inhabiting West Indian and Caribbean waters. A barracuda travels at amazing speed and strikes with the speed of lightning.

A few proofs of his atrocities should convince the incredulous of the inadvisability of becoming too familiar with the barracuda. A fisherman in the Bahamas was fortunate in catching a small barracuda, only two feet long, in his net. Unfortunately the barracuda did not want to be caught. With a wild lurch he freed himself by tearing through the net, struck the fisherman in the abdomen, ripped the stomach open as though it had been paper, causing death in a short time.

A native boy went swimming at Macuto, on the northern coast of Venezuela. Without forethought, he went into the water outside of an inclosed bathing pool that protects the swimmers against voracious undersea life. The boy paid no attention to the warning of the watchman. It rained. The boy was forgotten. The next morning several bathers standing on concrete piles at the edge of the pool saw a boy's body near the surface. A peon dived for the body and was immediately struck by an angry barracuda, jealous of his booty. The man's leg was torn nearly off. Natives in boats wildly rushed for the spot, beat off the angry monster with paddles, rescued the man and took the boy out of the water. The boy's left leg was gone from the hip down. There was no water in his stomach. An investigation pointed to the fact that the boy had not drowned but was attacked while floating idly about in the water.

A member of the constabulary force at Trinidad in the British West Indies was recently killed in a grim struggle with a vicious barracuda off the Tobago coast. He was bathing at Bacolet Bay with a number of friends. Being an expert swimmer, he struck out for deep water. He had not gone very far when there was a rush of foam near him and the big body of a barracuda was seen making an attack on him. The startled swimmer turned and struck out sidewise and apparently escaped the initial rush of the hungry monster. The unequal battle between the big fish and the swimmer went on for several minutes. The policeman was powerful and hung on to life with a grimness which was deadly. He fought the fish with his bare hands and eventually both arms were torn off at the elbows by the savage attacks of the fish. He was also badly bitten on the back. Despite his terrible injuries, he managed to make shore. Ligatures were employed to stanch the flow of blood, but his life ebbed away. The voracious barracuda put another notch on his knifelike tooth.

Two years ago as I was passing through San Juan, Porto Rico, a young American school-teacher went swimming with some of her colleagues near the Condado. She went out just beyond her depth and suddenly uttered a long, piercing shriek. This is nothing unusual for the female of the species while swimming. Her friends laughed, but not long. A young man rushed to her aid, pulling her away just as a vicious barracuda was about to attack again. Her side had been badly torn. She died within a few minutes.

Last year, at San Juan, an American professor of the university was swimming at precisely the same spot. A barracuda rushed at him. Before he could call for aid he was torn to pieces, death being a matter of seconds. The cause of the two accidents at San Juan has been fairly well determined. There is deep water along the beach at this point and beyond there is a coral reef. At high tide the big fish come inside the reef, and when the tide goes out there is insufficient water to permit them to go over the reef. Before the tide comes in again they become ravenously hungry. Swimmers avoid the place now.

The Shark Bugaboo

The barracuda is a valuable food fish, but it has long been known that individual specimens may be poisonous, causing severe illness and even death. In some cases all hair is lost permanently when poisoned. A poisonous specimen is recognized by a thin, white fluid running out of the flesh when it is cut or by the teeth being blackish at the roots. There seems to be something more than ptomaine poisoning due to eating fish that is not fresh. It might be due to the barracuda feeding in certain places on small poisonous fish.

The vicious barracuda can put up the gamest fight of any fish in the waters and may tow your boat for miles before he is landed. A fierce specimen seven or eight feet long demands a heavy line to accomplish his downfall. The favorite sport of the barracuda is to take the body of a kingfish, leaving only his head, after the fisherman's arm has been pulled almost out of the socket trying to land him.

It is difficult to find good bait to catch the barracuda. Goggle-eyes, periwinkle conchs, crawfish or pilchards may tempt, but he will forsake all these at the sight of a human leg in the water. He cruises around his spoil much like a lion stalking his prey, then he stops for position like the tiger crouched for the spring. He strikes swiftly and surely, with sufficient force to snap the leg off a swimmer.

It is difficult for our plastic minds to discard the shark bugaboo and to fear the real enemy. For the advancement of undersea science I suggest a demonstration in a large swimming pool containing a monstrous, starved shark, a ravenous barracuda and a human being. Who will volunteer to be the victim for the benefit of science?

The Cody Statue

IN AN article entitled A Game of Marbles, published in the April tenth issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, it was stated that the members of the Cody family, at the dedication of a statue of Colonel Cody, executed by Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, had refused to approve the statue because of an objection to the tail of the horse. We are assured by members of the family that the incident is incorrectly reported in this article, and that their objection to the statue was on entirely different grounds.

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A SHAVING edge, to be perfect, must be *hollow ground;* and a blade, to be hollow ground, must be *heavier.* You can see that the Ever-Ready Blade (A) is staunch in cross-section, that it is reinforced with a metal backbone, and that it provides ample steel for hollow grinding to a super-keen and durable edge.

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A SESQUI DAY

(Continued from Page 44)

in operation, but to my way of thinking, a good fire has got it skun to death."

"But, sir," expostulates the guide, who has shown symptoms of wishing to throw himself beneath a moving gondola in the adjacent lagoon, "the afternoon is passing, and we still have the Palace of Education and the Palace of Fine Arts ahead of us, and there is the Street of 1776 to see, to say nothing of the Japanese and the Swedish and the Persian exhibits, and you have promised to go back to the Palace of Liberal Arts and Manufactures and the Palace of Agriculture; and furthermore, there are some highly important international airplane races this afternoon, and an athletic meet in the stadium. Then, after you have looked at the afternoon's swimming races in the great swimming pool, in which some of the fastest young-lady swimmers in the world will compete ——"

"Since you put it that way," says the seasoned exposition goer hastily, "it might not be a bad idea to get on as rapidly as possible. In my opinion the educational value of a fast young-ladies' swimming race is very educational."

In this opinion Uncle Sammy somewhat reluctantly concurs; but before the advance has fairly begun Cousin Hughie's roving eye encounters a small race track on which a pony, a donkey and a goat may be guided to victory or defeat by venturesome youths. Overcome by memories of the goat Lily, companion of his earlier wanderings in search of Lady Luck, Cousin Hughie offers to race the goat against the pony and the donkey, and then—when this offer is spurned—to purchase the goat for a mascot. When he is finally torn from the goat by main strength, the first fine, eager impulse to hurry to the fastest young-lady swimmers in the world has been lost.

To the horror of the guide, the wanderers pause to view the Oriental Village, with its camels, its Temple of Mystery, its Mosque of Omar and its haunting strains of Oriental melody to which veiled beauties sway provocatively and lure the visitor into quaint and mysterious bazaars where treasures of the Orient may be purchased even more cheaply than they can be purchased in the Orient itself.

Denatured Orient

This peculiar phenomenon is ascribed by Uncle Sammy, who has recently returned from the Orient, to the fact that many of the Oriental treasures sold in the romantic and picturesque bazaars of Cairo have to be shipped to Cairo from Newark, New Jersey, where they are manufactured, and that such things can be sold more reasonably in the Oriental Village because the haul from Newark to Philadelphia is less costly than the haul from Newark to Egypt.

It is true that Uncle Sammy may have made this statement for the sole purpose of further inflaming the guide, whose eyes are slightly congested from repressed anger and whose pleasing Germantown accent has coarsened under the strain to which he has been subjected; but there is no doubt that Uncle Sammy is speaking the truth when he says that the Oriental Village is a far pleasanter place to visit than the real Orient

Aside from the pungent odor of camel, there are none of the wild, wide-open smells in the Oriental Village that are encountered on every hand in the real Orient, nor are there fleas, sand storms, pickpockets, beggars, rats or any of the many other specialties for which the Orient is famous.

Moved to pity by the evident distress of the guide, the little party merely glances at the Watermelon Patch, which is a fragment of the real old South, far down in Dixieland, with the old log cabin and the pickaninnies, and several Old Black Joes loafing around the front door and plunking out a few heart-breaking melodies on their old banjos, and an occasional black-faced singer, generally of Eastern European origin, strolling aimlessly around the old log cabin and emitting wild screams about wanting his mammy.

This perfect and touching picture of the old South is further enhanced by large quantities of watermelons and kindred fruit, which may be purchased from the care-free blackamoors, minstrels and mammies alike, at a price that seems ridiculously small when the day is warm and the tongue, hands and feet seem to be getting ready to swell up and burst.

The party cannot, however, pass by the Streets of Canton without some slight investigation. Here is a fascinating Chinese village with a beautiful pagoda and a charming garden where one may fill himself with the strange exotic foods of the inscrutable Chink—such foods as chow mein, bird's-nest soup, dried fish, raw fish, cooked fish, ordinary fish, chicken salad, chicken Maryland and chocolate ice cream.

A Big-League Stadium

Here, too, is a Chinese theater, where Chinese actors portray gems of Chinese drama in which the climax, or blow-off, comes when the hero of the piece fans himself violently for ten or fifteen minutes and rids himself of a few remarks that are about as easy for the lay mind to grasp as a piece of farm-relief legislation.

Along the streets of the village one may purchase mandarin coats, litchi nuts, lily bulbs, joss sticks, statues of the Great Gawd Budd in several awkward poses, and jars of preserved ginger.

Except for the absence of bandits and a violent epidemic of some sort, it is all very like China.

Not content with a hurried trip through China, the three observers, to the guide's deep distress, insist on viewing the Battle of Gettysburg, the Creation of the World and the Fight of the Monitor and Merrimac, all of which are located close together, without any index to their comparative importance. It is the guide's contention that if his patrons have been content to get along all their lives without familiarizing themselves with such long-established matters as the Creation of the World and the Battle of Gettysburg, they can get along for another few weeks if they respect his wishes instead of following their own whims.

"The afternoon," he declares, "is slipping rapidly away and nothing is being done. You have not looked at a piece of machinery or anything. Take the stadium, for example, with its 100,000 seating capacity. Aren't we going over that? It is the largest amphitheater in the world, and in it will be held the greatest athletic program that has ever been arranged anywhere. There are all kinds of gymnastic exhibitions and fencing championships and boxing championships and track championships and wrestling championships and baseball tournaments and soccer tournaments and archery championships and football championships and a big-league rodeo and what not. There is something of an absorbing and thrilling nature under way in the stadium at all hours of the day and night. Are you, perhaps, ready to run over there now?"

"We are perhaps not," replied Uncle Sammy, "for my eye has just caught a glimpse of something that looks to me suspiciously like the Rocky Mountains, and I feel that I must investigate this matter. Are those the Rocky Mountains that I see?"

"Yes, sir," admits the guide reluctantly; "and just beyond the Rocky Mountains, on an island in the middle of the lagoon, is Treasure Island, which is populated by Long John Silver, David Balfour, Peter Pan, Wendy, the little White Bird, Prince Otto, and many other persons out of the books of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson and of Sir. J. M. Barrie, of whom you may have heard. I feel, however, that it would be very much wiser for you to continue onward to the great Palace of Machinery, Mines and Metallurgy and Transportation, which has eleven acres of exhibition space."

"The light esteem in which you seem to hold the characters of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson," observes Cousin Hughie to the guide, "leads me to think that you may be an author yourself; for I have noticed that very few of our best authors are willing to admit that anyone except themselves is capable of writing anything worth reading."

"Not at all, sir," replies the guide with some asperity; "but the exhibits in the Palace of Machinery, Mines and Metallurgy and Transportation are of a sort that have never before been equaled. How will you feel in after years, sir, when your grandchildren come to you and lift up their flowerlike faces and say, 'Grandpa, what were you doing at the great Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition?' and you have to admit to them that you failed to make a careful study of the exhibits in the Palace of Machinery, Mines and Metallurgy and Transportation?

"A complete airplane show and automobile show and motorboat show is in progress at all times in this great structure, as well as a complete exhibit of all the latest inventions in the line of electrical ice chests, oil heaters, railroad locomotives, cuticle clippers, tableware, steam winches, automatic cigar lighters, Pullman cars, ash trays, oil wells, copper mines, key rings, steel smelters, fishhooks and other appliances too numerous to mention. These exhibits, in other words, will represent the progress made by civilization in mechanical invention, mining, working of metals and means of locomotion."

"It is because of this fact, I suppose," observes Uncle Sammy, "that the building is called the Palace of Machinery, Mines and Metallurgy and Transportation."

A Few Sesqui Boasts

"I have heard it said that this is the reason," replies the guide, looking hopefully at his three charges.

"Well," says Uncle Sammy, "let us ride through the tunnels of the Rocky Mountains and get in touch with Long John Silver, and after that we can make up our minds about further sight-seeing."

"Since you are determined on this course of action," remarks the guide, "I might explain that the most popular feature at England's great Wembley Exposition was a Treasure Island about one-third the size of the Treasure Island at the Sesqui-Centennial. The same gentleman who constructed Treasure Island at Wembley has taken advantage of the knowledge gained there and brought the idea to America. I also might remark in passing that I do not wish to do any knocking or anything like that, but that Wembley, good as it was, was just about half the exposition that the Sesqui-Centennial is."

"I'll bet that you could say some really nice things about the Sesqui-Centennial if you really laid yourself out to do so," remarks Cousin Hughie.

"I might, at that," says the guide modestly; "but I'm always afraid somebody will accuse me of knocking. Sir Charles Higham, the British advertising man, was out here a little while ago, and he said that there was too much modesty about mentioning the Sesqui-Centennial. He said that we shouldn't sit back and be content with the knowledge that we have put over one of the biggest things of the sort ever attempted, but to speak right up and tell the world what we have done. I feel sort of bashful about it, though, because I'm afraid it'll sound like boasting."

"I see," says Uncle Sammy; "but I suppose that you don't object to saying that the exposition's music program is the finest

(Continued on Page 62)

When the Motor Car was still only an Idea-
G & J Was already a Tire!

FOR years before the first motor car was a practical reality G & J made good tires for other vehicles.

And 'way back in the heyday of dusters, gauntlets and goggles, G & J was famed as a maker of dependable automobile tires. Even in those early days the G & J Tire was known to motorists as the "Good Old G & J."

Today G & J's long established reputation for making dependable tires gives millions of motorists a justified confidence that means keener riding enjoyment.

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A *true* balloon tire, built to render long and *comfortable* service at *true* low air pressure. Its wide, *flat* tread gives longer wear, and better traction and anti-skid protection.

The G & J Cord Tire delivers long mileage under the hardest sort of driving and road conditions. Its cords of tough, long staple cotton are saturated with and separated from each other by pure rubber—practically eliminating internal friction—the greatest enemy of long mileage.

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They are not Planters Salted Peanuts unless they are in the glassine bag with the name "Planters" and "Mr. Peanut" on it

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Suffolk, Va., Wilkes-Barre, Pa., San Francisco, New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia. Canadian factory, Toronto

A BAG OF Planters Pennant Salted Peanuts is like a well-told tale—good from beginning to end. You'll not be content until you've gone to the bottom of it.

Big, burly peanuts—as full of zest as a pirate tale, yet as delicate in flavor as an old romance, and as wholesome. Just the thing to have around the house and munch on between meals. Roasted the Planters way, they are the most nutritious and healthful of foods—5c everywhere.

Planters
PEANUTS

(Continued from Page 60)

and biggest ever put together, and that the stadium and the sports program are the biggest things of the kind ever attempted, and that the aviation program is the finest ever assembled, and that the exhibits beat those of any other exposition, and that the pageants that are being held here are the most impressive ones ever devised, and that the lighting effects on the exposition buildings have never been approached."

"Oh, no!" replies the guide. "I don't mind saying such things, because they are all true."

"I understand perfectly," says Uncle Sammy hastily, "and I think you are very wise to refuse to say anything that might sound like boasting."

The three sight-seers thereupon dismount from the train on the Treasure Island side of the Rocky Mountains, and are at once confronted by all the best features of Treasure Island, including treasure chests, pirate caves, sylvan retreats and interesting castaways. A smart argument arises between Cousin Hughie and Uncle Sammy over the identity of one of the human characters—Cousin Hughie holding that he is out of The Dynamiter and Uncle Sammy declaring in his usual arbitrary manner that there is no use arguing about it, because the character obviously is straight out of The Black Arrow.

The matter is ultimately settled by querying the character as to his identity, whereupon it develops that he is Jack the Giant Killer.

This mischance proves somewhat upsetting to Uncle Sammy. A little later Cousin Hughie approaches a beautiful slender young lady whose neat scarlet hat is pulled smartly down over her closely cropped golden hair, and says to her in his politely careless manner: "Pardon me, but my friends and I have been having an argument as to whether you represent Helen of Troy, Maid Marian or the Lady of Shalott. You are beautiful enough for any of them, but we are a little uncertain about whether your gown is quite in keeping with the characters."

"My dear sir," replies the young lady in the scarlet hat, looking Cousin Hughie straight in the eye, "that is one of the best lines that has been pulled on me in some little time. If you hadn't been so sweet about it, I wouldn't have mentioned that my husband is over looking at the Pirates' Den with the kiddies; but good luck to you and your friends, and all that sort of rot."

A Steak With Colonial Lines

"Now," says Uncle Sammy, exasperated almost beyond endurance, "here we are having a perfectly good time, and you have to go and ask somebody if she represents Helen of Troy! Come on, let's get out of here before he asks someone whether she's Madame Pompadour!"

So, since the afternoon has waned, the three wanderers and their guide skirt the domed palace that houses the latest cries in frocks, tailleurs, brassières, step-ins, reducing belts and other feminine mysteries, and turn into Old High Street, built by the Women's Board of the Exposition. Both sides of the street are filled with replicas of the finest colonial architecture, such as the homes of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Robert Morris, Ben Franklin's printing and book shop, Stephen Girard's countinghouse, the old Philadelphia market, and various other homes, public buildings, shops and churches.

"Fine, solid homes of fine, solid people," says Uncle Sammy, "and they fill me with a fine, solid craving for a large, solid steak with the finest and earliest colonial lines—something about three inches thick; a sufficiently early piece of Americana, in short, to permit the thumb to be pushed halfway through it without the exercise of much strength."

"Surely, sir," objects the guide, "you will run over to the Navy Yard before dining—the League Island Navy Yard, which is really a part of the grounds—and see the largest airplane factory in the country, and the catapults for launching planes from battleships, and the old wooden ship Constellation, built in 1798, and the more modern monitor Cyane, and Dewey's flagship Olympia, and the modern submarines and destroyers and depth finders, and all the other exhibits that the Navy Department has made a part of the exposition."

Calling it a Day and a Half

"No, sir; I will not run anywhere!" declares Uncle Sammy as he turns firmly into an early American restaurant and takes steps to surround himself with an assemblage of more or less early American waitresses.

So night falls, and the Tower of Light blazes out with its countless lights, topped by the two largest searchlights ever built. Beams of light from another dozen enormous searchlights sweep the sky in the greatest concentration of light ever attempted—a total candle power of 6,300,000,000, if anyone is capable of imagining six billion candles. Varicolored floods of light sweep the lagoons, the Gladway and the fountains. The great Liberty Bell at the entrance blazes with 25,000 hundred-watt lights, and the walls of all the palaces and buildings are flooded with indirect light.

Having encompassed the steak, the three wanderers and their guide drag themselves slowly to the stadium for the great pageant, staged by the man who built up the great spectacles of the New York Hippodrome. The stage of the stadium is sufficiently large to hold the Hippodrome and the Metropolitan Opera House. Its proscenium arch is the largest in the world. Troops march and countermarch, and the history of freedom is unrolled before the onlookers.

Airplanes purr high in the velvet sky; beams of light burst from them and flares float downward. Searchlights leap upward from the ground to pick out the night flyers, which protect themselves in clouds of smoke. Colored searchlights play pleasingly on the smoke, and the planes drift off to bed.

"Sir," says the guide lugubriously, "you haven't yet seen a piece of machinery. Maybe we could get into the Palace of Machinery, Mines and Metallurgy and Transportation, if you insist, even now. You haven't seen anything at all!"

"Son," replies Uncle Sammy, "it's my understanding that sesquicentennial means a century and a half; and, that being the case, I merely wish to say that any day spent on these grounds, whether or not any machinery is seen, amounts to a sesqui day, or a day and a half."

And in this opinion the seasoned exposition goer concurs; and so does Cousin Hughie, in spite of the unfortunate adventure with the slender lady in the scarlet hat.

"We'll save twenty miles by going this way."
"I know, but if the road is all like this—"
"My dear, with these Kelly-Springfield Flexible tires you'll never know you're on a rough road."

First Consider this Last
Preserve nature's priceless gift to your children—perfect feet
THE Brown Foot Shaping Lasts are the result of years of untiring study and research. They meet nature's needs and nature's lines perfectly. Shoes built on these lasts preserve, unimpaired, the natural grace and beauty of the feet. The delicate bony structure is aided and strengthened throughout childhood, and remains a joy and a health asset in adult life.
These modern lasts were developed by Brown Shoe Company, for exclusive use in making
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Buster Brown Shoes are equally as advanced in style as in health features. For boys, right now, the correct patterns are sturdy, mannish, rugged oxfords in several shades of tan, and the new ecru calf.
For girls, dainty pumps and straps, and smartly tailored oxfords. The pattern illustrated below is a gumwood calf Daisy strap, daintily decorated with tan and green stitching. This is just one of many pleasing styles in the line which will delight the modern miss.
Sold by the better shoe and department stores everywhere
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Seventeen great specialty factories—Daily capacity 56,000 pairs
Buster's Picture in Every Pair

PATIENCE OUR POLICY

(Continued from Page 4)

missionaries have sheltered and taught the revolutionary elements and now we demand independence for the Philippine Islands."

This is the reverse of the position taken sometimes by organized Americans demanding the independence of Korea.

If the great mass of Italians or Spanish are perfectly content and, indeed, joyous to have order and activity maintained by a dictator, we organize anti-Mussolini demonstrations and riots. Our press prints editorials which in substance say to another country, wholly satisfied with its government:

"You do not know what you want. If you are not cut to our pattern, you are living in slavery. Take on the system we have built up and learn what liberty is!"

Like Yankee Doodle, who stuck a feather in his cap and called it macaroni, we parade under the feathers of freedom and perfection—and meddle.

It is said that Roosevelt once received a huge petition from some part of our hundred million petition signers demanding the freedom of another power's colonial possession. He replied:

"Oh, I will gladly accept the responsibility if you will only add to the petition that if the other power does not mind what I say, you then ask me to spend a billion dollars and lose two hundred thousand Americans in making the other power do it."

One American in Washington today who is among those who have had the longest experience with foreign affairs exclaimed during a confidential conference on our foreign policy:

"Oppressed races! Great Scott! I get so tired of hearing of the woes of the oppressed races! I'll tell you who suffers most in the present world—it is the oppressor races."

In that remark there is almost a world-wide truth, and to the suffering of the "oppressor races"—like our own, which is trying to give schools and roads and justice and order to backward peoples—no little woe is added by our organized meddlers. We meddle in our own foreign policy with occasional fanaticism, but that is harmless compared with our organized meddling with other nations to an extent which we as a people would never tolerate. These are plain words about it; but if one is looking for reasons for our unpopularity, they must be written.

Any mirrors we can hold up to ourselves in the next few years will help as a force for peace and tranquillity, for common sense and understanding. To teach patience and moderation to the world, we must have no end of it ourselves.

Europe's Trust in Uncle Sam

With all these causes for our unpopularity present—and perhaps to them should be added the irritations which may occur in a contest for monopolization of certain basic commodities in the world's supply—we have, however, deeper foundations for making ourselves liked.

We are not ground getting or imperialistic. Our foreign policy is traditional. It comes up from the people and in significant changes requires their assent through the Senate. It therefore is adapted for neither sudden nor transitory intrigues, nor for membership in the logrolling deliberations of supergovernment machines.

Foreign nations may not like some things about us. But they trust us. They are learning to trust us more. They trust us because we have no concealments. They trust us because our voice is clear. It is our voice. It has no German or French or British or Italian or Japanese or Bulgarian accent, because we have kept away from situations where our decisions and our tones would be lost in any pooling. To the foreigner, if not to the wailer about our isolation, we appear to be almost too much in the middle of things, economic and social. But at least we are there with a clear name rather than a mere number. We are not tied to any other apron strings. So they trust us. They believe we will do as we say. And this is only emphasized by the unfortunate suspicions existing between other great powers in contest for economic and diplomatic triumph or leadership of the so-called United States of Europe or the collection of South American states or in the Far East.

With this situation of temporary menaces to our popularity overclouding a position of recognized integrity, those who are dealing with the foreign affairs of the United States are confronted with three classes of questions.

The first is the routine business—the good old useful business of maintaining friendly relations by doing the work of a foreign service well. Whenever I hear the doctors of international Utopias lecturing on what ought to be done, I often wonder whether they have any idea of how much order and peace and friendliness is fabricated in this world by the simple process of conducting foreign relationship with effective tact, justice, understanding and dispatch.

Our Policy Pictured

The second is the business of dealing with unsettled questions of importance, such as our arbitration of the Tacna-Arica dispute between Chile and Peru, the differences of opinion as to foreign rights in Mexico now being brought to the zone of agreement, the difficulties of performing the promises of the Washington Conference to China in her present disorder, and the other special problems of moment.

The third is the determination of our place in the ever-changing world movement for new forms of international coöperation and joint endeavors. The debates on the League of Nations, the decisive election of 1920 and sporadic propaganda poured on us by European statesmen touring the United States or attending round-table discussions to tell us what our foreign policy should be, have gone into the past. Their steams and vapors have cleared away.

What stands out?

What do the President and Kellogg and Borah, chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, see when they look?

The picture of the national attitude is growing clearer every day. One must be blind, indeed, not to read it aright; one must be deaf not to understand it, insensitive not to accept it. The briefest possible way to put it is this:

First: The overwhelming majority of us want economic and social coöperation with other nations or group of other nations or with universal international joint endeavors. We want the peace-weaving shuttle to cross seas and boundaries. We would like to take part in all those research, fact-finding, intellectual, publishing and administrative activities which add to the sum total of knowledge and mutual understanding. We would like to confer and agree on all those matters which simplify the world's fight against disease, contagions and the world's combined relief of plague and famines and distress. We would like to put our shoulder to the wheel in attempts to standardize and adjust international practices for facilitating transport of information, passengers and goods by cable, radio, rail and water. We would like to aid in furnishing trusteeship of loans to nations needing financial help, and temporary administrative assistance such as has been given to Austria and Hungary, and maybe the sole key to unscrambling such a vast disorder as China is today. We would not be averse to contributing to the guidance of backward peoples when they asked for it and when the general agreement was to give it to them.

These and similar international administrative functions constitute the coöperation

(Continued on Page 66

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DRINK MORE MILK

(Continued from Page 64)

we are talking about and probably as a people are eager to give. We have a national hunger to coöperate. It almost amounts to a passion. It is founded upon unselfish Christian motives. It is founded also upon good sense, because it distinguishes roughly but determinedly between international machinery dedicated to world service, to universal welfare about which there are no significant controversies and the other machinery which attempts to be a political supergovernment, which pretends to issue orders and commands, and though democratic on its face and aboveboard in its protestations, may be manipulated by a few great powers and operated in fact, by the hidden-wire pulling of old European intrigue foreign to all our traditions and ideas.

Secondly: We are confronted in our desire for coöperation with the fact that the League of Nations has been so organized that the coöperative, administrative, world-service functions—even that of furnishing a means to operate a court to settle disputes voluntarily submitted—are all snarled and tangled up by being subsidiary to a political machine, essentially European, dominated by great powers and until now almost completely unsuccessful in any of the functions for which it was designed.

The reaction of the country to our joining the World Court, which, regardless of technicality, is politically tied up with the League, has been anything but favorable. Those who follow most closely political reactions of the United States, whatever their attitude toward the World Court, cannot point to any outburst of pleasure from our population. There are strong indications given by various constituencies and senators that the World Court action was anything but popular.

One congressman from New York says: "I was for the court. I even worked to introduce a resolution in its favor. I still am for the World Court, but I am glad I did not go on record. There is no question about where the people of my district stand—they are flood-tide against it."

A newspaper proprietor from the South said: "My papers were for the World Court. So was I. But in the main the people we reach were against it. There was no use in explaining its separation from the League. The people sense the fact that it is a piece of the League's political picture puzzle; it fits in there somewhere."

An Administration which backed the World Court issue, when the time comes to review the record, will probably say as little as possible about it as an achievement. At the best, it made no splash; at the worst, it caused a tightening of suspicion of the political supergovernment in Geneva. The first tiptoe found the water cold all around.

Getting the Plums Alone

That is the tragedy as far as our national desire for cooperation is concerned: we are blocked in that desire by the fact that the worst and the best, the dangerous and the salutary, the failure and the success of the League of Nations are all beaten up into one pudding.

The advocates of the League, avoiding saying anything more than is necessary about the almost total failure of the League as a political supergovernment, put in their thumbs and pull out the plums of noncontroversial, informative, peacemaking international coöperation and ask us to judge the pudding by the plums alone.

We think as well of the plums as anyone, but as far as we are concerned, the pudding is awful.

Thirdly: Whether we know it or not, we await the time when the plums may be separated from the pudding. It is another case for patience. Those who have studied the matter know that it will be difficult but not impossible to strike a line of demarcation between the plums of social and economic and intellectual coöperation in which we hunger to share, and the pudding of political supergovernment into which we will never be boiled.

The suggestion for this divorce of one set of functions of the League from the other cannot be urged officially, and perhaps to press it too hard from any outsider's position would be an example of our passion for meddling. But while the remnants of League agitation still remain in the United States it would be folly not to point out that those nations that are members of the League, and still keep an empty chair for us and places for Germany, Russia and Turkey, may give, not only for our account but for their own, serious consideration to severing completely the service functions—the peace-weaving functions of the League—from the political supergovernment functions of the League.

We may say in a kindly way: "Since you ask us, we think it is time the supergovernment should stand on its own legs. It is time that it should cease to ride upon the back of world-service economic and social and nonpolitical coöperation."

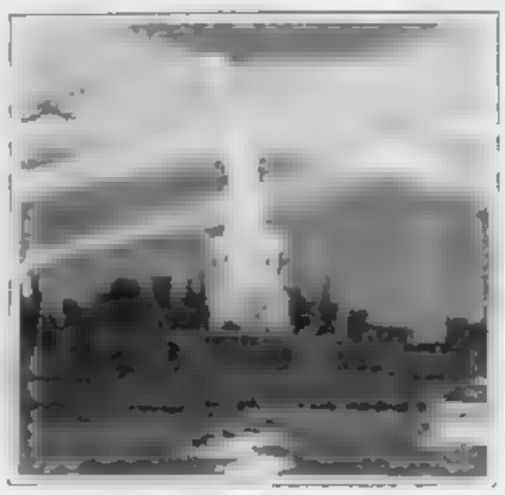
When a Slow Coach is Safest

When we are asked in the name of coöperation in world-service functions to go into some back door of the supergovernment, we are regretful and embarrassed. We are regretful that our coöperation may be withheld from a worthy endeavor; we are embarrassed to express our national determination not to be slipped edgewise into a supergovernment pudding merely because of the plums.

I have often wondered what, outside of the dismal record and the European color of the supergovernment, was our principal reason for keeping away from any supergovernment. I believe now without any doubt it is the fact of the democracy of our foreign policy.

More than any other people in the world, we ourselves determine our foreign policy. As Secretary Hughes used to say as if he were talking of Arctic exploration, we are not equipped to give government decisions as other nations may in international political pools. Our Constitution provides more thoroughly than most of us realize for due consideration by the people of any significant change in our foreign affairs. In 1920, for instance, when the answer was given as to our joining the League, a long period had elapsed since a President had given unintentionally a decision which our democratic voice was to refuse decisively to affirm. The provision requiring the Senate to counsel and approve the treaties of the Executive guarantees in larger measure a debate and a consideration and reflection of the will of the voters of the whole land.

If a President could not give a final decision in Paris, how could any representative of ours give final decisions at Geneva? In other parliamentary democracies a government may be overturned in a night and a new government supported by parliament or by elections immediately held. There final decisions may be ratified. But in the United States nearly four years might elapse before a close question could be settled by the people. We have by good instinct carefully guarded against foreign-policy decisions made in haste or without consultation with the citizens. Membership in an international pool where other powers, by custom, tradition or form of government, with more independence of consultation with the people, can give more rapid decisions, might be embarrassing several hundred times a year.



There are those who bewail this fact; there are those who are irritated by the debates in the Senate and by the fact that a minority of senators can block the taking of an international obligation. And yet it must not be forgotten that a very small minority which were anti-League during that famous battle in the Senate reflected the real will of the nation much more than the original majority which supported the President. All in all, we are fortunately safeguarded from being plunged into war, into foreign snarls, or into selfish foreign policy by jingoes, financial intrigues or exploiting adventurers. To keep that position does more for the peace of the world than any adaptation we might make to equip ourselves, as Hughes expressed it, for international puddings.

We may not be willing to give snap decisions, but we are trained in self-imposed patience.

To an observer, it appears today that, whether we like it or not, our foreign policy requires no trick plays, but, first of all, patience.

We need patience in waiting for the functions of international coöperation in noncontroversial social and economic endeavors to be divorced from the hanky-panky of political supergovernment which, as someone has said, "succeeds as a bully in the hands of a European bloc or fails as a coward when one great power behind the scenes vetoes what another great power has initiated behind the scenes."

We need patience in educating the American people to see that, though the Great War turned their eyes intently on Europe, Latin America and the Pacific require more of our attention than we as a people have been willing to give them.

We need patience in meeting with good humor an era of unpopularity.

We need patience in hearing European statesmen who are about to trip and fall blame America for their difficulties.

Patience—and No Trick Plays!

We need a great deal of patience with ignorant and insulting and unnecessary abuse of foreign statesmen which rises from our own legislative chambers—often from the mouths of conscientious men who are defending the United States.

We need patience with disloyal tongues belonging to amateur foreign-policy makers who, not being able to have their own way, accuse their country and its citizens of failing in a duty to save the world with some academic jackstraw.

We need patience in emphasizing that of international conferences already held, those which have been led by business men and not merely by political representatives have been the ones which have succeeded. It is the politician who is always looking over his shoulder at his parliament and his press, and who in the light of a much advocated pitiless publicity can yield nothing without losing his head.

The era is an era for patience. No one is going to invest much in wars today, and even those who might wish to fight probably could not fight long. The reconstruction of the world after the Great War is still going on by an inevitably slow economic process requiring patience. The enterprise of war cannot borrow; the enterprise of peace is borrowing more and more all the time. Patience—a little patience—and no trick plays!

Patience—a little patience—and help with the weaving of peace. It is the aroma of that spirit which one finds in one's clothes after having been in Kellogg's bailiwick in the back of the State, War and Navy Building these days, when the trees are out again and the same green and tranquil view expands from his window that the President sees from the Executive Offices.

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THE DREADFUL NIGHT

(Continued from Page 36)

"Why do they think this is the same one?" she asked—"the one that belonged to that Borgia woman. Just because it's like ——"

He shook his head. "It's an old story, but new, too," he explained. "No one, no one who knew jewels, had ever seen this emerald till Mr. Raleigh did, as far as anybody knows. Some of her friends knew that Madame Capello had an emerald that she kept always with her; that was all."

"And Mr. Raleigh thought he recognized it?"

"He'd read up the old records," Newbert explained. "You know there's a lot of literature about famous jewels that have been lost. This is really one of the minor ones; but he remembered the circumstances, and he knew Madame Capello was in Rome at the time it disappeared. She was just making her debut then. And he's been digging back, trying to connect the thing up."

"To prove she stole it?" she asked; but he shook his head.

"No; no, that isn't the idea. But there was a man in love with her—a goldsmith, a designer. You know, a genius in his way, like Cellini ——" He broke off, listening, and his silence caught her attention.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Those poplar leaves," he remarked. "You can hear them from here. They do sound exactly like a dog—like a dog trotting, don't they?"

"Isn't it weird?" she agreed. "It gave me the cold shivers to listen to them. That's why I came out here with you." She hesitated; and the silence of the big house settled down upon them once more, with an effect curiously crushing, so that she stirred as though to shake it off, and crept closer to his side. "Tell me about the man," she urged.

He nodded. "You understand, I'm guessing now. So is Raleigh. But anyway, this man was resetting the emerald when it disappeared. He said he'd lost it. Stuck to it that he'd lost the stone. And of course it went pretty hard with him."

"Did they put him in jail?" she asked.

"Yes; yes, for years. And the chances are he was treated pretty badly. It wasn't just a question of punishing him; they wanted to get the stone back. Chances are, if they were satisfied he knew where it was, they'd treat him with a good deal of cruelty, try to break him down. But as far as Raleigh can find out, he never said anything except he had lost it."

"Is he still in jail?"

"No," he confessed. "No, they turned him loose five or six years ago. Raleigh thinks they had an idea of following him, watching him, hoping he'd lead them to the emerald. But apparently he got away, lost them. There's been no report on him for almost four years. He was in England then, teaching Italian in an English school. An educated man, you understand. He stayed there about a year and seemed to have settled down, and then one morning he didn't appear, and his rooms were empty, and that's the end of him as far as they're concerned." He added abstractedly, "His name was Vinik."

"Vinik?" she repeated. "How funny!"

"Sounds Russian, or Polish, or something, doesn't it?" he agreed. "But that's what it was."

For a while neither of them spoke; they sat relaxed, heads resting against the wall, and their shoulders were touching. Before them on the floor lay the ax and the niblick; against her side she could feel the protuberance formed by the pool balls in his pocket, and she put her hand down to touch them, asked idly, "What have you got them for?"

He chuckled, explained. "I used to be able to throw pretty straight," he told her.

She looked at the ax and the golf club. "Everything but the kitchen stove," she murmured in amusement; and then she stirred with a new thought. "But you don't need all these when you have the pistol."

He hesitated, then said frankly, "As a matter of fact, it's not good for much."

"Too small?" she suggested.

"Broken," he explained.

She received this almost indifferently. The hour had lost for both of them all reality; they sat dreaming, indolent, remote, like spectators at the drama that went forward. Terror long continued loses its edge, and they were no longer bitten by fear.

"I'm pretty strong," she said at last.

"I know you are," he agreed. "I saw you handle that canoe."

"I'll take the golf club," she suggested, and looked at him and smiled. "I'll crack him on the shins and you bust him in the bean." Her tone was one of mock ferocity, and he laughed with her.

"Got to catch him first," he reminded her.

They were still again for a space; and she asked by and by, "You think it was this—this Vinik, don't you?"

"I smell a story in it," he agreed. "I suppose so, yes." He hesitated, added in an expository tone: "I figure he poled his boat in and landed on the south side of Little Dog, and came nosing around. He'd probably seen the menservants go away. And the maid saw this big dog of his, and got scared and got out of there. That's my guess. And then he went in the house, and he and Madame Capello probably had a row, an argument—something—I don't know just what, and she tried to get away, and that made him mad and he killed her."

He added, a moment later, "He's crazy, I should judge—must be!"

"I expect," said Nell dreamily, "he still loved her, and she wouldn't love him. So I expect he's killed himself now, Jim. I think that's what he's done."

He nodded indifferently. "Probably," he agreed. "Or maybe he got drowned, his boat got sunk in this storm—this squall tonight. It's blown great guns."

"But it's stopped now," she pointed out. "There's hardly any wind at all."

There was for a little no further speech between them; and by and by they heard movements, a footstep in the room where Molly was, and Nell touched his hand.

"Molly's not asleep," she whispered, and she giggled nervously. "I'll bet it's those leaves tapping," she declared. "I'll bet she's gone to look out the window again."

He assented with a faint nod; but a moment later they were both sitting erect and alert. For they heard Molly return from the window, swiftly, and her door opened and she spoke in a whisper:

"Mr Newbert!"

Jim came to his feet with a bound, to her side, and without words she caught his hand. She was breathing tensely and her fingers clutched his with a convulsive grip. She led him into the room, toward the window, and he felt Nell catching at his arm. Thus they reached the window side by side and looked out and down. The light on the veranda illumined for a little way the ground about the house, beneath the birches and the hemlock trees; they could see a rod or two along the path toward the boathouses in the cove.

The dog was there, on the path. They saw him plainly. A tremendous creature, like a wolf, with a heavy gray coat, and tail deeply furred, and pointed ears and a long punishing muzzle. He was at the moment they approached the window trotting away from the house; but in their movements they must have made some small sound, for the beast stopped and turned and looked up at them with a fixed glare, his eyes reflecting redly the veranda light. Newbert saw his lips twitch up and back in a soundless snarl.

Then from somewhere beyond, an indeterminate distance, there came to their ears a low shrill whistle; and the dog heard and turned his head, and a moment later, with a leaping bound, was gone.

x

THIS moment when Molly fetched them to her window to look out at the great dog on the path below must have been between one and two o'clock in the morning, the threshold of that hour when the forces of mind and body are at lowest ebb, when old folk lying ill are like to die. The three had been since dusk under the stress of a terrific nervous excitement mixed with fear. They were weary with the storm of their own emotions, unfit for sleep, yet aching for its anodyne, like taut wires strung to such a pitch that a touch may send them jangling into shattered and explosive bits. Their senses were preternaturally acute to least impressions, yet at the same time their emotions were dulled and in abeyance. They saw and perceived and understood, without feeling the natural reaction to their discoveries. It is impossible for the human mind fully and instantly to comprehend the great catastrophes of life; perception comes slowly, in minute doses, over a period of days or years; and thus the heart is spared those terrific blows which would destroy it. There is always springing hope, deceptive yet heartening, to deny or mitigate the truth all too apparent. Thus though now they saw the dog on the path outside, and though they heard that low whistle from the direction of the cove, they refused wholly to believe.

After the first moment of paralyzed attention Nell said quickly, "It was just a dog!"

And Molly, nodding hurriedly, spoke through clenched teeth. "A stray dog," she agreed. "A police dog."

They sought to explain its presence there. "Probably some boat stopped for shelter in the channel during the squall," Nell urged. "And it got away and they couldn't call it back again."

"I heard a whistle," Molly reminded them.

"Some bird singing in its sleep," Nell insisted. "I didn't hear anything, did you, Jim?"

Newbert had been leaning forward, his fists upon the window sill, peering into the darkness beyond the rays of the porch light.

He hesitated a moment before answering; and then he said honestly, "I heard it. Yes, I heard a whistle."

"There's been a stray dog around," Molly argued. "Dill told me about it this morning. Folks have seen it on the mainland."

"Deer swim across the lake," Nell added. "I've seen them; I saw one this summer. They go from one island to the next. Why couldn't a dog?"

Molly had turned to the window again, there beside Jim; and Nell leaned on her shoulder, and for a moment they all looked out into the night. Beneath her hand Nell felt Molly's shoulder bare and cold and trembling, and she said urgently, "Molly, go back to bed, or get something on. You'll freeze!"

"I'm not c-cold," Molly insisted.

"You will be," Nell urged. Newbert, hearing, realized for the first time how scantily Molly was dressed; and he kept his eyes upon the path outside. But he added his advice to Nell's.

"Yes, put something on," he agreed.

Molly laughed uncomfortably. "I don't believe we really saw anything at all," she declared. "I think we're all too sleepy to see. My eyes are half shut. I can't keep them open."

"I'm not a bit sleepy," Nell declared. "That's the last thing in the world ——"

"It was a dog, all right," Jim assured them. "No use trying to fool ourselves." His tone was almost apologetic, and for a moment none of them spoke.

Then Molly said steadily, "Of course!" And she added, "We're not children. Whatever happens, let's not be absurd."

Yet none of them made a move to leave the window. They were held there, hypnotized; their eyes ached with the effort to see.

"I think it's getting lighter," Nell said at last. "It must be nearly morning."

Newbert looked at his watch. "Twenty after one," he replied; and she said protestingly, laughing, "You're not much comfort, are you?"

He grinned. "I'll set my watch ahead if you like," he offered, his tone almost gay. The waiting had been hard; but it seemed to him now that the waiting was almost over, and this realization was like a stimulant. His wits were racing; he was becoming steady and cool.

Molly said almost wistfully, "I wish something would happen!" And Nell touched Newbert's arm.

"Tell her what you told me," she urged. "His name's Vinik," she explained to Molly quickly. "And he used to be in love with Madame Capello, and he stole the emerald for her, and they put him in prison and tortured him for years. Tell her, Jim."

Jim laughed. "You've already told her," he reminded Nell.

"And he killed her because she didn't love him any more," Nell concluded.

Molly looked at Newbert, then her eyes turned to the gloom outside again.

"She said she always thought the emerald was like a jealous eye," she recalled. "She told us that. And she was afraid of it. I could see she was." She added a moment later, "She must have known he would find her some day." And again, thinking aloud: "That must be why she never went back to Italy—because she was afraid he'd be there."

"Probably afraid they'd find the emerald in her baggage," Newbert suggested. "They'd search for it if they thought it was there."

"He never told anyone she had it," Nell reminded them. "They couldn't make him tell." Her imagination filled the gaps in the story. "I expect when he got out he came back to her, and he was old and ugly, and she wouldn't have him."

Newbert was only half attentive; he was busy with devices, wondering what to do. But the two between them proceeded to complete the tale.

"And he'd want her, or he'd want it back again," Molly reminded them. "She'd have to give him—one or the other."

"And she didn't have it to give him," Nell added. "She'd sold that to you." She hesitated. "Jim says he's insane," she declared.

Molly looked at Jim. "Why? How do you know?"

He shook his head. "The way he left things," he confessed. He could not detail to them those mute evidences of the madman's bloody madness which the dead woman's body had borne. "It looked so to me." He tried to laugh. "We'll have to humor him," he suggested.

"You think he's—here?" Molly asked. "On the island?"

"There was a dog with him," Newbert reminded her; "a dog like that one we saw." He moved uneasily. "I don't see what he's waiting for. He probably had to wait till the wind died."

"Did he have a boat?" Nell asked, and the reporter nodded.

"At least I saw a motorboat leaving Little Dog," he pointed out. "But I haven't heard a boat tonight."

"He'd come from across the lake," Nell suggested. "It's rough there when the wind blows, out in the open water. But if he came from that side, you might not hear him. He'd be over behind the island. He'd probably land at the end of the channel, or somewhere over there."

(Continued on Page 73)

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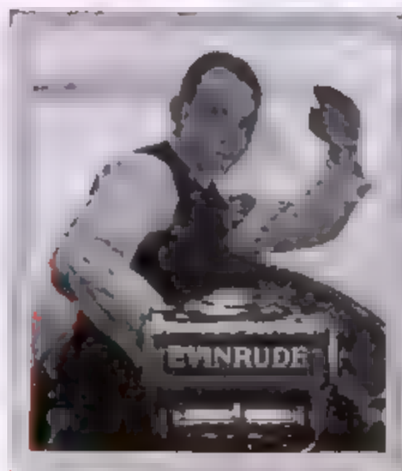

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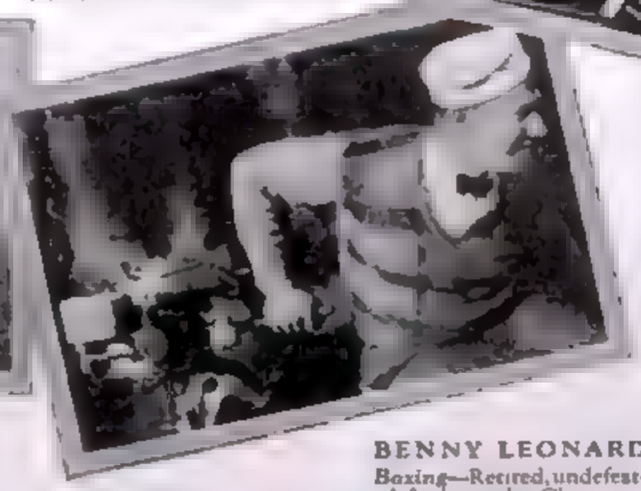

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VALENTINE'S

VALSPAR

ENAMEL

(Continued from Page 68)

Molly remembered the smaller islands beyond the channel. "He might think they were this island," she suggested—"might land there. If he didn't know, it would take him a while to find his way."

"There are ledges everywhere there," Nell remarked. "I'll bet his boat went ashore. I'll bet he had to swim."

"If it did," Newbert exclaimed, "he won't be able to get away." And he added quickly, "You know, we've got to think of that. Lord knows I hope he doesn't show up; but if he does, we've got to try to nail him—hold onto him."

"If that's his dog we can't do anything," Nell urged. "A beast like that can whip half a dozen men."

Newbert shook his head, his voice alert and eager.

"I'm not afraid of the dog," he declared, "unless I have to tackle the man. I can make friends with any dog I ever saw. If you're not afraid of them—you mustn't be afraid of it, if it comes around."

"But you'll have to fight him," Nell argued. "And then the dog will grab you."

"I think we can talk to him," Newbert urged. He was beginning to form a plan. "He wants the emerald, and if we don't give it to him he'll stay till he gets it. It's hidden, isn't it?" he asked Molly.

"Yes, yes," she agreed.

"Don't tell him where it is," he advised; "not till you have to."

"If it were mine," Nell exclaimed, "I'd give it to him. I'm sorry for him—a little—to be treated so."

Newbert laughed in a deprecatory fashion. "After all," he suggested, "he's a murderer."

"What difference does that make?" she asked. "I can be sorry for him, can't I?"

Molly drew back from the window and went to find a dressing gown, and joined them again.

"After all," she pointed out, "there's nothing for us to be afraid of. He just wants the emerald, and we can give it to him, if we want to, any time—if we have to."

"That's right," Newbert agreed. "There's no need to be afraid."

"That sounds all right," Nell drawled. "But I'll bet you're both as scared as me."

"I wonder why he doesn't come," Molly murmured. She added, half to herself, "I almost wish he would."

"You don't expect him to walk up the path and knock at the door, do you?" Nell reminded them; and Newbert drew back with a discomfited laugh.

"That's right, of course," he exclaimed. "I'm a darned fool, standing here; hypnotized, or something." He turned back toward the door. "I'm going to get my trusty ax, anyway," he told Nell, with a chuckle, "and the niblick for you." He came to the door, saw that it was closed, and hesitated for a moment. "That's funny," he said, and stopped where he was.

"What?" Molly asked uncertainly.

"I don't remember shutting the door when we came in," he explained. "Did I?"

Nell slipped to his side, caught his arm. "I came in behind you, and I certainly didn't shut it," she whispered. "What do you suppose ——"

Molly laughed at them both. "One way to find out who wrote a letter is to open it," she reminded them, and Newbert laid his hand on the knob and turned it. The door was hung to open outward on the balcony; but it did not yield to his pressure, and he tried again. It moved half an inch or so, stopped solidly.

"Blocked," he whispered. "Something propped against it outside." And abruptly he rattled the handle violently.

Nell, at his elbow, caught his hand, cried, "Don't! Don't make so much noise!"

"Thought I might free it," he explained, and he looked around warily. "Don't like it, being shut in here."

"We can go out through the bathroom," Molly reminded him.

"Why don't we just stay here?" Nell urged. "I don't want to go out. There's nothing I want out there."

Molly looked at Newbert, and he hesitated, considering, then shook his head.

"I want to know what's going on," he protested. "You two stay here. I'll go out the other way and look around." He added, "You can bolt the bathroom door, can't you, after I get out?"

"We'll come with you," Molly suggested, but Nell objected to this, and in the end Jim went alone. The bathroom lay between two bedrooms, and the bolts upon its doors were so arranged that they could be secured inside and out; so Molly went into the bathroom with him, and when he had passed through she bolted the door behind him, and returned into the bedroom and bolted that door as well. And she and Nell stayed close together, clinging to each other, listening for any sound that would tell them what Jim's movements were.

For a time they heard nothing at all. He went cautiously, convinced that the madman was already in the house, listening for the patter of the feet of the great dog, expecting its attack at any moment. From the bedroom he progressed to the door that led into the hall; and he took extreme care in issuing from this door, assuring himself before he ventured to show his head that there was no one in wait outside. His progress had been soundless; he thought it possible he had not yet alarmed the other man; and the open door of another bedroom immediately across the hall from that in which he stood suggested his next movement. He stooped and removed his shoes, and so silently crossed the hall and passed through that chamber and the bath into the big south bedroom opposite that in which were Molly and Nell. Whoever had barred their door would, he thought, be watching it to make sure they did not break their way to freedom; he could from this vantage take the watcher in the rear.

But—and he found this definitely disquieting—he could not hear any sound or discover any evidence that there was another man in the house. He listened, he waited and he spied in every direction that was open to his eyes, and he thought at last that the door across the hall might have stuck of itself. The great chimney rose between it and where he stood so that he could not see, and at length he ventured out upon the balcony and moved cautiously around toward it. Thus he saw that it had been fastened shut with a billet of wood, propped beneath the knob; a piece of firewood from the basket by the hearth below. The man then had come upstairs, might still be here—must be watching from some hiding place.

Molly and Nell, standing at the moment just inside that closed door, heard the soft impact of his stockinged feet approaching, and the light footfalls seemed to them like the sounds a dog's pads might make. Then they heard the log lifted away from beneath the knob; and they were clinging together in the middle of the room, watching the doorway with wide eyes filled with terror, when he opened it and looked in at them. Nell's relief at sight of him was so great that she gave a gasping cry, and even Molly caught her breath.

He saw their dismay and exclaimed, "Oh, I'm sorry!"

"You sounded like a dog," Nell told him. "Where are your shoes?"

"I wanted to move quietly," he explained. He had the stick of wood in his hands, and he lifted it to show them. "The door was propped shut with this," he said, then frowned in bewilderment. "But there's no one in the house that I can find. I haven't been everywhere, of course. It's got me. I don't see ——" They watched him, silent and intent. "I suppose he blocked us in while he took a look around."

"Looking for the emerald!" Nell cried.

He shook his head. "No, he'd know it'd be here in Mrs. Main's room."

"It isn't," said Molly unguardedly; and Newbert warned her in a quick tone, "Don't say anything about it. He must be near."

She nodded understanding; and Nell suggested eagerly, "Maybe he's found it then, and got it and gone."

Newbert hesitated, and then he laughed a little. "I'm stumped," he confessed. "I don't know what to do." He turned back to the balcony and looked toward the spot where he had left the ax. It was gone, and the niblick, too, and the discovery left him so ludicrously defenseless that he laughed again.

Nell impatiently demanded, "What's so funny, Jim?"

"He's taken my ax," he explained, "and your niblick. Lucky I had the pool balls in my pocket."

"You've got the pistol," Molly reminded him.

"It's no good," Nell explained. "It's broken."

This, that had seemed like a catastrophe when Newbert first discovered it, shrank now to inconsiderable proportions. Molly received it with the faintest nod. "I see."

"He's just fooling with us," Jim commented, with a little gesture of helplessness. "We don't know where he is or what he's doing, but he knows all about us. Probably listening to us now, spotting us. I suppose it's the emerald," he continued. "He doesn't know where it is and he's waiting for us to show him. Chances are he thinks if we're scared badly enough we'll put our hands on it."

Molly shook her head, smiling faintly. "I don't think he can ever find it in the world," she declared.

He looked at them. "Let's go downstairs," he suggested abruptly. "I'm tired of skulking around, hiding and trembling and shivering and waiting for him to get ready to do something. Let's go downstairs and sit there and talk, or go out in the kitchen and get a bite to eat. It can't be any worse than this."

Molly met his eyes fairly. "All right," she said, with a nod. She laughed in a curiously gay little fashion, her taut nerves sharpening a little the tone of this laughter. "All right, I'll go down. Will you, Nell? I'm not going to sneak around my own house any more for any crazy man." She drew her dressing gown more closely about her, knotted the cord at the waist. "Let's go out in the kitchen and get something to eat, and a cup of coffee."

She started for the door, and Nell hesitated for a moment and then came after her.

"I think you're both crazy," she said. "If it was me I'd go out and climb a tree and stay up there till morning. But I might as well get killed with the rest of you."

Newbert led the way toward the stair. "And let's quit imagining we hear things and see things," he suggested, grinning over his shoulder at them. "Keep your eyes front and your ears shut. Let him make the first move, if he's going to. What do you say?"

"Let's," Molly agreed. And as they started down the stair she came at his side, and Nell was on the other side, and they slipped their hands through his arms. The stair was not wide enough to prevent their being cramped together; they laughed at their own difficulties, their voices faintly hysterical.

At the foot of the stair they halted a moment, each one faintly faltering; but Newbert said quickly, "Come on now, the three musketeers."

"'All for one and one for all,'" Molly echoed, and they linked arms again and swung to the left toward the wide arch that led into the billiard room, thus arm in arm. Newbert was between them, one holding either arm, and Nell was on the side away from the stair, nearer the chimney. Thus she was the first to come into a position to see into the archway—the first to see the dog.

The great creature came to meet them there, came at a slow and stiff-toed walk; he was within three paces of them before Nell saw him; he was within a leap of their throats before they could check themselves. And when they stopped, stiff and still, he also stopped and poised; and his lips drew back again in that soundless little snarl.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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Post Toasties Double-Thick Corn Flakes ***stay crisp in milk or cream***

THE ACID TEST

(Continued from Page 13

Mr. Tutt turned over the leaves of the indictment. "I call attention, Your Honor, to the fact that this defendant was arrested and arraigned in the magistrate's court on January eleventh, waived examination the same day, was indicted by the grand jury on the twelfth, pleaded guilty on the thirteenth and was arraigned for sentence on the fifteenth, when I first came into the case—all within four days. It is now only the twenty-second of January—eleven days from the arrest."

The judge lifted his head. "How's that?" he inquired.

There was a rustle from the reporters' table. Had old Tutt got hold of something?

"I said, Your Honor, in effect that this comparatively insignificant defendant enjoys the remarkable distinction of having been indicted and brought to pleading after his arrest sooner, so far as I am aware, than any other criminal on record."

"I don't see that that reflects anything but credit upon the administration of criminal justice," replied Judge Barker. "McGunnigle has nothing to complain of in that respect. On the contrary, he is the gainer by it. He might have lain over in the Tombs a couple of weeks before getting indicted, and it would not have counted on his sentence."

"True," returned Mr. Tutt. "I have always said that that was one of the greatest abuses of our modern system. I ——"

"We are not here to listen to dissertations on the administration of the law," admonished Judge Barker, who liked to show his importance. "Please get to the point."

"I am at it," returned Mr. Tutt with dignity. . . . "Mr. Schlemmer, did anybody explain to McGunnigle that if he pleaded guilty it would facilitate the collection of Haecklemeyer, Schlemmer & Bintz's claim against the surety company?"

Mr. Schlemmer's manner lost something of its amiability.

"I don't remember. Very likely. Naturally, I told McGunnigle that the easier he made it for us, the easier we would make it for him."

"Exactly! And you had not the slightest doubt but the indorsement was a forgery?"

"None—I was sure of it."

"How?"

"Mr. Wiltshire said it wasn't his signature and McGunnigle admitted his guilt."

"That was enough for you?"

"It ought to be enough for anybody."

Mr. Tutt scratched his chin. "You wouldn't say it was mathematically conclusive, would you?"

"I should say it was."

Judge Barker looked up from the letter he was writing. "What are you trying to do—prove that this defendant is innocent when he says he's guilty?"

Mr. Tutt assumed an aggrieved air. "I am an old man and perhaps garrulous," he said, "but if Your Honor will bear with me, I shall hope in due time to bring out facts which will assist Your Honor in imposing sentence."

"Well, go on; but be as quick as you can."

Judge Barker returned to his correspondence. Mr. Tutt took up Schlemmer once more.

"Now, Mr. Schlemmer, just to test the question—wouldn't it be conceivably possible for Wiltshire and McGunnigle to have entered into a conspiracy, whereby McGunnigle was to admit the forgery and take the blame when, in point of fact, there had really been no forgery, Wiltshire having actually cashed the check and got the money?"

Mr. Schlemmer appeared rather disgusted. "A very remote and fantastic possibility," he answered. "It would involve disbelieving both an honest man who denied his signature and a crook who admitted forging it, when everything pointed to their telling the truth."

"That is what I wish to discuss with you. You say that McGunnigle's guilt seemed so self-evident that you had no hesitation in accusing him?"

"None whatever."

"Was one of the facts that influenced you in your opinion, that he was confessedly in need of money?"

"It was."

"And you think he committed forgery under pressure of that need?"

"I think it more than probable."

Mr. Tutt took a step forward. "But, on your own statement, he needed the money at the end of December, while the forgery was committed at the beginning of July. Why should he want the money six months after the forgery?"

Judge Barker turned to catch the witness' reply. None came.

"Would you mind answering my question, Mr. Schlemmer?"

Schlemmer cleared his throat. "I suppose my idea was that McGunnigle was generally in need of money—that he had probably been living beyond his income right along."

"Is it your theory, then, that having needed money in July, and having forged this check to get it, he needed it again at the end of December—and forged another?"

Mr. Schlemmer seemed puzzled. "I didn't work it out as fine as that," he said at length.

"Do you think McGunnigle forged other checks?"

"I don't know."

"Have you tried to find out?"

"No."

"Don't you think it might be a wise thing to do before taking a forger back into your employ?"

Judge Barker swiveled around toward the witness. "I think Mr. Tutt is right. Common prudence demands that you should have an audit of your books."

Mr. Tutt bowed. "I am glad Your Honor agrees with me. The surety company has a right to demand that this defendant should not be sentenced until we know whether there may not have been other forgeries."

Judge Barker completed the revolution of his chair, got up, crossed his arms behind his back under his gown so that it looked like a bunch of enormous tail feathers, and began walking up and down the dais.

"Let me look at that check," he remarked abruptly; and when Mr. Tutt had handed it to him—"How much of the writing on this did McGunnigle admit having forged?" he asked of Schlemmer.

"He didn't say. Only Mr. Wiltshire's signature, I assumed."

"Do you happen to know where the Yucatan Trading Co. do their banking?"

"The Cottonseed National. Mr. Wiltshire told us so here the other day."

Judge Barker removed his eyeglasses and looked significantly at the reporters gathered about the press table as if he had made a great discovery.

"This check bears the cancellation stamp of the Cottonseed National Bank. How was it possible for this defendant, or for his confederate if he had one, to cash this check at a bank where Mr. Wiltshire must have been personally known?"

"Oh, wise and upright judge!" murmured Mr. Tutt.

"If you are asking that question of me," said Mr. Schlemmer, "all I can say is that I don't know. I assume that forgers have a way of doing these things."

"Do I not recall in this connection that Mr. Wiltshire claimed that his company never indorsed checks except for deposit?" continued Judge Barker.

"That is what he said," confirmed Mr. Tutt.

"Then McGunnigle probably forged the whole indorsement, as well as Mr. Wiltshire's signature," declared His Honor with conviction. "He must have had a rubber stamp made resembling that used by the Yucatan Trading Co., but omitting the words, 'for deposit only.'"

"That is my theory," answered Mr. Tutt. "And since naturally Mr. Wiltshire was well-known at the Cottonseed National Bank, it is equally probable that the bank's cancellation stamp also is forged, and that the check was cashed at some other bank."

"But in that case, how did the Cottonseed's cancellation get there?" inquired His Honor.

"It could have been put on after the check had gone through the clearing house and been returned to Haecklemeyer, Schlemmer & Bintz with the rest of their canceled vouchers," explained Mr. Tutt.

"You mean that McGunnigle, having taken the check out of the mail, cashed it at some bank where Wiltshire was not known, and then when it came back at the end of the month, erased the cancellation stamp and forged that of the Cottonseed National?"

"Precisely. In addition, the name of the original payee may have been altered before the check was presented for payment; in fact, the forger may have inserted his own name, which would have enabled him to cash the check without difficulty."

"There is more to this than at first meets the eye," mused His Honor. "Just let me take another wink at that check. Maybe the whole thing is forged."

"Maybe it is," echoed Mr. Tutt, looking out of the window.

During this colloquy Mr. Schlemmer, who had been entirely forgotten, had been kicking his heels nervously in the witness chair.

"Do you need me any longer?" he now inquired. "We are very busy at the office just now."

"I am very sorry to detain you," apologized Mr. Tutt, "but there are one or two matters I may still wish to inquire about. . . . Now, Your Honor, may I call your attention to the fact that the word 'Yucatan' is slightly blurred where the check has been folded—that is to say, that the ink has run into the creases?"

"I see that," replied Judge Barker. "What significance do you attribute to it?"

"The paper upon which that check is printed is the finest bankers' bond—glazed. Unless it is first creased, nothing written on it will blur; which means that when the words 'The Yucatan Trading Company' were written on its face the check had already been folded. When checks are filled out in check books at the same time as their counterfoils, or stubs, as they usually are, they are quite smooth."

"I get you. You think that something had been erased before they were written in?"

"I think"—Mr. Tutt spoke with the utmost modesty—"I think that after the forger had abstracted the check from the outgoing office mail, he first erased the name of the Yucatan Trading Company as payee and inserted his own or some other convenient name in its place; then, after he had cashed the check and it had gone through the clearing house and been returned, he erased his own name as payee and again inserted that of the Yucatan company. Next he erased his own indorsement and substituted Mr. Wiltshire's; and finally he erased the cancellation stamp of the bank where he had cashed it and forged that of the Cottonseed National, thus making it appear to a superficial inspection that the Yucatan Trading Company had received and deposited the check in the ordinary course of business—with this significant difference: That since the indorsement did not read 'for deposit only,' there would always remain the question of whether Mr. Wiltshire had not cashed the check and kept the money himself. The man who did all that, Your Honor, certainly should not get off with a suspended sentence."

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"I'll say he shouldn't!" declared Judge Barker. "But how do you know that it is so?"

"I should like to ask Mr. Schlemmer what he thinks about it," ventured Mr. Tutt mildly. "Will you look at the check for a moment, please, Mr. Schlemmer?"

"I am afraid I can't be of any help to you, Mr. Tutt," grinned the witness, flashing his gold bicuspid. "What I don't know about forgery would fill an encyclopedia."

Mr. Tutt grinned in sympathy. "I guess we are all in the same boat so far as that is concerned. Anyhow, you will agree with me that a man clever enough to think up a scheme like that and put it into successful execution is a pretty dangerous criminal? You certainly would not ask any court to give him a suspended sentence."

"No, I suppose not," conceded Mr. Schlemmer. "Only, I don't see why we should assume that McGunnigle did all these things. Why not give him the benefit of the doubt?"

"Fortunately, we do not have to assume anything," announced Mr. Tutt. "Where handwriting has been erased by the use of acid, it can sometimes be brought back by chlorine gas, although it quickly fades out again. I have with me the necessary ingredients and we may be able to find out to what extent this check has been tampered with. I am not much of an alchemist, but I've dabbled a bit in chemistry, as in most things. If Your Honor will put up with an old man's hobby ——"

"Go to it!" said Barker, glad of an excuse to relax. "Give us your whole box of tricks!"

"Well, here they are!"

Mr. Tutt bent over, and lifting a black bag from beneath the table, opened it and took out a glass retort the shape of a gourd, and a couple of phials.

"This object which resembles a small pumpkin," said he, indicating the retort with its long bent-over stem, "is used for generating the gas from the ammonia and sulphur contained in these two phials. Most inks are composed of iron and coloring matter, and the iron has a nasty and most inconsiderate way of remaining in the paper after the coloring matter has been removed by ink eradicator. The fumes of sulphur and ammonia combine with the iron to produce a temporary brown stain. First I pour in the sulphur ——"

"Hold on a minute!" admonished His Honor, descending hastily from the dais, while the reporters surged into the jury box. "I want to see this!"

Mr. Tutt waited until they had gathered around him, not unlike the group of surgeons in Rembrandt's famous Lesson in Anatomy, then slowly poured into it the contents of the phial of ammonia.

The retort was now almost full of a yellowish liquid which rose half an inch above the opening into the stem. A mist had gathered upon the inside of the glass.

"Now, boys," exclaimed Mr. Tutt, who was enjoying himself even more than usual, "just give the old man a little more room, will you? My knowledge of the black art is limited and if I get rattled I might make a mistake and evoke an evil spirit or something. Suppose we try the front of the check first. Are you ready?"

He tilted the retort so that the contents fell below the aperture of the stem, thus allowing the gas to escape.

Then he removed the cork at the end, held the check just above it and struck an attitude.

"Aldeborontophoscophormio — hic haec hoc—hujus hujus hujus—e pluribus unum—great snakes and John D. Rockefeller—where left you Chrononhotonthologos?" he chanted in a hollow voice.

Faintly, but almost as if raised by his incantation, there appeared beneath the writing on the face of the check a dingy yellow stain which grew in distinctness until the two blended into a confused web work.

"Well, I'll be dog-goned!" ejaculated the Honorable Barker, momentarily unmindful of his judicial dignity. "What does it say?"

"It's fading out already!" wailed Deacon Terry, of the Tribune. "If only we could photograph it before it disappears! Can't one of you sharks make out what it is?"

"Perhaps we'll have better luck with the indorsement," said Mr. Tutt, turning the check over and moving it slowly back and forth against the end of the stem of the retort.

Again, almost at once, a chrome stain appeared—indubitably handwriting—below the words "Yucatan Trading Co."

Mr. Schlemmer had joined the group and was watching the proceedings through his heavy glasses with keen attention.

"This is certainly most interesting!" he breathed. "If we could only decipher those marks, we could find out just how McGunnigle worked it. I confess I've been entirely baffled"

"Luckily, I shall be able to satisfy your curiosity," Mr. Tutt informed him. "I must confess, Your Honor, to a slight disingenuousness. In fact, during the adjournment, I took advantage of the court's permission to examine the exhibits, made this identical experiment last Saturday and photographed the markings during the few seconds before they vanished. These photographs I have had enlarged a few dozen diameters."

He lifted something like a window shade from beneath the table and allowed it to unroll from his hand. Through the superimposed indorsement, as upon a palimpsest, could now clearly be seen, the words:

"For deposit in the Flatbush Trust Co.
Marcus N. Aaronson."

"And so, Your Honor and assembled gentlemen," cried the old man triumphantly, "we know precisely what this forger did. He first substituted the name of Aaronson for that of the payee, deposited the check at the Flatbush Trust Company and, having again secured possession of the voucher after it had been returned through the clearing house, erased his forgery and replaced the name of the Yucatan Trading Company, the original payee. He then turned the check over and, erasing the Aaronson indorsement, forged that of the trading company; erased the cancellation stamp of the Flatbush Trust Company and forged that of the Cottonseed National. A pretty clever piece of work, I think Your Honor and Mr. Schlemmer will both agree."

"I certainly take my hat off to you, Mr. Tutt!" declared Judge Barker. "You have satisfied me that this is no case for clemency!"

Mr. Tutt made his best bow. "Just to make the case complete, Your Honor, I have subpœnaed the paying teller of the Flatbush Trust Company. He is here in court. He may be able to put the final seal of confirmation upon our theoretical speculations by identifying the check as having been deposited in his bank."

"I must say that you have thought of everything," complimented Judge Barker, resuming his seat on the bench. "Call your witness!"

"Mr. Brainard, take the stand," directed Mr. Tutt. "Are you the paying teller of the Flatbush Trust Company?"

"I am," answered Mr. Brainard, who had seated himself in the chair just vacated by Mr. Schlemmer.

"How long have you held that position?"

"Nine years."

"Have you a depositor calling himself Marcus N. Aaronson?"

"We have."

"When did he open his account?"

"A couple of years ago."

"What were the circumstances?"

"Mr. Aaronson called with letters of introduction, satisfied us of his identity and started his account in the usual way."

"What address did he give?"

"—— High Street, Flatbush."

"Has his account been an active one?"

"Very."

"Have you brought a transcript of it with you?"

"Yes." Mr. Brainard took from his inside pocket a roll of paper.

"Will you tell us whether or not Mr. Aaronson made a deposit on the third of last July?"

The witness ran his finger down the column of figures. "He did."

"How much was it?"

"Six thousand dollars."

Judge Barker nodded at Mr. Tutt, then addressed the witness: "What have Mr. Aaronson's deposits aggregated during the last year?"

"About forty thousand dollars."

"How many separate deposits?"

"Nineteen."

The judge raised his eyebrows at Mr. Schlemmer. "I guess you had better get busy with your audit of accounts as soon as possible. . . . You were quite right, Mr. Tutt. I am in a good deal better position to impose sentence now than I was last week. Have you anything more to ask the witness?"

"Only one question. Mr. Brainard, will you be good enough to look around and tell us if you see Mr. Aaronson anywhere?"

"Sure!" answered the witness, without hesitation.

"Please point him out to us."

"Right there!" said Mr. Brainard, extending a forefinger toward Mr. Schlemmer.

"How is that?" demanded His Honor incredulously. "Do you say that Schlemmer and not the defendant opened the account with your bank under the name of Aaronson?"

Mr. Brainard looked at McGunnigle. "I never saw that little fellow in my life. That big man there is Mr. Aaronson. I know him well. His wife and mine belong to the same bridge club. They meet every Saturday at his house on High Street. He always ——"

But Mr. Brainard's explanation of what Mr. Schlemmer always did was interrupted by what Mr. Schlemmer attempted to do at that particular instant. With a truly astonishing agility for one of his size, Mr. Schlemmer crashed through the opening in the rail beside the dais and darted toward the door leading into the robing room.

"He'll not get far, judge," announced Mr. Tutt. "There is an officer outside waiting to arrest him for the forgery of the indorsements on eighteen other checks drawn by the firm of Haecklemeyer, Schlemmer & Bintz to the order of their various creditors."

Indeed, at that moment the court-room door opened and Detective Mulligan appeared, leading a very much disheveled Schlemmer by the collar, although a wilted carnation still tilted dangerously from his lapel.

"What shall I do with this man, judge, Your Honor?" asked the officer.

"Take him downstairs to the pen," directed Barker. As the door clanged to behind the pair, his eyes shifted curiously to the small bent figure at the bar. "What have you got to say now, Mr. McGunnigle? Do you still claim that you are guilty?"

John McGunnigle looked bewilderedly from Mr. Tutt to the judge, and then back again to the old lawyer who had so miraculously become his champion.

"I don't know what to say," he stammered.

"You can't both of you be guilty," opined His Honor, "unless you and he were in cahoots—in which case I don't see why Schlemmer should be trying to send you to jail. It's beyond me! What do you make of it, Mr. Tutt?"

Mr. Tutt caressed his long lantern jaw. "I know nothing more about the case than you do, judge," he said. "But if Your Honor will bear with me ——"

"We hope to bear with you for a long time yet," the judge assured him.

"I have a theory."

"Well, let's hear it." Barker settled himself comfortably and arched his fingers. "Take all the time you want! Go ahead! What is your theory?"

Mr. Tutt glanced at McGunnigle, who was sagging against the rail

"Might I suggest that the defendant—if he is still a defendant—be allowed to sit down?" he inquired.

"Sure! Give Mr. McGunnigle a seat inside the rail."

Thus it was that John McGunnigle found himself sitting beside Mr. Tutt while the latter reconstructed—*ex pede Herculem*—the great case of The People versus Schlemmer.

"If Your Honor please," began the old lawyer, "I have never exchanged one word with this defendant. He is an utter stranger to me, except for what I have ascertained from his friends and neighbors, all of whom say that they have never seen aught but good in him. We start therefore with the premise that, except for his plea of guilty in this case, John McGunnigle is, at seventy-two, a man of good reputation, and has worked faithfully for his present employers for fifteen years. Doctor Bell, his family physician, a man of standing, tells me that last autumn Mr. McGunnigle's daughter, Mrs. Strawbridge, developed tuberculosis of such a virulent character that a dry, warm climate was imperative for her. She needed the best medical attention, comfortable and quiet surroundings, and the constant care of trained nurses. Accordingly, McGunnigle started out to borrow the necessary funds. But he was attempting the impossible. Nobody would lend him five thousand or three thousand or one thousand dollars without security. Meantime his daughter was growing steadily worse, and the old man was nearly out of his mind with anxiety."

He paused and glanced down at the shriveled form beside him.

"At this point let us see what happens. A forgery is suddenly discovered among the firm's vouchers. Mr. Wiltshire, whose name appears as indorser, says that the signature is not his. Mr. Schlemmer, who takes charge of the matter, does not challenge Mr. Wiltshire's accuracy, although it was possible in this case, as in any other, that he might be mistaken. People often sign papers or indorse checks and forget that they have done so. But Schlemmer does not even send the check over to the Cottonseed National for the purpose of inquiring if it was cashed there! He immediately assumes that McGunnigle in some mysterious way was able to impersonate Wiltshire and cash the check at a bank where Wiltshire and he were both familiar figures. That in itself is an astounding fact. On the contrary, he calls in the police and has McGunnigle arrested, indicted and brought to the bar of justice for sentence within less than one hundred hours. Why? The only reason that I can evolve is that, once the guilt had been saddled upon McGunnigle and he had been sentenced for the forgery, it was probable or at any rate possible that the matter might be forgotten. The surety company would have made good, Haecklemeyer, Schlemmer & Bintz would have lost nothing; and the surety company, satisfied by McGunnigle's admission that he was the forger, would have had no particular object in spending a lot of time and money in trying to ferret out just what method he had employed."

He paused again.

"The case had several other peculiar aspects. Schlemmer apparently saw no reason for having an audit of the firm's books, or making any investigation of the other returned vouchers in the files, in spite of the fact that the forgery had been committed in July, while McGunnigle had needed the money in December and might therefore well be suspected of having committed others. Moreover, Schlemmer was not only anxious to persuade Your Honor to suspend sentence but was willing to take an admitted forger back into the firm's employ—a very curious proceeding, particularly as he had no personal interest in him.

"There was one other fact purely coincidental in its nature. In one of my nocturnal rambles for the purpose of seeing how far the prohibition law was being enforced, I dropped into a rather notorious cabaret in Greenwich Village and happened to observe one of the patrons in the company of a blond lady who did not look like a wife, in

(Continued on Page 81)

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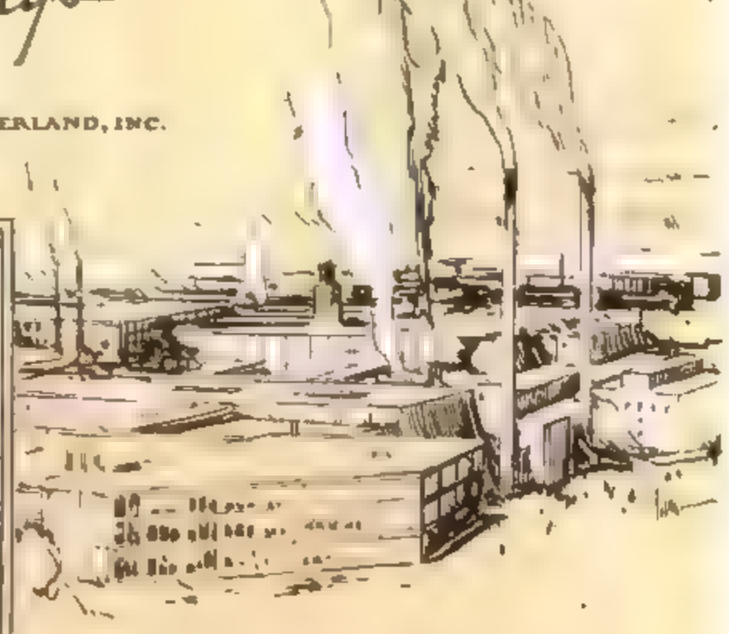

THE European school of engineering thought is revolutionizing the building of American automobiles today.

For years in Europe, the trend has been toward the "high-speed" engine with small bore and long stroke. An engine capable of great power development and tremendous speed.

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The direct result of the "high-speed" engine in Europe has been lighter weight with greater relative chassis strength . . . greater speed.

It has made possible cars hugging closer to the ground, with lower clearance . . . smaller wheels . . . lower height . . . less wind resistance. It has led to the super-development of four-wheel brakes, quicker stopping, greater safety, speedier acceleration and more efficient all round performance.

American manufacturers, though handicapped by enormous machinery and tool equipment for the old type of automobile, have been alert to this trend of design for the past few years.

And there is no shadow of doubt that this trend will rapidly revolutionize the entire principle of American motor-car design along the greatly improved lines of European efficiency.

A Momentous Engineering Achievement

THROUGH a far-sighted association with British manufacturing interests established after the war, Willys-Overland engineers have been in a peculiarly strategic position to study at first hand the "high-speed" engine development in Europe.

This unique relationship has enabled them to maintain intimate contact with the leading engineering authorities of the world.

Many new improvements were actually developed and worked out in Europe.

And now, after two years of intensive effort, the "high-speed" engine is available in a group of American passenger cars especially designed to meet the demands of this new power principle.

It is logical that Willys-Overland should be the first to present a complete line of automobiles powered with "high-speed" super-efficient motors and engineered along modern European lines.

This development has made necessary complete and radical engineering changes throughout both body and chassis designs.

Every unit has been engineered, tested and correlated with other units.

Four-wheel brakes, for example, first introduced in America as an added feature, are now an integral part of these new-type cars.

They are engineered throughout as complete, harmonious units.

Through the application of this principle . . . lighter weight . . . smaller wheels . . . more power . . . greater speed and a lower center of gravity have been obtained. Body lines are longer, lower, smarter than ever before.

These advantages . . . formerly found only on the most expensive European cars . . . are now available to every American owner.

The new American performance standards

Fifteen months ago we announced the Overland

The Willys-Knight "70" Six Sedan, $1495, f. o. b. factory. The right is reserved to change prices and specifications

Six . . . the first car of this new type in the $1000 class. A car that will out-pull, out-run and out-perform any other automobile of its size, or weight, or price.

Over 100,000 are already in use. And sales are growing at the rate of 2,000 every week.

This is a first year record that never has been equaled by a car of this price before.

Such success does not come by chance. It proves conclusively the public wants and appreciates the practical advantages of these engineering achievements.

Our next step in interpreting this modern trend of design was the Willys-Knight Great Six, introduced early last year.

The Great Six was so far ahead of any car previously offered in the luxury group that 28,000 owners are already driving this automobile. Another record breaking triumph among the most discriminating group of buyers in the world.

No car built today affords finer quality or more thrilling performance. In addition to the advantages of all other fine cars, this car has the great outstanding advantage of the exclusive, patented Knight sleeve-valve motor—the only motor that improves with use.

65 miles an hour is average performance in the hands of average owners . . . the kind you can expect when you drive this car.

* * *

AND now the new Willys-Knight "70" Six, in five months has won a position in public favor never equaled by any car of its type before in a similar short period. Production is still thousands of orders behind the demand.

No other engine in America of similar dimensions develops such phenomenal power as its Willys-Knight high-speed motor.

With a 2 15/16-inch bore and a 4½-inch stroke, this car delivers greater power per cubic-inch of piston displacement, throughout its entire range, than any stock American motor-car engine built today.

With these great engineering achievements, Willys-Overland presents the first complete line of cars to be entirely engineered along modern European lines. An achievement we believe to be unequaled in American motor-car experience.

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Be sure you buy an up-to-date car. A car built to meet these new standards of design.

The Willys-Overland merchant in your city will gladly place an automobile at your disposal whenever you wish. So that you may find out from actual experience just what this super-power means in performance . . . in comfort . . . in the ultimate resale value of your car.

The new Willys Finance Plan means more convenient terms than ever before—less money down, smaller monthly payments; and the lowest credit-cost in the industry. Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio; Willys-Overland Sales Co. Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

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Why does a chauffeur-driven car usually need so few repairs? The difference is not in the car. Not in the driving. It's in the ***care*** of the car. A close check of garage records shows that 80% of all your repair bills are needless. Due simply to lack of proper lubrication.

Your private chauffeur watches every hidden chassis bearing as closely as he does engine oil. He never guesses about lubrication of these vital parts. Hence his repairs are almost nothing 20,000 miles without a dollar for repairs is common.

Today you don't need to have a chauffeur to get the same saving in repairs. An organization of 72,000 men with an investment of over $100,000,000 makes this possible.

Everywhere you drive you see Alemite Lubricating Service Stations. Just drive your car on to one of these racks—every 500 miles. Expert attendants inspect and lubricate every hard-wearing, vital bearing on your car, while you wait. With positive high pressure apparatus, fresh lubricant is forced entirely through each bearing. Old, worn out, gritty grease is forced out at the same time.

This kind of lubrication, every 500 miles, will cut your repair bills in half. And depreciation and repairs are your greatest single operating costs, whether you realize it or not.

Fleet operators have proved repeatedly that regular methodical use of Alemite actually cuts operating costs 1¢ to 1¾¢ per mile. Apply their experience to the care of your own car. It means $100 to $275 saved in a year's time.

Make it a habit to patronize your nearest Alemite Station—every 500 miles. It pays.

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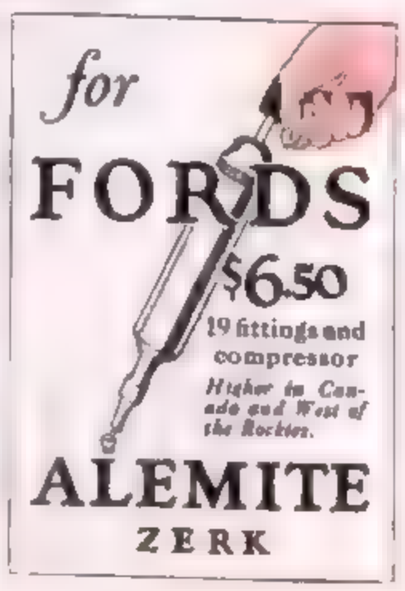

ALEMITE

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High Pressure Lubrication

(Continued from Page 76)

an advanced stage of intoxication. The man had a gold tooth and by it, later, I was able to recognize Schlemmer as the person in question."

Mr. Tutt poured himself out a glass of water, drank a little and proceeded:

"When I came into court last week and saw Mr. McGunnigle I had a hunch that there was something queer about the case. It was, so to speak, too easy, if Your Honor gets my meaning. After securing the adjournment, I immediately took a photostat copy of the check to the Cottonseed National, where the paying teller, as I knew he would, declared that it would have been utterly impossible for anybody but Mr. Wiltshire to have cashed it. This meant that the name of some other payee had been substituted for that of the Yucatan Trading Company. But how was I to find out what the name had been? Well, I hied me to the public library and spent a few hours reading up the effect of acids on ink, and Saturday afternoon I came here with my retort, and Mr. Dollar and I had a field day. We fumed the check, photographed the stains, had 'em enlarged and thus discovered that Mr. Marcus N. Aaronson had cashed the check at the Flatbush Trust Company. The rest was simple. I procured from Mr. Brainard his depositor's address on High Street and sent Willie Toothacker, my office boy, there the next evening with a package for Mr. Aaronson—a beautiful box of poker chips that cost me fifteen good simoleons. He had seen Schlemmer in court. Well, Mr. Schlemmer opened the door and took in the chips."

"How did you know he played poker?" inquired the judge facetiously.

"I had another hunch," laughed Mr. Tutt. "Well, that was that! Then I got hold of Haecklemeyer and told him that he was harboring a viper in his bosom, and he had the firm's books secretly audited and found that Schlemmer had forged eighteen other checks in exactly the same way. You see, Schlemmer needed the money because he was a two-family man. Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays he lived at —— Park Avenue, New York; and Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays he spent in Flatbush. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*"

"I concur!" said His Honor. "But you haven't explained why McGunnigle pleaded guilty. What is your theory about that?"

"Haven't you got any yourself?"

Judge Barker shook his head.

Deacon Terry shot up his hand. "I have, teacher!"

"Give me a chance!" protested His Honor. "How about this? Schlemmer knew McGunnigle had a dying daughter and would do anything to save her. When Wiltshire bobbed up and declared his name had been forged, Schlemmer bribed McGunnigle to take the blame, promising to get him off as easily as possible and exacting as a condition that he should never open his lips in defense or explanation. McGunnigle used the money to send the girl to Arizona. From Schlemmer's point of view, it probably looked pretty safe."

"It was," agreed Mr. Tutt, laying his hand on McGunnigle's shoulder. "He knew he was dealing with an honest man who would live up to his end of the bargain. McGunnigle did so, but that couldn't save Schlemmer."

"Not with old man Tutt on his track!" whispered the Deacon loud enough for everybody to hear.

"I might add that Mr. Haecklemeyer says the firm's name from now on is going to be Haecklemeyer, Bintz & McGunnigle."

"And I might add," remarked His Honor, "that Schlemmer's name for the next ten years is going to be Convict Number 1313, and his address Ossining, New York. Mr. McGunnigle, you are discharged. I hope your daughter will be better soon."

"She is, thank you," said John McGunnigle, giving utterance to a fact for the first time.

BANBURY CROSS

(Continued from Page 7)

bright-green door, faded now to an enigmatic blue. Huddled up like a small white owl in the shadow of the soaring elms, the house stared back at him solemnly and forlornly. It looked so helpless and reproachful that Nick, disconcerted to the marrow of his volatile bones, took his hand quickly from the gate. So it was still empty. They hadn't come back. For once he had been wrong.

He drove his hands deep into his pockets and turned dispiritedly away; what an infernal sell! A dozen steps farther on he jerked about with an undefeated glitter in his eye. After all, he wasn't half so likely to be wrong as the idiotically despondent little house. Retracing his steps briskly, he shoved the gate open with no ceremony of compunction, marched ruthlessly up through the weeds to the green door and executed a smart rat-a-tat with the handle.

No answer—Nick had not expected an answer. He was merely going through the empty formalities that would justify, in his highly inexigent eyes, his subsequent dubious proceedings. The first of these was to turn the door handle; when that proved fruitless, he bent his energies to pressing down on it hard and pushing in sharply, an expression of keen annoyance darkening his affable countenance when this likewise proved unavailing. With ill-concealed resentment, he relinquished his hold and got down to business. This consisted in a series of delicate and crafty maneuvers with a penknife, a corkscrew and a bit of wood nicely adjusted as the well-known entering wedge, accompanied by a number of captious grunts as the intricacy of his operations increased. Obviously the profession of Jimmy Valentine had lost a valuable acquisition when young Mr. Bird decided on criticism as a career. In less than three minutes he strode triumphantly across the threshold.

The moonlight was flooding in through every one of the many-paned windows. If he had been as observant as he was obstinate, he could have saved himself considerable trouble. The shutters were open and the windows were shiningly clean—hardly the insignia of a definitely deserted house. But there, standing squarely in the middle of the hall, was more heartening corroboration of his rightness and the house's wrongness—there in the pools of moonlight amidst the furniture, still huddled in its white covers, stood the largest trunk in the world, flanked by two mammoth hat trunks, with an interesting group of bags, cases and boxes lurking in the rear. Each of these articles bore a glaring red tag and each tag bore the boldly printed inscription: "Miss Abigail Ruff, Little Orchards, Banbury Cross, Connecticut."

Nick tarried no longer; a three-volume novel could have contained no more than those eloquent labels. He was right again, and it was, in a manner of speaking, getting on. A minute later the house was as deserted as ever and the erstwhile marauder was turning his errant steps back toward the house that wanted a boarder. He bore down on this with alacrity; it had been a wearing evening.

Half-past one! Time for good little critics to be in bed. He mounted the steps with as little compunction as though it were twelve hours later, detached the Boarder Wanted sign with a dexterous flip and applied a lingering finger to the bell. After what seemed an entirely unreasonable period of hollow silence, he applied it more assiduously. A slightly longer period having elapsed, he decided simply to keep it there, removing it delicately for mere fractions of a second in order to get a more abominable effect of syncopation. He could hear the racket that it was making with gratifying distinctness. It was simply infernal. Apparently it finally penetrated the reserve of at least one of the inhabitants. A window directly over his head was banged violently open and a female voice, thick with angry passions, inquired ominously: "Here! What you doin' down there?"

Nick removed his finger and waved the sign ingratiatingly in the direction of the voice.

"I'm the boarder," he announced blithely.

"Where you good-for-nothin' loafers git that sinful stuff in this place is beyond me," replied the voice venomously. "Sets every last one of you crazy as June bugs, too. I hope to Jerusalem it kills you. Git down offa that porch 'fore I call in the police!"

"Aunt Mitty," said Nick plaintively, "I never in all my born days heard such a baseless accusation! Never mind, I'll forgive you this once if you hurry. Aren't you glad I've come back? It's me—it's Nick Bird."

"I don't care if it's the old Nick himself," remarked the voice with emphasis. "Mitty Bascom died two years ago last Halloween, or I'll be bound she'd given you a good piece of her mind. Clear off now, 'fore I sick my tomcat on you."

"Aunt Mitty dead?" repeated the shocked young man, his resourcefulness for once deserting him. "Aunt Mitty? I can't believe it!"

"Well, it's no idle gossip," remarked Aunt Mitty's inhospitable successor grimly. "I don't know anyone had a better right to die, goin' on eighty-nine, which is a good sight older than you'll live to see if you keep up these didoes. Are you goin' to light out of here or aren't you?"

"I aren't," said Nick candidly. "I haven't any place in the whole wide world to light, and you really oughtn't to leave signs like this hanging around if you don't mean them. It's misleading and hypocritical and far, far from kind. Besides, if you were to go scouring around for years and years, you couldn't possibly find a better boarder. Do come down and open the door and see what a treasure I am."

"I'll give you till I count ten to take yourself off them steps, then I let Pompey loose and call in the police. One—two—three—four —— What for mercy sakes are you doin' now?"

"I'm going to bed," replied Nick with dignity. "Naturally, my idea of a perfectly appointed resting place doesn't include a gravel path for box springs and a signboard for a pillow, but I certainly can't stand here all night arguing with you. As they say around the tea tables: My dear, I'm simply ready to drop. Hurry Pompey along, will you? Next to kittens, there's nothing I like better than cats."

"Don't you budge from there," admonished the voice inconsistently, after a moment of stupefied silence. "Like as not, they're out tearin' all over the country lookin' for you this minute, wonderin' how you got loose of your strait-jacket. The police'll look after you for one night. Mebbe they can pad up a cell so's you'll be comfortable."

"Don't get in the police, whatever you do," urged Nick. "They'll have to run you in as sure as shooting for misleading the public and refusing hospitality to a traveler. There's a jolly old law about that. I'll get it for you sometime if you're fond of reading. Well, it certainly does seem a pity—I can't keep my feet out of these pansies, somehow, and I was going to give you thirty-five dollars a week and a bunch of roses every day, and a nice ripe mouse for Pompey."

"Thirty-five dollars a week?"

"Thirty-six, and Thursday evenings off and a world of delicate attentions."

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"I'm comin' down," said the voice precipitately. "You oughtn't to be around at large a minute longer; you're a menace to the community. You can have the back parlor and two eggs for breakfast till I locate your keepers. Don't you budge!"

Nicholas compromised slightly with this proposition—he budged, but not extensively. He roused himself to a sitting position on the gravel path, circled his long knees with his longer arms, and shot a wide, impish and disarming grin at the gaunt lady in the raincoat and woolly slippers stalking toward him through the moonlight. It evidently reached its mark, for a small, sour reflection of his amusement twitched at the grim lips of his future landlady.

"They stopped spankin' you too soon," she commented accurately. "Get up offa that path and come into the house. I'm Mitty Bascom's third cousin Em from Candle Corners. I couldn't go to church Sunday if I let you go wandering around with the dearth of sense you got. I'll take twenty-five dollars a week from you, and a dollar extra every time you get sassy—and I'm liable to wind up a multimillionaire, let me tell you. Come on—step lively."

Nick's grin widened. "Dear lady," he began ardently. "No! Come, come, come, my lad, what urban cant is this? . . . Aunt Em, when do the Ruffs get home?"

"There's only one of 'em left," said his new aunt. "Mr. Ruff died twelve years back and Mrs. Ruff died last week. It's the girl who's coming home. I heard she was getting here late tonight in an automobile. Her horse and about seventeen trunks came this morning. Sounds like we were going to add two full-grown lunatics to the rapidly growing population of Banbury Cross before morning."

"I knew Mr. Ruff was dead," said Nick. "He and grandfather both died that same spring. I was Judge Allan's grandson, you know. I used to come up here every vacation. Gosh! Gosh, how I loved it! Have the Ruffs been back often?"

"They've never been back once. Mrs. Ruff hated it worse'n cats. She marched that child out of the house three days after her father was buried, and no one around these parts have seen hair nor hide of 'em since."

"Such nice hair too," murmured Nick, his eyes on his silver friend, the moon. "The reddest hair I ever did see—used to make me jump every time I looked at it. On a Spaniard too—*muy curiosa*, if you ask me. Well, Madame Nina was a very pretty lady. Coming across the green with a black lace parasol tipped over her shoulder, and black shadows under her eyes, and lips as red as her hair and a rose as white as her hands, she was a sight distinctly not to be sneezed at—oh, distinctly."

"I'd sneeze at her," remarked his landlady briefly. "And if she wasn't five days dead I'd go further than that. . . . Are you comin' in or aren't you? What you starin' at like that?"

"I thought I saw something through those trees at the bend of the lane."

"Saw what?"

"It looked rather like a white horse," said Nick; "a white horse with a long-legged little girl on it. It's hard to tell from here, but hasn't she got on white knickerbockers and a white shirt, and two red braids down to her knees?"

"For the love of Moses!" commented his Aunt Em in hushed tones. "It's plain suicide to let you into the house. Can you tell from here whether she's got a tomahawk in her teeth and kittens up her cuffs? . . . Now what's ailin' you?"

"Aunt Em," inquired her nephew, rising dramatically on four paws and applying his ear to the ground, "do you hear hoof beats?"

"I hear as scandalous a pack of stuff and nonsense as ever I heard in my born days," replied that unromantic lady with spirit. "And I hear an automobile tooting down there at the first crossing. That red-headed Ruff girl, I'll be bound, headed for home at two o'clock in the morning!"

Nick scrambled hastily to his feet, placed an imperative hand on Aunt Em's shoulder and ran her unceremoniously up the path to the house.

"Hurry up!" he urged. "What in the world do you mean, keeping me up till this hour of the night? I'd have you know that I have an engagement with that red-headed Ruff girl in the morning."

"In the morning?"

"Rather early in the morning. I think perhaps you'd better give me a hearty rouse at about half-past five." Mr. Bird stifled a prodigious yawn at the mere thought and added virtuously: "I'm old-fashioned about that kind of a thing. I always say that it's better not to be more than twelve years late for an engagement."

Five hours after he had stifled that yawn, Mr. Nicholas Bird, perched high on the gate bars of the old Merryweather farm, whence he commanded an excellent view of all the little hills and great trees and rambling gray walls that make up a Connecticut landscape, stowed away the last enormous bite of a Gargantuan sandwich and scrambled down from his observation post. His watchful eye had discerned, far off over the minute hills and dales, an animated white object scampering rapidly and steadily in his general direction. Nicholas had apparently no intention of avoiding it—in fact, he advanced briskly down the road for a short distance, halted at a bend, eyed the terrain critically, kicked two or three large stones out of the way and tested the consistency of the dirt road with a captious heel.

Evidently his investigations satisfied him, as he thereupon assumed a relaxed attitude squarely in the middle of the road and devoted his energies to watchful waiting. It was not long before his vigilance was rewarded; hoof beats were drumming suddenly in his ears—the hoof beats that he had heard coming nearer and nearer the night before, that had been coming nearer and nearer for years and years. He dug his heels into the ground, took a long breath—round the corner swung a lady on a white horse, her red braids flying, her red braids shining.

"Hi!" shouted Mr. Bird in arresting tones. "Hi!"

He flung out his arms as he shouted, and the lady, with one frantic clutch at the reins, shot neatly over the white horse's ears and into the outflung arms. Mr. Bird steadied her with chivalrous solicitude.

"My dear child, how you have grown!" he commented feelingly. "Still, I'd have known you anywhere. What a girl you always were for falling off horses! Here one minute, gone the next. No one in the world could touch you at it—absolutely."

"Nicholas Bird," panted the object of his tributes, "did you do that on purpose?"

"Now, Reddy, be reasonable. I've been waiting for twelve years to talk to you—that's long enough, isn't it? Name of a pipe, what does this girl exact?"

"Oh, Nick!" cried the irresponsible creature before him, still breathless from her unpremeditated flight. "Oh, Nick, how heavenly to see you again! Nick, it's really you?"

"I rather think so," he assured her. "In fact, I'm practically sure of it. But the horse doesn't seem to be. He looks as though he'd never met me in his life; and frankly, though I'm not sensitive, he looks as though he didn't care whether he ever did. Have I changed as much as all that, Fido?"

"Donkey!" laughed the red-headed girl joyously. "Fido went to his fathers seven years ago. This is White Wings."

"I don't think he likes me. No, obviously I'm understating it. He simply loathes me. Don't let's pay any attention to him. Why did you make me wait twelve years to talk to you, Reddy?"

"Nick, I wanted so dreadfully, dreadfully to talk to you!"

"Why didn't you answer my letters?"

"I never got them. Were they nice letters?"

"The nicest letters that any girl never got. Where have you been all these days and nights?"

"Oh," said the girl with a little gesture of passionate distaste, "everywhere—you don't know how many dreadful places. Budapest and Sydney and Rio and Moscow and Milan and ——"

"Dreadful? You're exigent, my child."

"Dreadful if you don't want to be in them," maintained the child defiantly. "Dreadful, dreadful, dreadful! No daisies, no haystacks, no cookies, no cider, no dead leaves, no candles except in churches, no flowers except on wires, no moonlight except through windows. Dreadful!"

"Poor Reddy," mocked Nicholas gently. "Why didn't you run away?"

"I couldn't." Her dark eyes were suddenly darker. "I was with Nina, you know. She wanted all those places she hadn't had for so long. That was fair, wasn't it? She hadn't had quite a lot of things that she wanted. But last week she died, and I've come home."

"I'm glad you've come home."

"Oh, Nick," said Nina's daughter, her voice hanging on a long, tremulous breath, "if you knew how lost I've been, how —— But Nina was frightfully happy; that's something, isn't it?"

"That's a lot."

"She was wonderful when she was happy," said Reddy. "Well, that's that. What have you been doing?"

"I've been playing with matches. Royal Flying Corps for three years, our own service for two, a year cooling my heels in France while the powers that be tried to decide whether there was any way to get us back except letting us swim for it, spending all the money that grandfather had saved for seventy-two years in two—and I may add that it ran to no Roman orgies, at that; it ran out entirely on acquiring the best guides for hunting and fishing to be procured in these United States. Well, there you are! Not a very inspiring record, if you eye it critically."

"That's only eight years," remarked Reddy accurately. "What about the last four?"

"My dear girl, what a head for figures! Ah, how happy you're going to make some lucky fellow one of these days!"

"What about the last four years?" reiterated the thankless girl. "What about now?"

For the first time in their interview—possibly for the first time in his life—young Mr. Bird looked slightly disconcerted. He shifted his weight from one foot to the other and smiled ingratiatingly.

"What a way you do have of clawing right down to the heart of things! Magnificent, if you ask me. The last four years, says she—now, says she—what about them indeed?"

"Well, what about them?" Reddy contemplated this flightiness with unconcealed apprehension. "You aren't a burglar, are you?"

"Reddy, what beautiful things you think of! But candidly, no."

"Or a bootlegger? I think that you'd be brazener about it if you were a bootlegger. Please hurry, you're making me nervous."

"Well," said Nick jauntily, "I'm—I'm by way of being a reporter."

"What?"

At the unfeigned horror of that cry Nick shifted hastily back to the other foot.

"Or a critic," he amended hastily. "Yes, let's say a critic."

Reddy, eying him much as though he had just informed her that he was a man-eating Bengal tiger, took three swift steps backward toward the neglected White Wings.

"What kind of a critic?" she demanded in a frozen whisper.

(Continued on Page 85)

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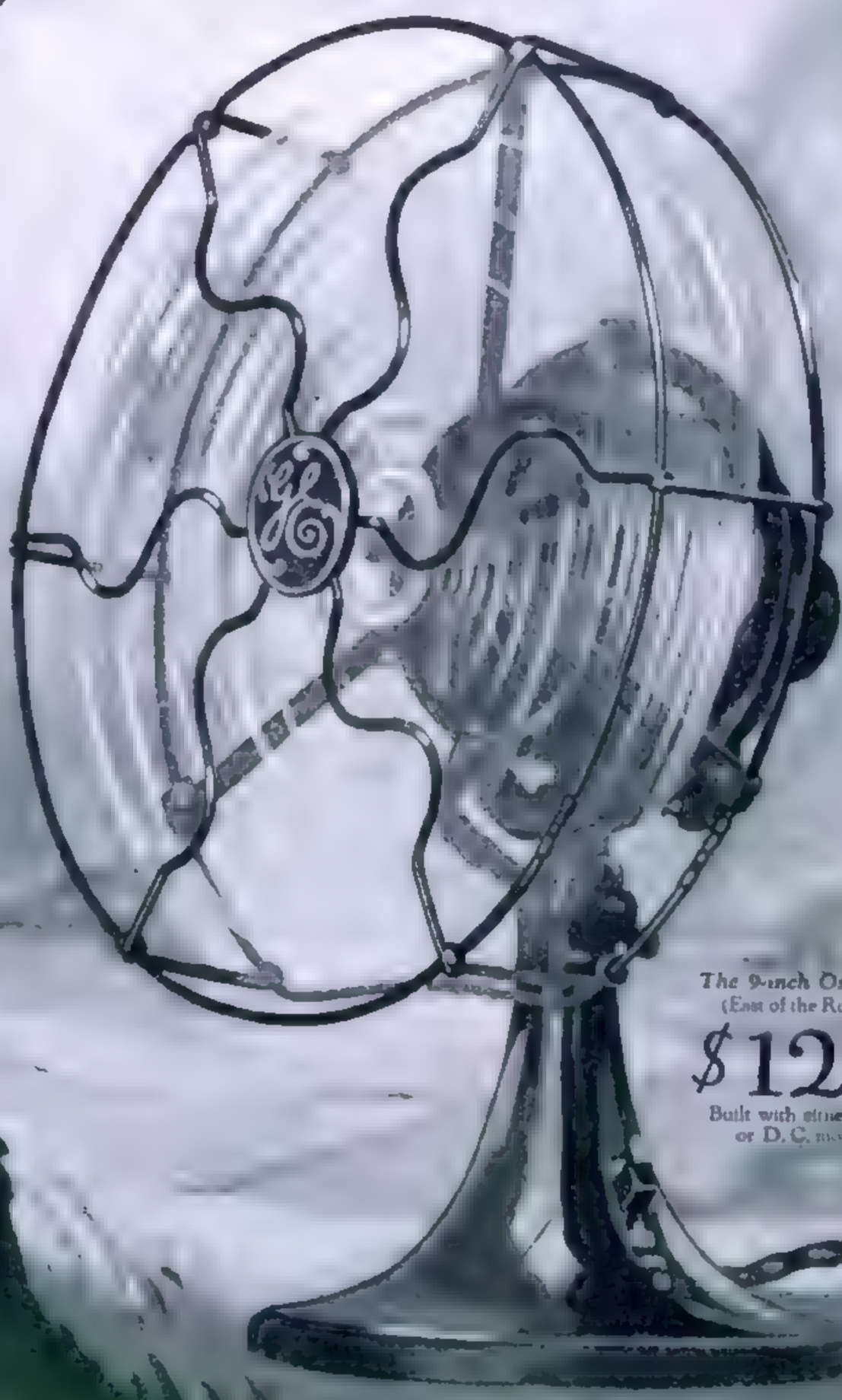

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But the oil-film itself is subjected to terrific punishment. It must withstand the bitter lash of searing, scorching heat—and tearing, grinding friction.

Far too often ordinary motor-oil fails. The film, under that two-fold punishment, breaks, and burns. Through the broken, shattered film vital parts of the motor are exposed. Hot, unprotected surfaces chafe against each other. Withering heat attacks the raw metal. Insidious friction begins its work of destruction.

Then, before you even know your motor-oil has lost its fight, you have a seized piston, a scored cylinder or a burned-out bearing. And you find yourself paying big bills to the mechanic who repairs the damage.

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Veedol in your motor, forms a "film of protection"—*thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel.* Why not put the "film of protection" on the job safeguarding your motor against deadly heat and friction?

(Continued from Page 82)

"A musical critic," announced Nick baldly. "Reddy, don't be an idiot." He clutched at White Wings' bridle with one hand and at the frantic Reddy with the other. "You haven't heard the worst of it yet by a jugful. Wait awhile and get this straight."

"You tracked me down here! You came back here to get a horrible story for your horrible paper! You knew who I was all the time! You ——"

"Of course I knew who you were. Of course I tracked you down here. I've been trying to track you down for twelve years—I've never stopped trying. Of all the things that I've found in my life, you're the only thing that I've ever wanted to find again. Don't you dare get on that horse! Take a long breath, hang onto me, close your eyes. Reddy—I'm not only a musical critic but I'm the rottenest musical critic that ever flogged a pencil across a pad. I hate music worse than parsnips!"

The rigid and scornful Reddy stared, shivered and relaxed suddenly into a tremulously enchanting grin.

"Oh!" she said. "Oh, well, then that's all right. Me too."

"You too—what?"

"Me too—worse than parsnips or spiders or telephone operators. Oh, Nick, why in heaven's name do you listen to it if you don't have to?"

"I like that!" commented Nick inadequately. "I love it! Who d'you think you are, if it's not unreasonable to ask? Just as one music hater to another, what do you sing for if you don't have to?"

"I did have to," said Reddy simply. She pushed her hair back from her forehead, looking, for all her slim young height, exactly like the little girl who had ridden away from him so many years ago—that little girl's wide, unruffled brows; her clear eyes gray when she was tranquil, black when she was stirred, shining and fearless always; her lovely mouth—her lovely, lovely mouth. That brave, gentle, gay little girl, standing as straight before him as she had always stood.

"Reddy ——" he said, and couldn't remember how you told a girl that you loved her. He had played with words all his life—how could he mint his golden thoughts into that tarnished currency? He stood staring at her with lost eyes.

And she cried, "Oh, I know that it sounds idiotic, but it's true! I couldn't—I couldn't truly! Nina swore that the only thing that would make up for—for everything was to have me find the things she missed. She took me straight to the Pyrenees, to her old teacher, and of course it was just my luck to have all the bones in my chest and mouth and jaws fixed just like Nina's, so that the most heavenly sounds came out of me. And I hated them just as much as dad did. But I loved Nina—better than he did, maybe. Anyway, I made her happy, and he never did that. Now you tell."

"Reddy, I hope that you're as good as Alice at believing seven impossible things before breakfast. Otherwise, I'm done for."

"I'm better than Alice," said Reddy. "Much! Begin."

"Well, one night after grandfather's last penny had gone where bad pennies go, I was scuffling through the paper trying to find an advertisement offering a really good executive opening to a talented young wastrel and nincompoop who could cast the prettiest fly east or west of the Rocky Mountains and shoot an arrow into the air that would bring down anything that ran, hopped, crawled or soared between land and sky, and I lit on a criticism of the recital of a new soprano from the Argentine. Lord, Reddy, that kind of stuff is probably an old story to you, but it simply staggered me—the stalest, tritest, most infernally patronizing patter, all about pinched upper notes and metallic middle registers and strident overtones and muted pitches and overrigid staccatos and faulty phrasing—you'd have gathered that the goop who wrote it could have sung Caro nome on his head a whole lot better. And, believe me or not, he wound up by saying that she had, on the whole, a delightfully promising lyric soprano voice with quite unusual range and power! I swear I couldn't believe my eyes. If it meant anything in the world, I was perfectly willing to eat that paper."

Reddy gave a small squeak of pure, undiluted joy. "Go on," she adjured, "go on fast. Then what?"

"Well, I read all of the seven other papers, and I give you my word I thought that boy must have syndicated his stuff. I never in my life heard so many large words mean nothing at all except at a Southern camp meeting. Only one article out of the whole lot sounded sane and authentic; the rest of them all went down for the third time whooping about nuances and glissandos and inflections and values until my eyes absolutely bulged in my head. And sez I to myself, if these coves can make money out of this, so can I. And I hurled myself on a pen and a pad, and then and there produced a burlesque on those boys that wouldn't have been disowned by the proudest of the lot.

"It was an all-weather model, absolutely air-tight and waterproof. You could use it on Chaliapin or Nora Bayes or Roland Hayes or Kreisler or Marion Talley or Harpo Marx or the bass drummer in the Philharmonic without changing a word but the pronoun. Honestly, it was wonderful. It started out: 'Moroni's performance before the usual thronged house of enthusiastic devotees last night was in many ways as distinguished a one as his admirers have been led to expect. The tone work throughout was richly satisfying, in spite of a slight tension and straining at the higher notes and a regrettable tendency to coarsen some of the middle tones. But with those exceptions, and leaving aside the muddily florid attack in some of the portions of the lower register, his interpretive work left little to be desired by one hearer at least.'"

"Oh, Nicky," said Reddy reverently, "how wonderful! It doesn't mean one single thing, does it?"

"I'll say it doesn't! Well, I posted it off to Life, and they promptly took it, though I can't say that they seemed so wrought up about it as I was. About three days after it came out in perfectly beautiful black-and-white print, the managing editor of the Evening Banner wrote and asked me to make an appointment for the following Monday morning. I made it for nine o'clock, after having been told that neither eight, 8:30 nor 8:45 was available for appointments around those parts. The editor was the decentest old cove, and we took to each other like ducks to water. He explained that his musical critic had just taken his toys and moved over to the tents of the enemy, the Evening Sphere, and that by a heaven-sent chance he'd come across my thing in Life. And he said that it was so like the caitiff's own stuff that he was mortally afraid that my signature was a nom de plume."

"Did he like it?"

"Did he like it? My good girl, he said that, cold, tired business man though he was, before he was halfway through it he broke down and wept like a baby. He gave me his word of honor that it couldn't have been worse if the deserter had written it himself. And he offered me the job, and I took it."

"But did he know how you felt about music?"

"Rather! He told me that though he was passionately devoted to music himself—played the mouth organ, in fact, better than anyone over fifty in upper Park Avenue—he wouldn't let it come between us. And he never has. Whenever he'd catch me looking too congealed with misery, he'd send me off for a week in South Carolina or Virginia or Canada to take it out on a few trout or wild ducks, or else he'd raise my salary. Nicest fellow I ever knew—I honestly hate to leave him."

"Oh," commented the other hater of sweet songs, frankly elated, "are you going to leave him?"

"I have left him—at 9:54 last night. How can I live here and make the 10:15 train every night in the middle of a performance?"

"Oh," commented the lady again, the elation becoming slightly franker, "are you going to live here?"

"I am living here—since 1:55 last night. What kind of work could I do so that I would be sure of making the 5:52?"

"It would have to be something pretty near the station," she said helpfully. "Could you mix soda water, do you think?"

"Candidly, I doubt whether my heart would be in it. This time I want to pick out my life work carefully. And perhaps I'd better be about it. Would it be impolite to help you up on White Wings and speed you on your way?"

Reddy looked startled but obliging. "Are you all through with me?" she inquired. The pale spring sunlight set little flames dancing in her bright hair; her voice danced, too; she was so beautiful that it was ridiculous.

His hands shook as he helped her into the saddle, but his voice was cool and casual as ever:

"Well, not entirely. I want to get a job before I settle down to a good long talk—say for fifty-five or sixty years. I can catch the 8:20 if I hurry, and I'll be over after supper to start that talk. Glad we're back in Banbury Cross, Reddy Ruff?"

"Yes," said Reddy Ruff, smiling down on him from her high white horse. "Pretty awfully glad, Nicky Bird."

The transparent April twilight was just drifting into dusk when Nick came to lean once more against the little picket fence. Magic was in the air. It had been hard at work in the neglected garden, pulling the weeds, stirring the brown earth, setting out rows and clumps of sturdy, thrifty green plants. It had even bewitched some of them into flowering; he could see the jeweled pink of minute daisies and the lifted faces of the pansies, beguiling as small cross children. It had shined the brass knocker on the door and lighted candles between frilled muslin curtains and swelled lilac buds to fat jade buttons and tempered the remote chill of the air to something soft and sweet and strange; it had unlatched the gate and let spring into Reddy's garden. And now it was opening the green door and letting Reddy out.

"You, too, have not been idle!" said Nick across the gate. "I've not got the wrong house, have I?"

"I'm dead!" wailed the red-headed ghost convincingly, sinking to rest on the lowest step. "I've worked harder than bees or dogs or ants or any of those things that are supposed to work hard. . . . Did you get the job?"

"I got the job," said Nick, arrogant satisfaction illuminating his honest countenance. "Can I sell you any nice fresh Parmachene Belles this evening?"

"Oh, Nick!" breathed Reddy reverently. "Not trout flies?"

"As I'm a sinner!" gloated the eminent critic. "I've got a perfectly splendid executive position for any ambitious young fellow who wants to stay right where he is for forty years, selling trout flies and rods and hooks and sinkers and lines and appurtenances and thingumbobs for Babbington Fisk at an absolutely princely salary—well, possibly we'd better call it ducal. Tomorrow morning. Three blocks from the station. Is there a Santa Claus or isn't there?"

"Oh, there is, there is!" agreed the fervent Reddy. "Oh, Nick, how wonderful! What a world!"

"Think of being paid to talk about fishing, for eight hours a day!" said Nicky solemnly. "Great cats, it isn't credible!" He paused in the midst of his exultations and cast a piercing glance at the white shadow on the doorstep. "It's too good to be true—there's a catch in it somewhere. Reddy, will you look me in the eye and swear that you don't like music?"

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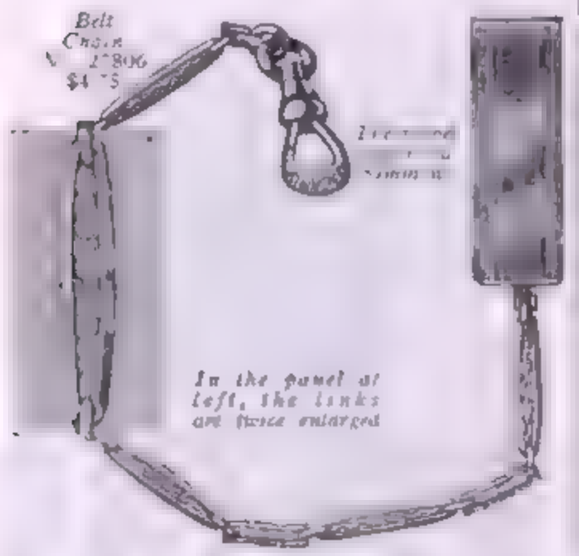

SIMMONS
TRADE MARK
CHAINS

"I despise it!" said the late pride of the Metropolitan roundly and indignantly. "What's the matter with you? D'you think you're the only person that has any sense?"

"Not any kind of music whatsoever, so help you heaven?"

Reddy looked guilty but courageous. "Oh, well," she murmured defensively, "brass bands."

"Aha, me too! The nice whiny little kind all made up of fat walrus-whiskered gentlemen yowling *Ach, du lieber Augustin* through their brass noses, and the huge military kind prancing along to Hands Across the Sea, and ——"

"What about hand organs in April?" inquired Reddy cautiously, advancing toward the gate.

"Girl, I dote on every turn of their handle. How about a good string orchestra, playing From the Viennese Woods and Voices of Spring and the Blue Danube?"

"They always make me fall in love—always!" murmured the impressionable diva dreamily. "And so good they make me feel—you can't think—so good and exalted that I can feel myself floating straight away through the top of my head, and most frightfully anxious to have someone kiss me." She caught a look of such concentrated interest on the expressive countenance of her childhood's playmate that she continued hastily: "And calliopes in circus parades and almost any old kind of music if it's far away across water—guitars, you know, and accordions and—and perfectly horrible close harmony and mouth organs—and that's all."

"Absolutely all?"

"Ab-so-lute-ly!"

"No little hidden passion for Bohemian folk songs or string quartets or Stravinsky?"

The lady shivered dramatically and put her fingers in her ears.

"Reddy," said Nick softly, "what's that I hear? Listen!"

"That's a lot of little frogs," replied the listener obligingly. "They're down in Jordan's marsh; and a tree toad—he's in the elm tree—and Aunt Em Bennett calling that bad cat Pompey, and the squeak is Mr. Bunty's new lawn mower."

"Reddy," said Nick, "you aren't listening at all, and it's coming nearer every minute. Listen!"

Reddy, remote and enchanted in the gathering dusk, cocked a docile, shining head.

"That's all;" she said regretfully.

"Tone deaf!" commiserated Nick. "Poor child, I might almost say stone deaf. Reddy, Reddy, listen! Don't you hear the Blue Danube?"

Even in the twilight, it was gratifyingly easy to note the rosy flames that enveloped the unsuspecting Reddy. She moved swiftly back from the gate in the white picket fence just as Nick moved toward it.

"Certainly not!" she replied with startled emphasis. Nick gave the gate an experimental little shake and she retreated up the flagged path toward the green door, remarking with more dignity than assurance, "You needn't do that—it's locked." She paused long enough to add severely, "You ought to look out for this kind of thing. Remember what happened to old Black Joe."

"He went to heaven," said Nick. "That's just the other side of a gate too. Besides, these aren't any angel voices. This is just a string orchestra somewhere, playing the Blue Danube. . . . Reddy, open the gate."

"You must be mad," remarked Reddy unsympathetically, her hand on the handle of the green door—"stark, staring mad. Anyone could tell that wasn't the Blue Danube!" She pushed the door open and paused just long enough to toss the attentive Nick a lovely, contemptuous little grin. "Anyone could tell it was Voices of Spring!" said Reddy Ruff, and whisked so rapidly through the door that it looked like a trick.

Mr. Bird leaned heavily on the gate, pale and slightly groggy with excitement. He was obviously thinking of what he was going to say next.

The sun had been up for exactly two hours, attending to various household tasks of drying dew, opening flowers, shoving birds out of their nests, and variously agitating bumblebees, kittens and babies, when the green door flew open and Reddy Ruff, clothed in the intolerable virtue of early risers and a leaf-green smock, sallied forth to inspect her favorite world. She was accompanied by a large, businesslike brown wicker basket, a small, unbusinesslike white dog and an insane black kitten. The care-free procession was halfway down the path before the leader halted with an exclamation of acute and unfeigned amazement.

"For mercy sake!" she cried inadequately. "Nicholas Bird!"

Nicholas Bird—for indeed it was no other—acknowledged this salutation with a gracious wave of the hand.

"And you have taken your time, I must say!" he remarked, pensively but cordially.

Miss Ruff ignored this irrelevant greeting. "Will you be good enough to tell me why you're hanging over my fence at this hour of the morning?" she inquired energetically.

"Reddy," said the fence hanger gently, "that carping tone ill becomes you. Well you know why I'm hanging over it—well!"

"I can't think what's got into you," she said, somewhat disingenuously. "How long have you been here?"

"Too long—too long. What time should you say that it was now? Don't bother about the minutes, I'm dealing in hours—cycles eras."

"It's seven o'clock."

"Seven?" Mr. Bird performed an intricate series of calculations on the fence pickets. "Nine—ten—eleven—eleven hours and a half," he announced with modest pride.

"Eleven hours and a half!" echoed Reddy. "Nicholas Bird, you don't mean to tell me that you've been standing there all night?"

"Don't I?" inquired Nick mildly. "Haven't I?"

Reddy stood staring at him with eyes as round as the kitten's. Finally, with a gesture that eloquently conveyed the inadequacy of speech, she unlatched the gate and held it open. Nicholas, his manner a model of amiable discretion, entered promptly.

"Can't I hold the basket?" he inquired deferentially.

Reddy transferred it mechanically. "I was going to get some pansies—for breakfast," she explained, moving and speaking as gently as one in a trance.

"Nothing nicer," agreed Nick cordially. "Light, appetizing, succulent. Do you take 'em straight, or with cream and sugar?"

"But I won't bother about them now," continued Reddy in that same subdued small voice. "The coffee must be almost ready, and the muffins. Tibby can fix some pancakes in a minute, and there's peach marmalade. Are you sure that you aren't going to faint or anything? Isn't the basket too heavy?"

"Not empty. If there were roses—well, possibly it's just as well that we aren't going to bother about roses. And after all, pancakes aren't so bad, not with plenty of butter and a little more sirup and some good old bacon browned to a crisp; of course they aren't roses, but they aren't to be sneezed at."

"Tibby," said Reddy to the amazed and angular handmaid who greeted them on the threshold, "Mr. Bird is going to stay for breakfast. We'll have pancakes and muffins and bacon and—and any eggs, Nick?"

"No, no," said Nick magnanimously. "No eggs. Or at any rate, not many. Not more than three at the outside. Done about three and three-quarter minutes—and when I say 'about,' I mean that if they're done more than three minutes and forty-six seconds or under three minutes and forty-four seconds, they're a total loss, as far as I'm concerned. You can just take 'em out and throw 'em in the ash can."

The handmaid bestowed on him a dazed but belligerent glance that boded small good for the eggs and withdrew down the narrow hall. Reddy motioned him into the long low room that was living room and dining room and library and better than her dreams.

"Sit there," she said. "No, don't talk, for once in your life. I'll get another cup and saucer and some plates. Keep still!"

He leaned back contentedly in the great winged chair, so serenely gay in its faded Portuguese chintz, watching Reddy's light hands choose exactly the right cup and saucer from the assortment that filled the dim green cupboard like a great nosegay. What an incredibly nice room! Every mortal thing in it was absolutely right—the shapeless friendliness of the huge sofa, the tidiness of the little fat barrel chairs, the faded silver of the tea-chest paper on the walls, the wavering light caught in the tarnished mirrors—which were generously doing their duty as pictures too, with their careful studies of little churches under green willows, little boats on blue waves, little gentlemen and ladies saying farewell forever in long-lost gardens.

Even with no roses for breakfast, the room was full of flowers—flowers climbing up the bell pulls, blooming on the faded hook rugs, blossoming luxuriantly in dim gold frames—Friendship's Offerings and Love's Garlands decorously clustered on the round stool in front of the fire on which the fat black kitten, Cricket, had promptly flopped in a frenzy of drowsiness, clutched in stiff bouquets in the gloved paws of the bucolic couple on the Pennsylvania Dutch dower chest. He gave a sigh of pleasure. It was gayer and fresher and kinder than a garden, that quiet room, because the flowers in it had been blooming so many years to enchant tired eyes. No, there wasn't a single thing in it that didn't look as though it had been born for the special place that it occupied. He twitched his chair a little in order to be able to revel in its full sweep—and sucked in his breath with an appalled sound.

Reddy lifted her head from her task of resetting the breakfast table for two that she was going about with all the intentness of a good, conscientious little girl.

"What's the matter?" she inquired anxiously.

Nick wrenched his eyes with a visible effort from the object crouched in the darkest corner of the room.

"Matter? Not a thing in the world!"

He could still see it—a small, inoffensive affair of rosewood, decently old-fashioned and demure. It looked exactly as inoffensive to him as an infernal machine.

"You sounded as though something hurt you."

Nick laughed an airy disclaimer. It hadn't hurt him any more than a poke and a twist from a red-hot poisoned dagger.

"Must have been the Cricket—he swallowed a grasshopper on the way up the path. . . . Nice room, Reddy."

"Yes," agreed Reddy contentedly, peering into the blameless depths of the fat pink-luster teapot. "It's a—it's a frightfully nice room. D'you like those Staffordshire pug dogs? Or are they pug dogs?"

"I don't see what leads you to believe so," said Nick. He could still see the ivory keys of the thing grinning at him from the corner like a lot of nasty yellow teeth. "They're superb, of course; but if you ask me, I'd call 'em pigs. . . . Going in for music again, Reddy?"

"Music?" repeated Reddy, as one might cry, "Ipecac!" "What in the world are you talking about?"

"The old family piano seems to have emerged from the moth balls."

"Oh, that! Well, I needed something dark and solid in that corner to balance the dower chest, and Nina's piano was stuck up under the eaves in the attic, and it really isn't a bad color at all, and that funny old

(Continued on Page 88)

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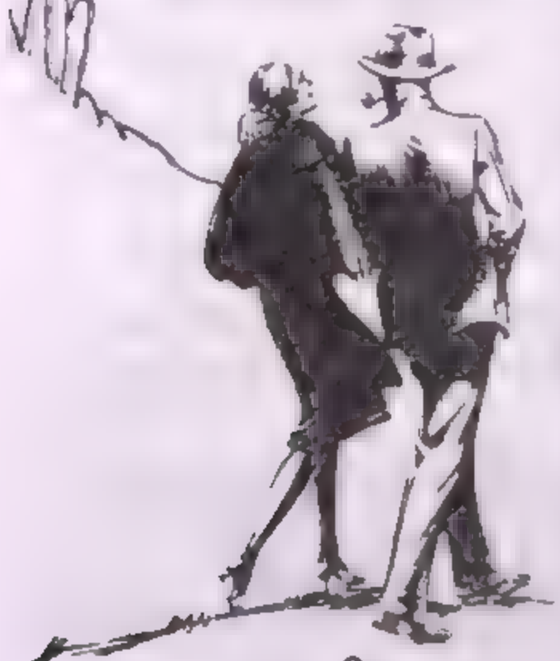

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(Continued from Page 86)

square shape—anyway, anything as small as that doesn't look like a piano to me! The only kind I know looks like half an acre of black minors on legs."

"'Methinks the lady doth protest too much,'" said Nick in what he sincerely thought was a pleasantly bantering tone, and was actually much the voice in which an upright judge might sentence a particularly vile criminal to be hanged by the neck until dead. "That funny little square thing looks the very spit and image of an opening wedge to me."

"Opening wedge to what?" inquired Reddy, her voice suddenly as belligerent as her hair.

"Opening wedge to the door behind which lie the lights—the lights and the music, my child. And what could be fairer, at that? No one but an inspired idiot would have dreamed for a moment that that door was going to stay locked forever! Why, you've been bred and fed on color and glamour and glitter and excitement since you were in short skirts! You'd be the eighth wonder of the world if they weren't the very breath of your life! This nice, pastoral, little episode is just going to last long enough to teach you the value of contrast—you know, like the well-timed pause while the audience holds its breath and you get yours before the great, incredible, climactic, supertrill of the evening. Oh, the whole thing's as inevitable as the alphabet! Don't tell me!"

"Well, I do tell you!" cried the lady who was being thus dispassionately put in her place on the other side of the door. Her breath was coming in little hot pants and there was a hurricane blowing up behind either serene gray eye and a cyclone behind her teeth that made them chatter a little already. "I do tell you—I tell you that you're an abominable conceited snip, sitting up there sneering and sneering!" It was frightful to be so meagerly equipped as to vocabulary in the real crises of life. What other word was there that meant sneering? She couldn't even say it as ferociously as she wanted to because of those dreadful chattering teeth, and she had to hurry, because she was going to cry. "Sneering at me because you think that you're the only person in this world that has the right not to like music or to have any sense! You haven't got any sense at all. You're crazy! No, don't you dare to say anything; you've talked enough to last you for the rest of your natural life, even if you live to be a hundred!" She was weeping passionately, and so disdainful of her tears that she scorned to humor them with a handkerchief; her sole concession was to lick them off the corners of her lips with the briefest flick of her tongue whenever she felt that she was going under for the third time. "I loathe music! I despise it! It isn't my fault that my throat opens up one way and my palate dangles down another, is it? Is it?"

She tore by the stupefied Nick like the well-known streak of lightning, flinging herself on Nina's rosewood piano and banging down its lid with a violence that wrung from it a yelp of protest. The nice little brass key squeaked in the nice little brass lock, and Reddy, standing on tiptoe to reach the pewter urn on the bracket above her, hurled it frenziedly into its depths.

"There!" she panted at the petrified gentleman who had unleashed the whirlwind. "And that's that! And if you ever catch me taking that beastly thing out and opening that piano and touching those keys, you'll know that you're right and I'm wrong. You needn't wait to hear what I'll be singing—I'll be singing good-by to everything I've ever wanted in my life—to peace and honesty and quietness and kindness—good-by to Banbury Cross."

"Reddy," said Nick, rising from the winged chair and pushing the distracted lady into it, "don't sing it—don't sing it ever—ever. . . . Reddy, don't cry."

Reddy, as does every proper lady when thus admonished, wept with renewed violence.

"You want me to go away. You want me to!"

"Reddy, listen. I'm so burned up with terror that you'll get bored here, that you'll get tired here, that I can't sleep at night. Reddy, what are you going to find here to keep you from getting bored? You've had everything, you've done everything—what are you going to do here?"

How did you tell a girl that she was your heart and your soul and your life? How did you tell a girl that you loved her?

"I'm going to make things," wept Reddy, fierce and defiant and incoherent. "Not noises—things. I've never made anything but noises in my life. Well, just you wait! Things you can touch and taste and see and smell—cherry pies and gingham dresses and fires and gardens with peas and clove pinks and mint and crab-apple jelly and red mittens and patchwork quilts and raspberry shrub and ——"

Nick, kneeling beside the great winged chair, put his arms around her. If he never let go of her, she couldn't ever get away.

"Reddy," he begged in a desperate whisper—"Reddy, make them for me, Reddy."

"Oh, Nick, you ghastly donkey!" wept his Reddy, clutching at him like a terrified child. "Who did you think that I was going to make them for?"

He could feel his heart quickening as he tramped up the little street under the gold canopy of the elms, scuffling his feet through the damp carpet of the fallen leaves as exultantly as any schoolboy. It was good to be alive, better to be in love, best, best to be homeward bound to lamplight and firelight and a red-headed girl who laughed like an enchanted child at your poorest jokes and turned fierce as a badgered kitten under skillful teasing.

He pulled the coat up higher about his ears; it was quite still, but cold as—well, cold as a November twilight in New England. There was a good little moon, a thread of a thing, pure silver against a sky green and clear as sea water. Through his thick, comforting gloves he could feel the sleek chilliness of the two red apples in his right pocket and the reassuring crackle of the bag of hot chestnuts in his left. They could have a go at them *after* supper, pile the cushions high in front of the fire; no one had ever yet invented anything better than the floor to sit on, especially if you could brace your back against a winged chair and swing all the loveliness in the world into the circle of your arm.

Safe behind the chestnuts he could feel the slim elegance of the new book of poems of that incredible English youngster who wrote as though he were Thomas Hardy's grandfather and who wasn't old enough to be his grandson. They could have a go at that, too, if they felt sturdy enough to laugh down his hollow music. Or there was the puzzle that they hadn't finished—what in God's name was amorphous fungoid growth in four letters? Or even accounts weren't so bad. It was as good as any trick to watch her add up a column four times and get four separate and distinct results, triumphant as Columbus discovering America each time. Or they could talk. Oh, blessed, blessed to sit there with the firelight falling all about, with that bright hair warm beneath your cheek, and with that slim magic quiet against your heart, talking, talking, talking, until the crystal clock on the mantel sang its warning twelve times over.

He drew a long breath of the sharp air, quickening his stride. Those last five minutes, blowing out the lamps, tucking the fat black Cricket into its scarlet basket, scattering embers of the fire—they were almost the best of all.

That last minute—that minute before they locked their bright-green door—that minute when they opened it wide to let the night and the wind and the stars rush in—that minute would still be something to remember when they were old and tired of so much happiness.

Nick cleared the ditch at a bound, the road in two more, and swung around the last corner. There it stood, white in the twilight, with all its paned windows lighted, pretty and comforting and absurd as a house on a Christmas card. Reddy was right; the two box trees in the round green tubs looked absolutely peerless. They were a necessity, not a luxury. What a night!

It was so still that he could hear the night express to Boston blowing its whistle at Candle Corners, far, far away, thin and sad and thrilling. What was it that made a train at night more mysterious and romantic than a coach and four? There were a lot of stars out now; a cluster of them hung bright as diamonds over the white finger of the church steeple. He leaned against the gate for a minute, listening to a dog barking out its heart in the distance and savoring his own incredible, his simply stupendous luck. In another minute he would have her again—he would have her forever. He let the gate swing to, and even before it had clicked behind him he knew that he had lost her.

She was singing! The windows were closed, but he could hear her quite clearly—the hushed magic of her voice drifted out past him through locked door and barred window, away, away, beyond the little gate, beyond the speeding train, beyond the stairway. He leaned his head against the bright-green door, the door that was to close in their happiness, and someone deep inside him sobbed. Not he; grown men don't cry except in books; it was a cheated and terrified child, alone in the darkness, who uttered that shameless sound of desolation. Oh, he should have known! Things like that didn't last. Something in him had known all the time. Sometimes in the night he had waked up, listening, listening, straining his ears to catch the sound of her breath, that light, joyous, even little breath, coming and going as peacefully as a good child's. Not until he heard it would he turn on his side, and sink deep, deep into sleep, safe once more. She had still been there, his miracle. Well, now she was gone.

He lifted his head, fumbling for the key. He knew it, had always known it. Not all the keys in the world could lock in happiness. Bolts and bars could not hold it for a second, once it was on the wing. Standing there in the darkness, he had felt it brush by him, careless and triumphant and elated, on its swift journey toward the stars. He pushed the door open and went in.

The lamplight was as warm and kind as the fire, the firelight was kind and warm as the lamp. They made a pool of dancing gold about her as she sat before the open piano, very straight in her amber frock, the little wheels of burnished copper shining against her cheeks. Her head was bent over the ivory keys; he could see the parting in it, fine and straight and white as Reddy. If he were an old, blind, frozen man, he could still warm himself with the memory of Reddy's hair.

She did not lift her head, even when he had come quite close to her; she did not even lift her eyes. If Gabriel had blown his trumpet in her ears, she would have heard nothing but her song.

Reddy sang, her voice a thread of silver in the quiet room:

"By, baby bunting, daddy's gone a-hunting
To get a little rabbit skin
To wrap the baby bunting in.

By, baby bunting ——"

Something was rocking in the warm bright room to that foolish little tune—perhaps it was the world—perhaps it was his heart—perhaps —— He bent forward and kissed the smooth part in the shining hair, a small, fierce, careful kiss. How did you tell someone that you loved her so that it nearly killed you? No good—no good. You didn't—not ever.

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The Sherwin-Williams Co., *largest paint and varnish makers in the world*, 601 Canal Road, Dept. F, Cleveland, Ohio.

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HOUSEHOLD PAINTING GUIDE

STOPS MISTAKES IN PAINTING

SURFACE	TO PAINT USE PRODUCT NAMED BELOW	TO VARNISH USE PRODUCT NAMED BELOW	TO STAIN USE PRODUCT NAMED BELOW	TO ENAMEL USE PRODUCT NAMED BELOW
AUTOMOBILES	S-W Auto Enamel	S-W Auto Enamel Clear		S-W Auto Enamel
AUTOMOBILE TOPS AND SEATS	S-W Auto Top and S-W Auto Top Dressing			
BRICK	S-W P House Paint S-W Concrete Wall Finish			Old Dutch Enamel
CHILDREN, Interior	Flat-Tone	Sear-Not Varnish	S-W Handcraft Stain Floorac	Enameloid
	S-W P House Paint	Resyne Varnish	S-W Oil Stain	Old Dutch Enamel
CONCRETE	S-W Concrete Wall Finish			
DOORS, Interior	S-W P House Paint	Sear-Not Varnish Velvet Finish No. 1044	Floorac S-W Handcraft Stain	Enameloid
Exterior	S-W P House Paint	Resyne Varnish	S-W Oil Stain	Old Dutch Enamel
FENCES	S-W P House Paint S-W Wood and Bridge Paint		S-W Preservative Shingle Stain	
FLOORS, Wood	S-W Inside Floor Paint	Mar-Not Varnish	Floorlac	S-W Inside Floor Paint
Concrete	S-W Concrete Floor Enamel			S-W Concrete Floor Paint
Porch	S-W Porch and Deck Paint			
FURNITURE, Interior	Enameloid	Sear-Not Varnish	Floorlac	Old Dutch Enamel Enameloid
Porch	Enameloid	Resyne Varnish	S-W Oil Stain	
HOUSE or GARAGE Exterior	S-W P House Paint	Resyne Varnish	S-W Preservative Shingle Stain	Old Dutch Enamel
LINOLEUM	S-W Inside Floor Paint	Mar-Not Varnish		S-W Inside Floor Paint
RADIATORS	Flat-Tone S-W Aluminum or Gold			Enameloid
ROOFS, Shingle	S-W Roof and Bridge Paint Metallic		S-W Preservative Shingle Stain	
SCREENS	S-W Screen Enamel			S-W Screen Enamel
TOYS	S-W Family Paint	Resyne Varnish	Floorac	Enameloid
WALLS, Interior Plaster or Wallboard	Flat-Tone S-W P House Paint			Old Dutch Enamel Enameloid
WICKER	Enameloid	Resyne Varnish	Floorac	Old Dutch Enamel
WOODWORK Interior	S-W P House Paint Flat-Tone	Sear-Not Varnish Velvet Finish No. 1044	S-W Handcraft Stain S-W Oil Stain Floorac	Old Dutch Enamel Enameloid

For removing paint and varnish use Texo. For cleaning painted and varnished surfaces use Flatcup.

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COVER THE EARTH

BATTLE SCARED

(Continued from Page 21)

On one side of the special section of deck reserved for Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., of Birmingham, Alabama, Lawyer Evans Chew was lumbering through a game of deck tennis with Exotic Hines, the cameraman, and from the exclusive cabin-class promenade came the toe-tickling strains of Professor Aleck Champagne's Jazzphony Orchestra dispensing special dance music for the younger crowd.

But the thing which arrested Florian's attention was a conference between Edwin Boscoe Fizz, second director, and Forcep Swain, the company's author. They were seated on steamer chairs and were poring over the thumbed pages of a script. Near them was a camera and the remains of what looked marvelously like a set. Florian sought his president.

"What them fellers is doin'?" he inquired.

"Preparin' to start shootin' a pitcher."

"Heah?"

"Nothin' else—right on board this noble steamer. Ev'ybody in the fust class which heard we was on board was askin' how was movin' pitchers made, so us gotten the idea to do a pitcher on board. The cap'n give his permission, an' we has got the run of the ship fo' takin' scenes; an' when we shoots, all the white folks comes an' watches. Forcep has just finished his story."

"I thought you said a'ready you had started."

"Just testin' the cam'ra fo' light an' so fo'th. Exotic Hines says he understan's ev'ythin' now, an' this afternoon we starts filmin'."

"Got a good funny story?"

"Marvelious. All about a feller an' a gal, an' he is a sailor on a steamer an' she's a passenger, an' he's always fallin' down places an' gittin' into trouble, an' finely the ship is captured by pirates an' he has got to walk the plank; but he falls into a lifeboat instead of the water an' climbs back up a rope, an' then him an' the villain has a regalar fight in a ring with gloves an' a referee an' ev'ything, an' the gal is the referee, an' just as one of 'em is gwine git knocked out, a feller standin' in the front of the boat, he ——"

"Who plays this hero?" questioned Florian.

"Opus Randall."

"Oh! Him?"

"Yeh. Him."

"Pff!" Florian moved disgustedly away. "If I had Opus' luck an' my brains, I'd have coffee in bed ev'y mawnin'."

Sicily Clump and Glorious Fizz, the two feminine stars, mounted the companionway and disappeared on the cabin-class deck. Florian followed timidly. The passengers, lolling around enjoying the placid, sunshiny weather of the southern route, greeted Florian with pleasant smiles, and Mr. Slappey commenced to perceive that a miracle had been wrought during his sojourn below decks.

It came to him that the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., was exceedingly popular on the Napoli and that a very special dispensation had been made which virtually opened to them all the decks of the ship. The traveling Thespians were polite, friendly and respectful. Florian trailed the sound of music and saw Aleck Champagne's orchestra in full panoply on the starboard promenade deck. Those who were not dancing were listening eagerly, and even while Mr. Slappey watched, a collection of no mean proportions was taken up and delivered to the professor.

The orchestra returned to the place where President Orifice R. Latimer was standing, and into his hands Aleck delivered the full amount of the money collected. Orifice's face beamed.

"I reckon I wasn't a genus to think of bringin' you boys along, eh? You pays fo' yo'se'fs all over Europe."

Unquestionably, the commencement of the picture venture had been blessed with success. The members of the troupe were smiling happily. The sea had lost whatever terrors it may have originally held; Europe, the unknown, was yet many days distant, and right now the enterprise appeared to be a great and glorious picnic.

That afternoon actual shooting was started on The Sea Squawk, Midnight's first maritime comedy. The leading actors donned the habiliments of slapstick and assembled on the boat deck, where the sun was brightest. Grouped near the wireless room were virtually all the two hundred cabin passengers, wide-eyed, laughing and eager. Few of them had ever seen pictures in the making, and none had viewed the manufacture of slapstick.

With J. Cæsar Clump actively in charge, Eddie Fizz assisting and Forcep Swain holding script, the first scene was rehearsed. Under Clump's tutelage, Spokane G. Washington, a very large and ebony person who was cast in the rôle of assistant villain, sped along the deck and dived into a lifeboat from which the canvas covering had been removed. No sooner had he concealed himself than Opus Randall, the hero, and the fair Sicily Clump strolled along and seated themselves in steamer chairs immediately beside the lifeboat. Trailing them was Welford Potts, the arch villain. Welford lolled jealously near by, well within camera range, and writhed while Opus courted the pulchritudinous Sicily—with more than a small measure of success.

Opus bent over the lady, and at the same moment Spokane Washington reached over the side of the lifeboat and walloped him with a stuffed club. Opus, amazed, hunted for the assaulter. Several times this happened, much to the glee of the spectators and also of Welford Potts, the villain. Finally Opus, not understanding what was happening to him, but suspecting Welford Potts of connivance, rushed after the wiry little actor, and the first portion of a wild chase ensued. The action was fast, furious and hilarious. The cabin passengers voted this the most interesting thing that had ever occurred on a transatlantic liner and sought all manner of information. One group cornered Forcep Swain and into this group Florian Slappey edged.

"If they is anythin' you gemmun an' ladies crave to know, Ise happy to explain," he volunteered.

They deserted Forcep and crowded about this slender, dapper little colored man. Questions cascaded from their lips, and the answers—sometimes accurate—came glibly and convincingly. Florian extended himself. He resented the enormous strides which had been made during the period of his *mal de mer* and he sought earnestly to establish himself as an important personage. One of the passengers inquired his official position and Florian shrugged.

"I is ginral adwiser fo' these folks," he vouchsafed. "You see, most of them ain't hahdly ever been out of the United States befo', an' they figgered I was indispenseful."

"You certainly seem to know a great deal."

"Some folks say I ain't so dumb."

"And you seem very willing to explain."

"Splainin' things is the fondest labor I is of. So any time you-all craves to know somethin', just ask Florian Slappey. He's at yo' service fust, last an' fo'most, and don't desire nothin' so much as that you should have a real bun voyage."

Florian attained the desired popularity with remarkable suddenness. The passengers warmed to this willing, knowing young man who spoke with the voice of authority and yet who seemed never to labor. Whatever they wished to know, Florian told them. He kept them posted as to what progress the story was making, what would be the next day's shots; he imparted to them delicious little inside secrets of the company's career in the treacherous field of two-reel motion-picture production. Within three days it had become generally understood that Florian Slappey was the clearing house for information. He seemed never to tire of answering queries; there was no effort too great for him to make if it tended to please the passengers.

Even the ship's officers liked Florian and accorded him special privileges. He was taken on the bridge and given instructions in navigation; they conducted him to the engine room; and it was through Florian that the chief steward arranged to send special delicacies from the cabin dining room to the table of the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc.

But there was a large and ugly fly in the ointment of Florian's contentment. The feud between himself and the ponderous Opus Randall stood with the balance overwhelmingly in favor of Opus, and the fat actor was not permitting any member of the Midnight organization to forget the fact. He recounted frequently and at length the manner by which he had acquired Florian's last hundred dollars in New York, and never tired of telling of Florian's beseechment for a ride in his taxi the morning the Napoli had sailed. Florian squirmed and swore vengeance, but even his supreme popularity with the cabin passengers did not remove the bitterness from the drink he quaffed daily. After all, Opus was the star of the current production and as such was of paramount interest to the spectators.

And so for hours on end Florian lounged against the rail, staring across the broad expanse of tossing ocean in the effort to concoct a revenge that would humble Opus and still his boasting once and for all. But the glimmer of hope, when it came, did not originate in Mr. Slappey's fertile brain. It grew out of a conversation with a banking gentleman from Des Moines.

This gentleman was discussing with Florian the great work that Midnight had done to relieve the tedium of a nine-day journey and announced that he spoke for the passengers in wishing to express their appreciation.

"Oh!" commented Florian. "You feels like us'n had he'ped you-all enjoy yo'se'ves?"

"We certainly do. And if there is any way ——"

"Scuse me a minute, white folks, I craves to contemplate an idea."

The idea had been born, and now it took shape rapidly. Florian sought Forcep Swain, the author.

"Brother Swain," he inquired, "ain't it true that this pitcher, The Sea Squawk, which is now bein' took, ends up in a prize fight?"

"It is not nothing else, Florian."

"Who fights?"

"Opus Randall and Spokane Washington."

"How much fight is it gwine be?"

Forcep's lips twisted into a quizzical grin. "Scenario says it ought to be a real combat. Long as they are willing to hit each other, I guess."

"H'm! They gwine have a regalar ring an' all?"

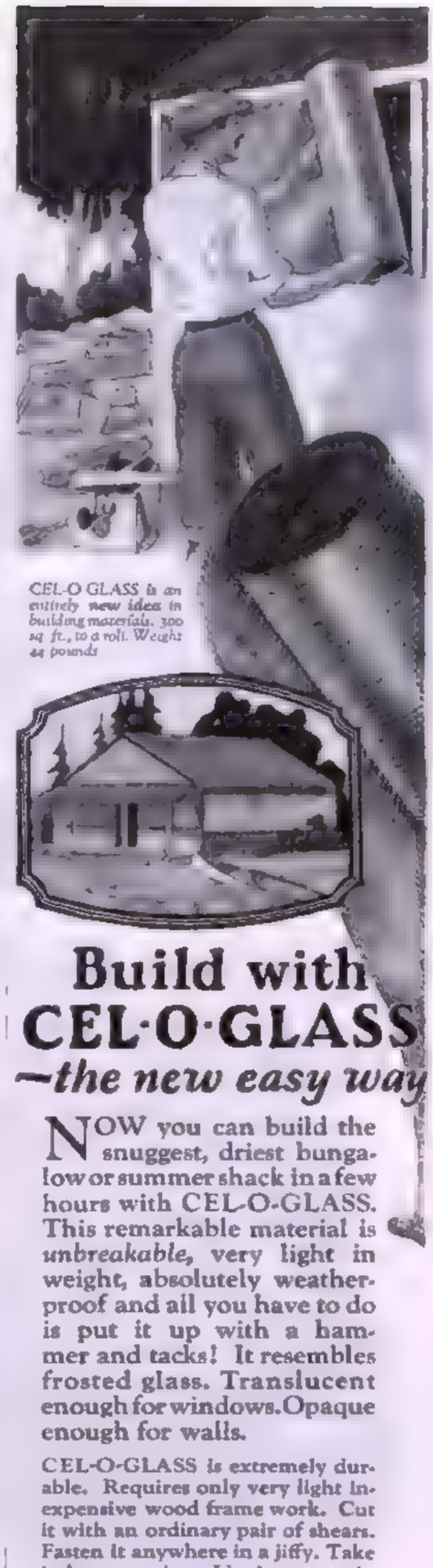
"Yeh. And Sicily Clump is the referee."

"Good!" Florian turned away. "See you later."

"What are you transporting to do?"

"Nothin'. On'y, between I an' you, I got the idea Spokane Washington could give Opus Randall an awful lickin' if he had a mind to."

Mr. Slappey's next conference was with J. Cæsar Clump. Mr. Clump's sympathies were all with Florian, and he confessed that, as a director of good pictures, he would not be at all averse to injecting some genuine action into the fight scene: "Fo' or five roun's of slammin' away would be awful int'restin'. An' we could pick out all the best parts an' cut the film down to them. Besides, all these white folks would be int'rested"



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"Uh-huh," agreed Florian cryptically. "Tha's ezackly what I was thinkin'."

Spokane G. Washington declared himself more than willing to inject a bit of paprika into the motion-picture battle.

"Ol' Opus Randall is too dawg-gone uppity anyhow," he commented bitterly. "Just 'cause I plays the pianner in the orchestra, he keeps tellin' me how I should act. I guess when I gits him into the ring with me, I'll act a-plenty, an' fust thing I does is to bust him right in the mouf so he cain't tell me nothin'."

"Fine! An' hit him in the ear, too, will you?"

"Whaffo' the ear?"

"So he can't heah when the referee counts ten."

During the balance of that afternoon Florian was not to be seen. For five hours he sat in his cabin, hard at work.

First he secured a number of sheets of the ship's best stationery. These he cut to the size of tickets and on each he painstakingly lettered:

BOXXING MATCH
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The following morning Florian carried two hundred of the informal tickets to his friend from Des Moines. The eyes of that gentleman gleamed and he emitted a large, throaty laugh.

"I say, that's simply great, Florian. Give me your tickets. I'll undertake to sell 'em all."

"Hot dam! Ev'y one?"

"Just about. But you must guarantee to me personally that this will be a real fight to a finish."

"Cap'n, I sholy does that. You just sell them tickets an' watch what occurs."

Florian beamed his way forward to where Opus was timidly rehearsing a comedy scene on the rigging. He stood grinning at the portly star, and Opus' ire was excited.

"What you smilin' at me thataway fo', cullud man?"

"Guess a feller cain't he'p smilin' when he looks at you, Opus."

"Ise funny, ain't I?"

"You don't know how funny you is. It's on'y when you tries to be comical that you gits sad."

"Well," snapped Mr. Randall, "I never will be as humorous as you was chasin' after my taxi the day us sailed fum New Yawk."

"Oh, yes, you will. B'lieve me, Brother Randall, you is fixin' to become the most comicalest spectickle which ever specked."

Late that afternoon the gentleman from Iowa informed Florian that, almost without exception, the cabin passengers had purchased the tickets for the "finnish boxxing" match.

"They were really delighted at the opportunity," he explained. "As a matter of fact, they've been sort of wondering how they could show their appreciation."

"They suttinly coul'n't pick no better way than buyin' them tickets."

The white gentleman delved into the pockets of his knickers and emerged with a fistful of money: "One hundred and fifty dollars and seventy-five cents, Florian. Count it."

"I don't need to count it, suh. I assepts yo' word as cheerful as I assepts yo' money."

Florian was gleeful that night. He stood on deck, staring raptly at the phosphorus-streaked water hissing from the side of the ship. Then he wandered back to the stern and gazed at the foaming wake. Far back there was America—and Birmingham. Ahead lay the vast mystery of Europe. Three days hence they would be treading the pavements of Naples, strangers in a foreign land. But the last trace of Mr. Slappey's apprehension had vanished. Things were not so different after all; his grudge with Opus Randall was just as important as it had been in Birmingham, his brain as schemeful, his vengeance as certain and as subtle.

He sought certain friends from whom he had borrowed money, and, much to their amazement, paid it back in full. Orifice Latimer asked where this wealth had fallen from, but Florian was evasive.

"I got influ'ntial friends, Orifice—tha's all."

The following morning dawned in a gray haze. The ship sighed gently over a glassy sea which rose and fell evenly in the great ground swell. And then the pall lifted and far ahead loomed the grimly beautiful coast of Spain. Tense excitement gripped the passengers and the colored travelers became almost hysterical.

"Yonder's Europe!"

"Dawg-gone if it ain't!"

"What you reckon it's gwine be like?"

"Shuh! Feller, it ain't gwine be like nothin' you ever saw. You watch what I forecasts."

The approach to Spain seemed interminable. The sun blazed forth, two small steamers bound from Mediterranean ports to Bordeaux moved north along the gray-green coast, a proud barkentine nosed boldly toward the Azores, and then there appeared far ahead the majestic outline of Gibraltar.

"Yonder's the big rock."

"What big rock?"

"Gibraltar, brainless."

"What's it used fo'?"

"Listen at the foolishment that man asks. Zif there was anybody who didn't know that Gibraltar is used fo' takin' pitchers of."

Lunch was of little interest that day, save in the announcement from the purser's office that the ship was a trifle late, and no one except the passengers landing there would be allowed to go ashore at the fortress. At four o'clock in the afternoon the Napoli swung into the harbor behind the rock and crept to her anchorage.

The travelers were dazzled to silence. It was not so much the majesty of the rock which impressed them as the gleam of the town—the row on row of stone and stucco buildings, the walls and parapets, the slim and graceful forms of destroyers lying within the shelter of the breakwater, and the sight of Algeciras shimmering white across the bay on Spanish territory.

No sooner had the ship dropped anchor than it was surrounded by a cloud of small boats. The steerage passengers shrieked greetings to these first Europeans to meet them on their homeward voyage, and the Birmingham negroes watched with mingled horror and amazement as the fishermen sold to certain of the third-class passengers large, wiggly, evil-appearing fish which someone explained were squids—"Small octopuses, you know."

"Golly! They would be named somethin' like that. What is they good fo'?"

"The natives eat them."

"Them things! Oh, laway! If them is food, I see where one cullud man is gwine starve to death."

Dusk was falling in a blaze of purple and red gold when the whistle sounded and the ship swung slowly back toward the deep blue waters of the Mediterranean. Members of the mechanical staff, assisted by the ship's carpenter and directed by J. Caesar Clump, busied themselves with the erection of the ring, which was located on the forward cargo hatchway. Florian watched with keen interest, visualizing the painful discomfiture of Opus Randall which was scheduled for the day following. Spokane Washington joined him and the conspirators held gleeful converse.

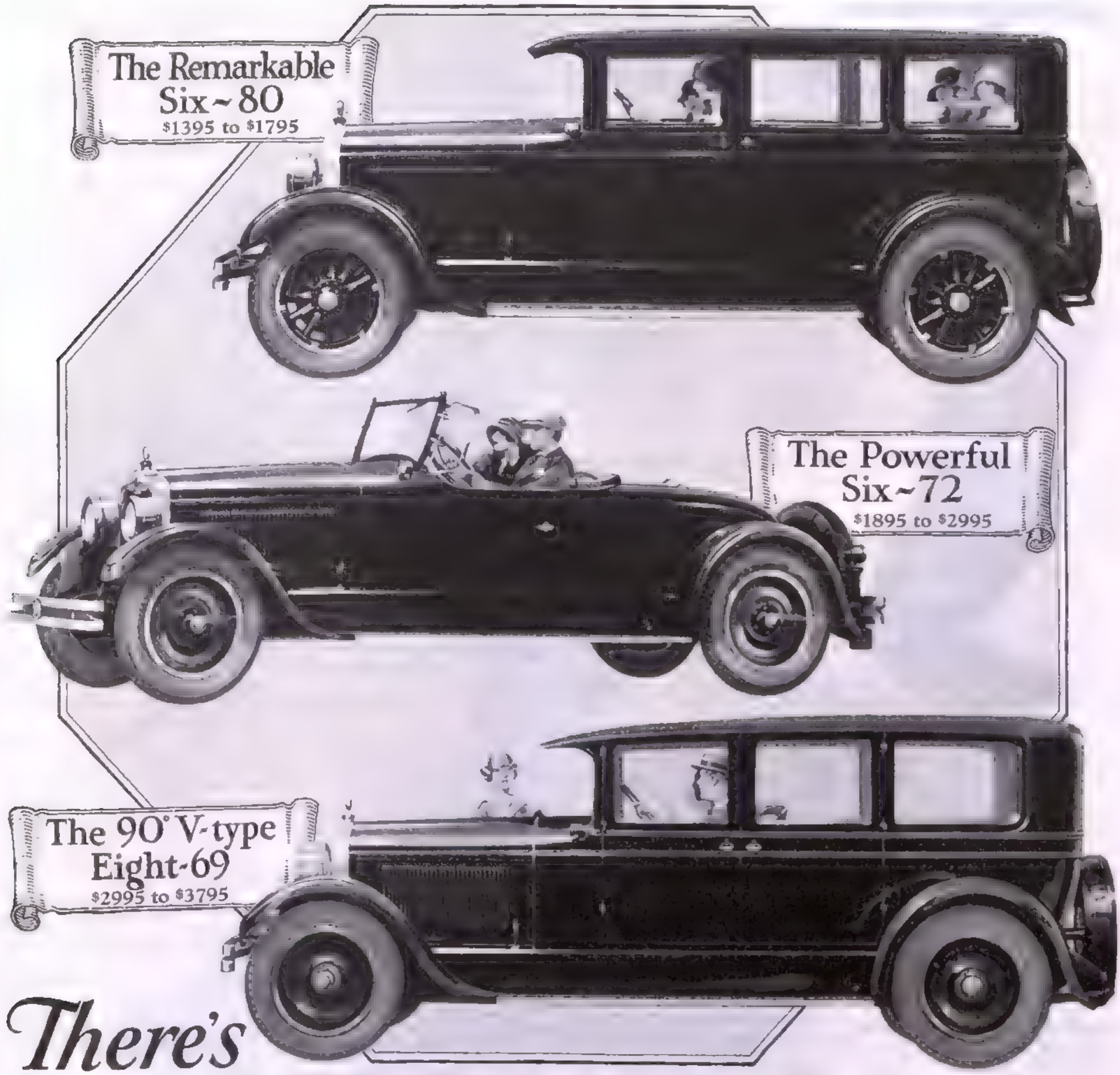
"You is in good shape, Spokane?"

"Never was better. Reckon us had ought to reserve a bed fo' Opus in the ship's hospital?"

"Huh! Leave him lie on the deck—tha's what I suggests."

"I likes yo' suggestiveness. If he on'y knowed what was gwine happen to

(Continued on Page 98



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(Continued from Page 94)

him —— When us gits to Italy, Opus'll just be wakin' up smellin' liniment."

Early next morning Florian did a bit of inquiring and then went on the promenade deck to notify the cabin passengers that the battle was scheduled for two o'clock that afternoon.

"And where do we go to see it?"

"Lots of you lines up along the front part of the deck an' the rest can come right down where us is."

"Will there be somebody to take our tickets?"

"No, suh. Money what you-all give was just a volumtary cont'ibution. Writin' them tickets was just a li'l' joke of mine."

"Certainly. But we want to see a fight."

"Gin'ral, a fight is what you is gwine see. Just take Florian Slappey's word, fum Bumminham, Alabama, fo' that."

At ten o'clock Florian sought Spokane G. Washington. Mr. Washington was nowhere in evidence. Florian frowned and proceeded below decks. He moved toward the Washington cabin and was greeted with a profound groan. A tremor of agitation smote Mr. Slappey and he shoved open the door. A dark and haggard face looked at him.

"What ails you, Spokane?"

"Florian, Ise either a cawpse or a candidate."

"Seasick?"

"Don't talk about it! Feller lemme eat one of them fish they bought at Gibraltar."

Memory of the fish in question flashed across Mr. Slappey's mind, and he expressed his opinion of the stricken Mr. Washington in no uncertain terms: "Now you git yo'se'f up fum heah, Spokane. You got to fight Opus Randall this afternoon."

"Says which?"

"Says you got to fight Opus Randall this afternoon."

"Boy, I ain't fightin' nothin' but Ol' Grim Reaper. I tell you, Ise about to resign fum bein' alive."

"But listen ——"

"Ise too sick. Git out!"

Florian argued, but his most passionate exhortations failed to have the slightest effect. Mr. Washington was ill, and there was small chance that he would stop being ill for many hours to come.

Florian slammed the stateroom door and fled along the white corridor in search of Cæsar Clump. Into the ear of that gentleman he poured the ghastly tidings of Spokane's affliction. Cæsar frowned and shook his head.

"T'chk! T'chk! Tha's too bad."

"Man, it's wuss than that. It's impossible!"

"I'd suttinly hate not to have that boxing match while we was on the ship."

"You don't know nothin'. Go on down and cajole with Spokane."

In fifteen minutes J. Cæsar returned. He was disappointed but philosophical: "Nothin' to do but call that fight off, Florian. Brother Washin'ton was drawin' tombstone pitchers on the sheet."

"Man, we cain't call off that fight—we cain't!"

"We got to."

"Git a double fo' Spokane."

"Ain't nobody would do it. Guess I better tell the company."

Florian grabbed his arm pleadingly. "Please, Cæsar, do me one favor. Don't call off that fight yet an' don't tell nobody. I craves to do me some thinkin'."

"What about?"

"Trouble!"

Florian moved forward to the most exposed and windiest section of the promenade deck, where he stood gazing disconsolately across the Mediterranean. The sides of the ship were no blacker than his thoughts. Disaster had descended upon him in large, soggy slices.

"There ain't nothin' I can do," he reflected miserably, "an' I got to do it right away."

Today was the last chance. Tomorrow the ship was due at Naples, and in the morning there was packing to be done and small time for picture taking. Mr. Slappey's countenance was wreathed into an expression of excruciating worry, and he scarcely heard the soft, teasing voice when it first addressed him:

"How are you feeling this morning, Florian?"

Mr. Slappey faced the jovial young purser, who was gay in the gold lace and shoulder insignia of his elevated office.

"Rotten, cap'n, thank you."

"Seasick?"

"So sick I cain't see nothin'."

"Tried any champagne?"

"No-o. But if you reckon they's got any cy'nide handy, I might mix me a cocktail out of that."

The purser laughed. He thought these colored persons were the most interesting he had ever carried and delighted to talk with them. Therefore he listened attentively while Florian framed a highly involved hypothetical question which covered his present dilemma.

"An' tha's what has been interestin' me," finished the harassed Mr. Slappey. "If a feller was low-down enough to do a thing like sellin' tickets, an' then there not be no show or nothin'—which, of course, no feller woul'n't be so low-down as to do—what kind of punishment would he happen to?"

The eyes of the purser twinkled. He was pleased to indulge in what he called the American spoof: "You see that mast up yonder?"

"Tha's the most thing I contemplates."

"Well, they climb up there weeth that fellow and they hang heem by the neck."

"Not ackchelly?"

"Yes, sir! Then they throw heem overboard for the sea gulls to eat."

"Mistuh, you wouldn't kid me?"

"Oh, no! But you must realize that when you are on a ship, you have got to be right and good."

"Uh-huh. You sholy said somethin' that time."

Florian moved unhappily away. His cosmic scheme had gone suddenly and completely flooie. It did not occur to him to doubt the last lethal detail of the purser's story, and he visioned his slender body dangling from the mast.

So this, then, was the end! The familiar terrain of Alabama was far away, and he was in the clutches of foreigners and subject to their drastic laws. Florian's head buzzed with wild tales he had read regarding the complete and summary punishment dealt out to those who violated European laws and customs, and quite suddenly he became poignantly aware of his exotic surroundings and the utter impossibility of escape.

Florian knew exactly what was about to happen. The passengers would assemble for the battle, they would fidget impatiently, the announcement would be made that there was to be no fight, and there would be a vehement demand for the return of the ticket money. And that could not be returned. Florian possessed precisely one hundred dollars of the original hundred and fifty, and it seemed unlikely that the ticket holders would be willing to settle for sixty-six cents on the dollar. He made a frantic and futile attempt to borrow the shortage.

And finally, because there was nothing else to do, he presented himself before Director Clump.

"Cæsar," he inquired, "what aims you to do about this fight scene?"

"Got to call it off."

"I thought you was just bound to take it on the ship."

"I want to. But I reckon us can build a set somewhere and make it look like we was on a boat. Ise just about to notifry Opus Randall."

"Nos-suh, don't do it."

"Says which?"

"You got to have that fight at two o'clock this afternoon P.M."

"Foolishment what you utters with yo' mouf. How can I have a fight when one-half the fighters is sick fum eatin' too much octopus?"

Florian shivered, shuddered, gritted his teeth—and took the desperate plunge:

"I'll double fo' Spokane."

"You?"

"Myse'f!"

Cæsar was stunned with delight. "Man, you don't care what happens to you!"

"Oh, yes, I do; that's just why I willings to fight."

"But Opus is bigger'n you, an' he don't like you. He'll smear you all over that ring."

"Shuh! He cain't hang me, can he?"

"Hang you?"

"Uh-huh. An' he ain't gwine make no sea-gull food out of me, is he?"

"You ain't crazy, is you, Brother Slappey?"

"Yas-suh; absotively an' posolutely. Now if you is willin' to loaned me fifty-five dollars ——"

"I ain't got it."

"Then lead me to Opus."

"You mean it?"

"Gawd he'p me—yes."

Cæsar darted away. The reason for Florian's amazing appearance in the breach was not at all plain to him, but as a director he was eager to take advantage of any favorable miracles. He notified cameraman and staff, and work on the improvised arena was taken up again where it had been quitted two hours earlier.

Eventually word came to the ears of Opus Randall that Florian was substituting for the defected Spokane G. Washington. A large and unwholesome grin overspread the features of Mr. Randall. He had feared the combat with Spokane, but the idea of doing battle with the despised Florian was delicious to contemplate. Whereupon he sought Mr. Slappey and leered upon him.

"Listen, Florian. I craves to know is you partial to lilies."

"Huh?"

"An' what kin' of hymns does you yearn to have sung after I finishes demisin' you?"

Florian was thoroughly frightened, but he was also angry.

"Uppity cullud pusson, ain't you got sense enough to understan' that this is gwine be a pitcher—not a fight?"

"Nope, I ain't got sense enough to understan' that, 'cause it ain't so. This is gwine be a fight an' you is the fightee."

"Now listen, Opus ——"

"Ise deef. An' Ise warnin' you right now, Florian, that you gittin' into the ring with me is just like measurin' yo'se'f fo' a wooden uniform."

Florian stared after the bulky figure as it swaggered away. He was a completely scared young colored gentleman, but there was, after all, no other course open to him. The most ghastly feature of the whole affair lay, however, in the knowledge that he dared not quit when once the fight started. The passengers who had purchased tickets at seventy-five cents each would report the fakery to the captain. Mr. Slappey turned cold all over. He'd have to go into that ring and take his licking.

At one o'clock Florian had almost unanimously reached the decision that suspension from the masthead was preferable to fighting Opus. Of course, Opus was fat and in miserable condition and would tire easily, but he was strutting about the deck informing other members of the Midnight organization that he was about to supply Florian with a pair of wings. Opus' relish for the coming combat was entirely too keen and too genuine to suit Florian.

Mr. Slappey reached a sudden decision and vanished into the section reserved for cabin passengers. There he held a brief conference with a small white-coated individual, and when he returned to his own stateroom he had parted with five dollars and acquired a bottle which contained a light sparkling liquid. There was the pop of a cork a gurgle.

"Well," summarized Florian, "Opus ain't so terrible big." At fifteen minutes before two o'clock, Florian was feeling more than a little sorry for Opus. "'Tain't

(Continued on Page 99)

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Chase Velmo

(Continued from Page 96)

no fair fo' me to wallop a fat man like him. Ise libel to dent him all up."

A messenger arrived from the deck announcing that all was in readiness.

"White folks lookin' on?" inquired Mr. Slappey.

"'Bout two hund'ed."

"Tha's a hund'ed an' fifty dollars' worth," returned Florian enigmatically. "Now listen at me, boy. You go back upstairs an' tell Cæsar Clump to git all of Opus' shots done, an' then call me; 'cause when this bout is finished there ain't gwine be enough of Brother Randall left to make soup with."

The messenger departed. Cæsar finished the preliminary shooting, moved his camera back and sent word to Florian.

That exalted young gentleman had divested himself of his sack suit and donned the trunks of a prize fighter, disclosing a very wiry and well-conditioned physique. He draped himself in an ample bath robe of yellow decorated with the flora and fauna of prehistoric days, a derby hat perched on the side of his head. And when he appeared in the open space where the ring had been constructed, his clear tenor voice rang out in a pæan of triumph:

"Oh-h-h-h-h-h!
A jay bird sat on a hick'ry limb,
He look at me an' I look at him,
I ball up my fist an' bust him in the chin.
He sa-a-a-ay,
'Please, Mistuh Slappey, don't do that ag'in!'"

The cabin passengers, crowded against the deck rails, recognized Florian and cheered with surprise and enthusiasm. The gentleman from Des Moines spoke for them.

"We didn't know you were one of the fighters, Florian."

"Yas-suh: Ise the on'y one. Opus is the ham bein' led to the slaughter."

"Big mouf!" grunted the massive Opus from his corner.

"He's a lot bigger than you are, Florian."

"Bigger target," grinned Mr. Slappey happily. "You watch!"

Opus was apprehensive. A frown had corrugated his brow and he experienced a sense of trepidation which would not down. Why was Florian so happy at the prospect of fighting a man twice his size? Not only that but Florian had volunteered, and now celebrated his triumph before the battle was joined.

And then Sicily Clump, in her comedy garments, stepped into the ring to referee, as the scenario demanded. The company, massed at the ringside within camera range, was given final instructions as to the emotions to be registered during the progress of the battle, and Cæsar megaphoned the commencement.

Florian swung from his corner and leaped to the center of the ring as the gong sounded, and Exotic Hines started grinding the crank of his camera. The ship rolled slightly as Opus stepped forward and the big man moved faster than he thought.

Mr. Slappey inserted a long, hard right into Mr. Randall's countenance and followed it with a ripping left to the body which caused Opus to emit an audible "Oof-f-f-f-f!" Two ladies in the audience screamed and the gentleman from Des Moines suggested to Florian that he kill Opus.

"Not yet," flung back Mr. Slappey. "I craves to show this big bum a few things."

Three more blows, delivered by Florian at close range and with telling effect, shook Opus and his confidence. Also, they made him angry. It was ignominious, indeed, to have this bantam pecking at him. He knew he could pulverize Florian whenever he so desired.

He bunched his muscles and rushed. Florian danced nimbly out of reach and Opus slammed into the ropes. Before he could turn, Florian had stung him three times. Mr. Slappey's confidence and natural speed were conspiring to effect Opus' complete confoundment. The members of the troupe were cheering, the white spectators were applauding and Florian was maintaining a running fire of caustic comment.

Then the gong sounded, marking the end of the round. Florian danced to his corner, and the pudgy actor, already tiring, ambled bewilderedly to his. He questioned Willy Trout, who was acting as his second

"What you reckon got into Florian?"

"Dunno, Opus."

"He seems to think he can lick me."

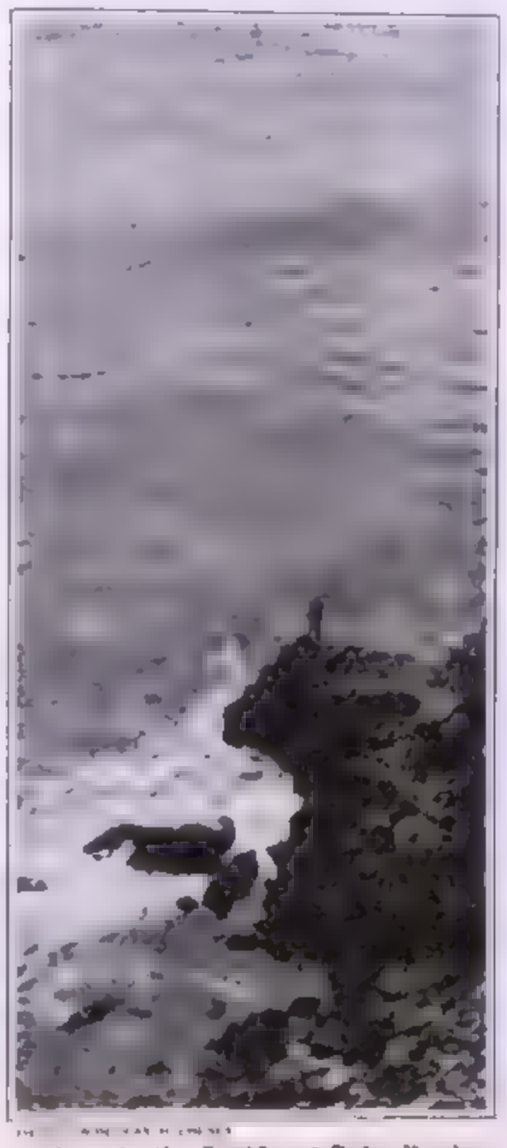
"Uh-huh. He sho do. An' he's kind of actin' like he's correct."

With the beginning of the second round, Opus rushed. Florian met him halfway and for perhaps twenty seconds an enthusiastic exchange of wallops occurred. From it Florian retreated considerably bruised. But Mr. Slappey had not lost his enthusiasm, nor any of his artificially induced confidence. He circled warily, sensible enough to see that Mr. Randall was getting very, very tired. And so he boxed and took no chances and Opus became more and more weary.

Both men were nearing exhaustion when the third round started, but Opus was the chief victim. Once or twice he landed with full power on various portions of Florian's anatomy, and on each such occasion Florian seated himself on the floor of the ring with more promptness than dignity. Florian even entertained a few doubts as to his ability to carry through his daring program. But everyone was cheering his name, and Opus could scarcely hold up his hands.

Whereupon Florian met the miracle halfway and with the commencement of the fourth round launched an attack which threatened to divide Opus up into small pieces. Slam-bang—zowie—slap! Scarcely a punch missed its mark. Opus was no longer fighting; his chest was heaving painfully, his arms felt like ton weights, his legs refused to function, and the only thing he was able to do efficiently was to receive Florian's blows.

Mr. Slappey was merciless. This was the greatest and most glorious moment of his hectic career. His arch enemy was powerless before him. Not only that but more than two hundred persons were witnessing the spectacle—at seventy-five cents each. The whole situation impressed Mr. Slappey as being irresistibly funny; here he was avenging himself for every real and fancied injustice and act of tyranny, and at the same time clearing a profit of one hundred and fifty dollars American money.



Fishing in the Pacific, at Palos Verdes Park, California

The end came in the sixth round. Opus, hopelessly exhausted, although very little hurt, sat down on the floor and found that he could not move. Under directions from Cæsar, Sicily counted the ultimate ten and Florian was declared victor by a knock-out.

For two hours immediately thereafter Florian celebrated. There were several in the company who harbored deep personal grudges against the defeated Opus, and they felt that Florian had valiantly upheld their cause. Wherefore they crowded about him and made it quite plain that they considered him a most noble hero.

But Mr. Slappey was beginning to feel the reaction. The stimulation which had carried him cockily into the ring was wearing off, and now, after his victory, he was experiencing the physical fear which had not been present during the battle. How had he, a mere shrimp of a man, dared to fight the colossal Opus?

He contemplated the affair from every angle, and the more he thought of it, the more impressed he became with his own prowess. And there was another pleasing angle—the hundred dollars remaining of the original hundred and fifty paid by the passengers was now his. The fight had been all that anyone could ask. If only ——

Florian's lips expanded into a grin. This was the single touch necessary to crown a perfect triumph. Opus must be told that he had not only contributed to Florian's physical glory but that one hundred and fifty dollars cash money had gone into Mr. Slappey's purse as the result thereof.

Florian sought President Orifice R. Latimer and borrowed from that gentleman the sum of fifty dollars on his pledge that it was not to be spent and would be returned within fifteen minutes. Armed with the complete hundred and fifty, Florian made his way to Opus Randall's cabin.

An odor of liniment assailed his nostrils as he flung back the door. On the narrow white berth the figure of the ex-warrior lay supine. Feeling a trifle less personal animosity, Florian might have been a little compassionate. But he looked at Opus and saw nothing reflected in that gentleman's face but triumph.

"Huh!" sneered Florian. "I guess you is happy on account I d'in't massacree you entirely."

"Pff! You never bothered me no mo' than a muskeeter."

"Words that spills fum yo' lips. I guess you di'n't git beat, eh?"

"No; I was just tired."

"An' you ain't mis'able about it?"

"Nope."

"Well, dawg-gone yo' hide!" This was not at all as it should be. Opus was due to be abject and unhappy. Florian felt as though he had been cheated, and so, to bring about the humility which he desired to see in Opus, he delved into his pockets and brought forth one hundred and fifty dollars.

"You see these moneys, Opus?"

"Yeh."

"Know how I got 'em?"

"How?"

"Thisaway," explained Florian triumphantly: "When I knowed I was gwine fight you, I sold tickets to the cabin passengers at six bits each. So not on'y I licks you but gits paid fo' doin' it. I guess that ain't gwine make you feel like laughin', is it?"

"Sure it is." Opus was suspiciously genial. "I gits a tremenjoos holler out of it, because pussonally I is pow'ful happy that you won."

"Glad I licked you?"

"Tha's which."

"How come, Opus? Splain yo'se'f."

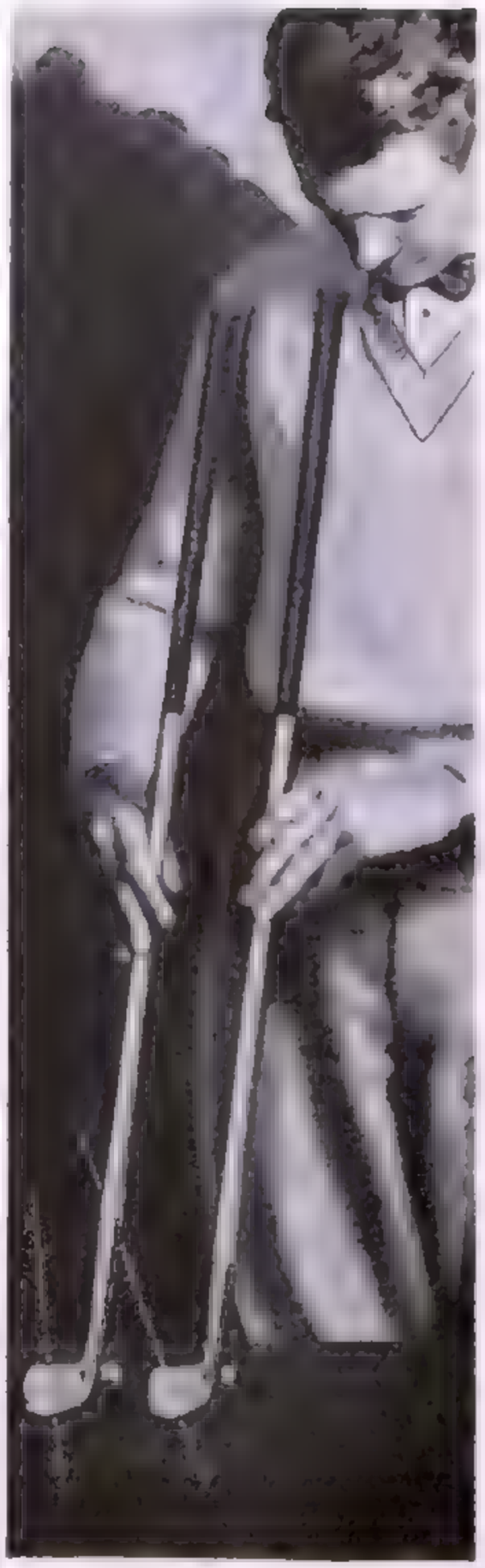
Mr. Randall produced from under his pillow a sizable roll of bills.

"Three hund'ed an' ten dollars, Florian. An' it's all mine!"

"Yours? Where at did you git it?"

Opus Randall heaved a sigh of enormous contentment.

"Them cabin passengers which come in on yo' tickets," he explained; "they raised this money an' give it to me to make up fo' the licking I got."



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SELLING STYLE

(Continued from Page 10)

successful than men in imparting the authentic line, the proper swagger.

Round-table discussions of style merchandise take place weekly in most of the large department stores. Teamwork is striven for. All buyers of goods having any element of style assemble in council with the merchandise managers, advertising managers, style copy writers, artists and window-display attachés. Style changes are noted and prepared for. Style novelties are displayed and their merits discussed. Color changes are anticipated by canvassing the business done on them in the various departments. Cables from foreign buying offices are read and their information acted upon. The newest goods are displayed and discussed, for whatever happens in one department will be sure to react on many others.

Will gray displace beige as a basic color? If so, it will have its effect on every department in the store, and no time is to be lost in determining its influence. Shoes, hosiery, dress goods, bags, even underwear, are instantly affected by a swing from one shade to another. Green began to be enormously popular both for day and evening wear some months ago and green silk underwear immediately showed phenomenal sales. Every accessory felt its influence strongly. The color of outer garments has not until recently affected the color of underwear. That it is affecting it now is added evidence of our growing style consciousness. No longer are women satisfied with the ubiquitous flesh shades. As new subtleties of styling in outer wear appear new subtleties of underwear styling must be offered.

Style in Window Dressing

Will the waistline be higher, or nipped in? Will the fitted bodice and full skirt have a wide vogue? In either case the corset department will be materially affected. No longer will the mere hip girdle serve. There will have to be a fundamental change in corset designing. The line will have to be raised and the waist curve accentuated.

Will prints lose their fashion significance? If they do, a dozen departments will feel the effects. Trimmings are always simpler or practically disappear when prints are popular. Accessories of all types are influenced by a print vogue.

Since the windows sell a store directly to the passer-by, the coöperation of the window trimmers in all style consultations is of the utmost importance. Windows can be a tremendous asset or a serious liability. Style-wise organizations prepare for them with the utmost care. Artists are engaged to plan them. The whole plant is drawn upon to furnish forth a style feast for the spectators. Since they determine the tone of a retail establishment even more strongly than does its advertising, badly styled windows can materially injure the prestige of a store carrying the smartest of merchandise.

One store has as a consultant on color harmonies an artist of national reputation. Another employs a man at a salary of $25,000 a year, who sets his style stage with the same precision and attention to correct detail as are used in the presenting of a theatrical production or the filming of a feature picture.

To have windows properly sell a store, carte blanche must be given the decorator in the selection of merchandise from the various departments. Buyers dislike to have their choicest things used in windows. Sun, dust and handling frequently injure delicate and expensive fabrics. A few years ago, when the dominance of style was not so strong as it is now, buyers were permitted to hamper the work of window decorators to an unbelievable extent. Hosiery buyers would refuse to allow anything other than their cheapest silk stockings to be used on figures. Dress buyers would balk at lending an evening frock for an evening-coat display. Fur buyers wailed loudly when asked for a sable or silver-fox skin to supplement a tailored suit.

Merchandise managers, sensing the importance of teamwork in producing effective displays, have effectually quenched such stupid opposition to the common weal. A balky and selfishly short-sighted buyer—happily there are few of them now—is no longer coaxed; he is coerced into cooperation.

In the main, windows are styled today with consummate skill. The choice of materials in the more style-conscious store leaves little to be desired; their assembling is masterful and the effect often absolutely delectable.

The fashion adviser came into being with the awakened style consciousness. An imperative need was felt by merchandise managers for someone who could be to the fashion policy of a store what the president and vice president are to the financial policy. Ten years ago they were practically unknown in the business world; five years ago there was a handful of them; today every little shop, every manufacturer with any pretensions to style standing, and almost every retail store is loudly advertising the addition of a stylist to their executive staffs. Sometimes their much advertised presence is a myth.

Style talks are given to the sales people by the style adviser. Once a week, half an hour before the store is thrown open to the public, groups of employes are called together, and the style qualities of the goods they sell are pointed out to them. The newest importations are displayed. The idea back of their purchase is explained. Accessories are shown to give them the information necessary for selling by suggestion. Manikins—usually members of their own group—are dressed in the costumes discussed. Interest is aroused much more keenly when costumes are worn, and by girls with whom they are intimate, than when they are merely shown in the hand. They are familiarized as far as is possible with the great French dressmakers' names, and with the foreign countries producing the material they are required to sell; with smart foreign resorts such as Deauville and Cannes, St. Moritz and Biarritz, and with our own style centers. Many of them drink in the information avidly and give it off again in the most convincing and ingenious manner:

"Do let me show you something we've just received from Paris. It will be perfect for you with your figure and coloring. The smartest women are wearing them at Cannes. It will be perfect for your Miami trip. Yes, we have perfect copies at $79.50."

New Shades for Old

It always gives me a funny little thrill to hear the bits of fashion gossip I had given them in the morning being used to turn a sale in the afternoon.

The upheaval in our manner of living has fundamentally shaken the whole superstructure of business. Winter is summer and summer is winter for many of us. There is golf in December and swimming in February, Arctic cruises in June and dude ranching in July.

Those of us who can possibly manage the money and the time, along with many more who can't, but somehow do, will be rushing to Venice for April and back to Paris for the exquisite spring days of May. London will beckon in June, and Deauville in July. Biarritz will see us through September, and then the Scottish moors will call to us. Later on St. Moritz or Cairo will hold out its allure, according to our sporting tastes.

The variety of clothes necessary to cover the smart itinerary is endless. Those of us who pursue no such meteoric course across fashion's playgrounds are nevertheless influenced strongly by those who do; and so seasons have lost their significance for all of us and shopping has become continuous.

What a lot simpler life was when staples could be depended on to obtain a good season's profits! Gone are those good old days when a buyer of hosiery, for example, could lay in his season's stock of silk, lisle and cotton hose, comprising some dozen or so standard shades and weights, and then sit back and watch it turn itself over at a neat profit. The staple stuff was sweetened up with small orders of lace novelties and French clocks on which he expected to take a loss and didn't mind, because the proportion was so negligible.

Today new colors come out almost weekly. Céleste, a faint pinkish yellow, is preferred at the moment for evening wear; next week a pinkish mauve, called moonbeams, may displace it. Sheer gun-metal gray did excellently a month or so back, but fell off in favor of the wood tones, which regained some of their former prestige. The flesh tints recently lost considerable ground in the popular favor. The latest importations from Paris show a marked increase in the lighter grays with a faint greenish tinge, while the beiges for street wear have a less rosy tone than heretofore.

No More Stable Staples

Thus the whole fashion picture can change subtly in the course of a month. Buyers cannot afford to be caught napping. Forty winks may spell fatality. Selling style isn't a lazy man's job.

Occasionally the financial losses in some one department cannot be laid at the buyer's door. The trouble will have its source elsewhere. Recently a financially sick department in one of New York's biggest retail stores was having its sad case analyzed. It was a department that had once been that store's greatest money-maker. Expert advice had been called in. Artificial sales stimulation had been administered again and again. It continued to sink.

What could be done about it? Nothing! The malady went too deep for cure. Razzing the buyer hadn't helped. Firing him and getting another in his place wasn't going to solve the problem. The difficulty went way back of that. The manufacturers creating the material sold in that department had ignored style. They had made enormous sums of money on staples, and to staples they clung in an era when no one wanted staples and everyone wanted style. Style had stolen a march on them! Staples had let them down!

"Isn't there any such thing as a staple commodity any more?" irascibly queried the president of this department store. "Can't we depend on standard lines in any of our departments?"

I had to tell him that he couldn't—that there really is nothing staple. It seemed cruel to knock all the props out from under his comfortable financial castle. He was left foundationless in such a terribly fluid sort of world. His whole scheme of things was refusing to jell. He couldn't fasten his faith to staples with even the trusty safety pin. It, too, had become style-wise and had blossomed out in all the frivolous hues of fashionable undies. I could, with a comparatively clear conscience, promise him that there wouldn't be any radical changes in ironing boards or potato mashers; but very little else could be assured him.

All the virtues of practicability, durability, quality, even beauty, count for little. The big question today is: Has it style? Practically everything has to stand the acid test of that analysis.

It is by no means my intention to intimate that inferior merchandise may be sold so long as it has style elements. Certainly that is not the case. As a nation we are demanding a quality standard unequaled in any other country. But quality without style merit no longer satisfies us.

(Continued on Page 105)

The brush that brushes *All* your teeth

The only tooth this brush can't reach is the tooth that isn't there

NO tooth can sidestep this scientific brush. The way it is built is a guarantee that it will *reach every tooth* If you have a brush that does that, you cannot neglect any part of any tooth.

A glimpse at the pictures on this page shows you why the Pro-phy-lac-tic reaches *every* accessible surface of every tooth. First there is the curved bristle surface. It curves the way your jaw curves. Next there is the big, cone-shaped end tuft.

It makes those remote rear molars as accessible as your front teeth. And then you have a curved handle, curved so that it goes toward your teeth—the direction in which you are exerting the pressure when brushing. This helps you to clean *all* your teeth every time you brush them and makes the Pro-phy-lac-tic one of the most comfortable brushes to use.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic gets *in between teeth*. The saw-tooth bristles pry into every crevice and dislodge particles which otherwise might hide away and cause trouble.

The big end tuft reaches and cleans the backs of teeth, even the backs of hard-to-get-at molars. It pries into all depressions and crevices, no matter how deep. In fact, there isn't a part of a tooth this brush can't reach.

Your jaw curves. So do the bristles of this brush. So does the handle. Every tooth along the length of the brush is washed and cleaned. The picture on the left shows how the Pro-phy-lac-tic gets behind the rear molars and fits the inside contour of the teeth.

YOU BRUSH YOUR TEETH TWICE A DAY

but——

if you use the *same* brush each time, the bristles never get a chance to become thoroughly dry. Our advice is to buy two Pro-phy-lac-tics at a time and use them alternately. Dry bristles not only last longer but give your teeth a more thorough brushing. This means money saved and cleaner teeth.

The care of children's teeth

WHEN a child loses a tooth before its natural span of service has ended, the permanent tooth following in its wake loses its guide. The adjacent teeth push toward the gap and reduce the space. When the permanent tooth emerges, there is insufficient room, and your child has a crooked tooth. If the lost tooth happens to be a sixth-year molar, so often hard to keep track of, Nature will never replace it. Fight the *premature* loss of children's teeth with the help of your dentist and by regular brushing with a Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby Brush. You can secure these brushes from your druggist in three colors—pink for the girls, blue for the boys, or in plain white.

Sold in three sizes by all dealers in the United States, Canada, and all over the world. Prices in the United States and Canada are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Also made in three different bristle textures—hard, medium, soft. Always sold in the yellow box.

FREE—Booklet containing valuable information on care of the teeth

USE THE COUPON BELOW

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH COMPANY
Dep't 1Ft, Florence, Mass.

Please send me your instructive booklet on the care and preservation of the teeth.

Name . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

. . . . . .

A Year

Roadster $795, Special Roadster $845,
Sport Roadster $880
f. o. b. Detroit

from Today

What will your car be worth *then*? Or in *two* years? Or in *five*?

Important questions, these—but they create no worry, no uncertainty for the owner of a Dodge Brothers Motor Car.

90 per cent of the 1,600,000 Dodge Brothers Motor Cars still in service—

Owners enjoying six, eight and even ten years of faithful performance! Mileage running into six figures a common occurrence—

Depreciation costs so low you seek in vain for a parallel—

Resale values unusually high, yet an eager market to absorb them—

Upkeep costs so nominal that it would be difficult to find records to match them—

A greater percentage of costly Chrome Vanadium Steel and drop forgings than in any other car in the world, regardless of price—

In a word—Long Life—a phrase internationally associated with Dodge Brothers name.

DODGE BROTHERS, INC. DETROIT
DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED
TORONTO, ONTARIO

DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CARS

"A wise woman never separates a man from his pipe."....Laurette Taylor

Quality created the demand—Demand made possible the price

NOW 12¢

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED

(Continued from Page 100)

Stores must boast and brag to attract attention and invite custom. They are compelled to talk about themselves in the press if they are to sell themselves to the public.

Everything else possible had been discussed threadbare. They had sold their old, established names, their accessible locations, reliability, quality and bargains. Price became of small consequence during the extravagant war years. People generally ceased, at that time, to be canny about values and became fastidious about fashions. Quality was a *sine qua non* in all stores of average standing. Selling service was old stuff. Service departments had all reached a dead level of perfection. What was there left to talk about? Something startling, vivid and constantly changing was vitally needed.

Style answered every question. Selling style is new every day. It lifts a store from the ruck of the average, puts punch in the advertising, allure in the window displays and imparts life to the whole plant.

Not that style had been totally ignored and neglected until the past few years. It had received attention, of course, but only a grudging attention. It was treated like a stepchild, not like the star boarder. It was sold timidly, not triumphantly.

High Mortality of Conservatives

A certain retail establishment is in process of walking away with a large part of the trade of several old well-established houses because it sells style and lots of it. Women don't shop for memory's sake, they shop for smartness. The phenomenal success of this and other upstart establishments has prodded the old guard into unprecedented action. One firm that had stood on its dignity, nursed its traditions and pooh-poohed as cheap and tawdry the spectacular efforts of neighboring establishments to gain notice, has blossomed out in the past few months with a style-selling campaign of impressive magnitude. Cost what it may, it has determined to blast its way back into the public consciousness again as a factor in smartness. Its advertisements had never carried an illustration. They were set up in old-fashioned layouts and featured mainly cut-price sales, despite the fact that the store itself had an enviable standing for high-grade merchandise. Sales were falling off. Wealthy old customers were deserting to newer and liver stores. A complete regeneration of the store's policy was inaugurated. They are going their competitors one better and are staging a style comeback that has already attracted widespread attention.

Another store of still older traditions kept so consistently to its policy of conservatism that it all but died of it. Indeed, it is doubtful if there is any possibility of resuscitating it. Young men have taken hold of it, ousting the dyed-in-the-wool conservatives who had almost succeeded in ruining it; but though they are applying the fashion pulmotor with the utmost vigor, the patient shows signs of being too far gone to yield to treatment.

Near it is a store that ten years ago ranked as a dependable but just average establishment. Its merchandise was good but uninteresting, its advertising negligible. It began to organize for a style-selling campaign. A fashion adviser was retained, sent to live in Paris, with frequent trips home for contact with the American market and clientele.

An advertising manager, a woman with a keen sense of style values, was given practically a free hand in the exploitation of material presented by the buyers and the foreign representatives. The windows were used with the utmost effect and were tied up in their displays with the advertisements as they appeared. The whole store was welded into a perfect style-selling machine. What had been negligible became important. What had been uninteresting became momentous. Other organizations watched its activities jealously. Its business has increased phenomenally. People who had never entered its doors began to shop there.

Realizing that it had rather too good a reputation for reliability and conservatism, another establishment inaugurated a campaign to obliterate that picture from the public mind and paint a picture of unrivaled smartness in its place. Within a few months the whole complexion of things was altered. The public sat up and took notice. Full-page advertisements were run in the leading metropolitan dailies. Nothing was sold in those pages but style. A smashing sketch of a lovely lady, fashionably frocked, hatted, gloved and shod, was flanked by a paragraph of cleverly written copy. Guiltless of a syllable concerning price, bare of a suggestion as to value, the script set forth in the most compelling way the perfection of that store's organization as a style-selling unit.

Another store, whose publicity lacked any touch of distinction except for occasional style stunts tucked here and there in odd corners of their old-fashioned and uninteresting copy has recently gone in heavily for the new-art movement in advertising, a movement that lends itself with particular grace to the style advertising field. Everybody's using it. Some not wisely, but too weirdly.

I lunched yesterday with a buyer who had just signed a contract with a large department store in the Middle West. The salary is large, the firm one of high standing and of enviable traditions. My first question was, quite naturally: "How do you like your new work?"

A shade came over her face. "Oh, it's all right, but ——"

"Yes, but what?"

"Well, just the same old story," she confided gloomily. "An old firm, an old president—seventy-two, at least—with a strangle hold on the policies. I went there with the greatest enthusiasm to do big things. They are losing customers, and by the same token, of course, losing money. I had plans for attracting a lot of new business, but I'm met with the old time-worn objections at every turn:

"'We've never done things that way!'

"'The president doesn't permit us to illustrate advertisements!'

"'It isn't in keeping with our traditions to give style shows!'

"'We cater to the oldest families in the city!'

"They do, indeed! I never saw so many old ladies in all my life as I see daily in my department. Hang the old ladies! Hang traditions! The old ladies are going to die off and there'll never be any more to take their places. Pretty soon old ladies will be as extinct as the dodo.

"My eyes simply ache to see a flock of flappers come into the department. Of course, they'd want something new and smart for $12.50, while the dwindling dowagers will pay $45 without batting an eye; but the young things will be back next week for something newer and smarter, and I won't see the dowagers for another six months. Likely as not, they'll have passed to their great reward in the meantime," she added morosely.

Tramping on Style

"Why, I beg you to explain to me," she went on bitterly, "do executives who consider themselves clever and who have been successful continue in the face of falling receipts to pride themselves on catering to a dying trade?"

I didn't have an explanation handy. In fact, there isn't any explanation. It's just one of the phenomena of the business.

On all sides we are hearing of our newly awakened art consciousness. Beauty is becoming a cult with us and it is expressing itself in everything we wear. Our department stores and manufacturers have made the happy discovery that disseminating style information, running a fashion school, so to speak, has brought them unexpected prosperity.

Shoe departments felt the pinch of style starvation acutely some years back. Terrible mortality resulted in the shoe industries because manufacturers tried to make women buy what was the least trouble to turn out. Men who had grown immensely rich in the business of manufacturing high-grade shoes resisted strenuously the trend toward novelty patterns. How often have I heard them emphatically assert:

"This flurry in fancy footwear won't last a year!"

"I'm not going in for these freak fashions in my factory!"

"Fancy French models aren't going to have any material influence on American styles!"

"Our women have too much sense to doll their feet up in fussy shoes!"

"American shoes are the best in the world!"

I know one shoe manufacturer who, five years ago, could have liquidated his business for more than $1,000,000. You would have said his position was impregnable. His product was high grade. In short, he seemed set for life. Today he is looking for a job. His friends, two or three shoe buyers, who were insignificant clerks when he was a rich and influential man, have managed to get him something that will pay him about fifty dollars a week. He had no vices. It was not wastefulness or bad management that brought about his ruin. He was not old. I should put his age at about fifty-two. He was mentally stagnant! No one was permitted to hint to him that his product was wrong. He had made fine conservative footwear for many successful years, and he would go on making conservative footwear when the whole world of women scorned conservatism.

A Bitter-Ender in the Shoe Business

I met him a few weeks before his financial debacle became public, in the department of a buyer who had once been his biggest customer. He had come to make a personal appeal for business—an unheard-of proceeding for him in his palmy days. I had landed in America only a few days before, bringing home with me a group of about fifteen of the newest models from the best-known Parisian shoe manufacturers. They had been purchased for this buyer, who, always alert to capitalize every French fashion of worth, has made a phenomenal success of his department. The buyer was enthusiastic. He bubbled over with ideas for using this model in such a leather; adapting that one to Palm Beach needs; trying out another in printed crêpe de chine. The manufacturer looked on with a cold and apathetic eye. Finally he was moved to tell me he didn't see anything in this French foolishness. He was off on his pet theme. He proved by the most convincing—to him—arguments that women weren't interested in where their shoe styles came from. He left, and nobody was conscious of his going. The poor man didn't count any more in any shoe buyer's scheme of things.

Five years ago I had brought home a shoe of exceptional beauty and simplicity. The same buyer had given it to this manufacturer to copy. He did it under protest, insisting that he had any number of patterns in his stock as good as it or better. The model was a great success. The manufacturer made money on it—lots of money. But it taught him nothing. Instead of asking for more where that came from, he went back to his conservative patterns and waited for someone to come along and kick him into taking another success. Buyers got tired of styling his line for him. They took their models to other manufacturers who didn't have to be prodded into accepting a good thing.

Another firm whose product was even more conservative, whose traditions were even older, their policy still more settled, has recently performed prodigies of metamorphosis. Someone in this firm had vision, and the strength to materialize the vision. Its line is now styled to the nth degree.

Some of the Many Reasons
why
CHATTANOOGA
is so widely known as the
"DYNAMO of DIXIE"

Here are a few of the many reasons why Chattanooga has become the foremost southern city in extensive, DIVERSIFIED manufacture—the "Dynamo of Dixie."

1

Chattanooga's geographical position in the very heart of the prosperous, progressive South.

2

Chattanooga's advantageous situation in the midst of the South's unlimited raw material sources.

3

Chattanooga's proximity to Hale's Bar, Ocoee, MUSCLE SHOALS and other actual and contemplated hydro-electric developments along the mighty Tennessee River.

(269,100 horsepower already developed; 591,000 horsepower now covered by applications pending before Federal Power Commission; 2,100 000 potential horsepower in easy transmission distance.)

4

Chattanooga's strategic position as a transportation center with splendid facilities to all points by river, rail and concrete highways.

5

Chattanooga's abundant supply of real American labor and ample resources for recruiting additional labor to meet any and all future requirements.

6

Chattanooga's ideally salubrious climate which allows year 'round activities without halt by excessive heat or cold. Average temperature 61 degrees. Sunstroke and tornadoes unknown.

7

Chattanooga's plentiful supply of fine water, cheap coal (in exact center of southern coal fields), cheap gas and coke and other commodities essential to efficient, economical production.

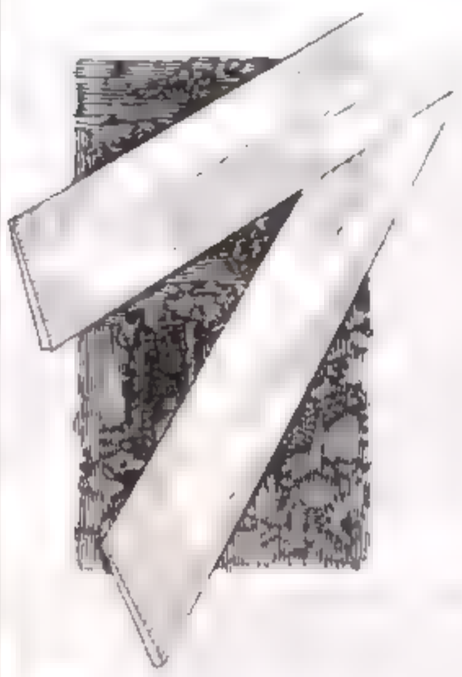
Among the 1400 different articles now manufactured in the 387 plants of Chattanooga, are:—

Cement (10,000 barrels per day)
Leather Tanning and Manufacture
Clay Goods (tapestry brick, sewer pipe, tile)
Furniture and Refrigerators
Textiles (woolen piece goods, cotton underwear, silk hose)
Iron Foundry and Machine Shop Products (melting 1400 tons pig iron daily)

This partial list clearly indicates the wide diversity of manufacture in the Dynamo of Dixie, and demonstrates the adaptability of Chattanooga's numerous industrial assets to any line of industry.

A complete analysis of Chattanooga's assets as applied to your particular business will be gladly compiled and forwarded on request.

COMMUNITY ADVERTISING ASS'N
500 Chamber of Commerce Bldg.,
CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE



This Siding is Rot-Proofed by NATURE!

Nature was in a particularly liberal mood when she designed Western Red Cedar. She omitted all pitch, foe of good paint jobs, and she put in a preservative oil which defies all forms of rot and resists all insects. From this exceptionally long-lived wood come Western Red Cedar Siding, Exterior Finish and other "Outside Wood" products.

You need Western Red Cedar for your new or remodelled home. Ask your architect or builder about it. All good lumber dealers stock it. It may cost a trifle more at the start but save you many dollars in the end. The years will treat it kindly. Driving rains will merely wash it clean, never chip or crack it. It will not warp nor twist nor shrink. It will hold its paint wonderfully well. Use it for siding, for exterior trim, for pergolas, trellises, etc.—all *outside* purposes. To learn more about it write for the booklet: "The Wood That Nature Armed Against Decay." We'll send, too, "Preserving the Charm of the Pergola," beautifully illustrated. Enclose ten cents to cover postage. Address:

RED CEDAR LUMBER MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION
4049 Stuart Building, Seattle, Wash.

Preserving the Charm of the PERGOLA
Western Red Cedar

The Mark Below Is On Every Bundle
Western Red Cedar
"The Wood That Nature Armed Against Decay"

Full pages in the magazines are purchased by it to sell itself as a style house. Has it paid? Well, rather! No department store or shop of any pretensions to style standing in the country but features the shoes of this company.

When shoes were at their stodgiest some ten years ago, a woman of taste and established social position, forced by the failure of family fortunes to use what talent she possessed to support herself, bought a half interest in a small custom boot shop on a side street uptown in New York. Practically without funds, she procured a few thousand dollars on some valuable diamonds and started out to put originality into footwear. She hadn't the slightest knowledge of the shoe business; didn't know a hand turn from a welt. Lasts were a closed book to her; but she had foresight and discrimination. The shop already had a name for sterling workmanship. It was turning out a small number of shoes to order for elderly dowagers with difficult feet and was losing money at it. She styled the line to meet the dawning desire for the unique and the beautiful in shoes. It was hard going for a few years. A ticklish business to keep the dowagers and get the younger generation too. Soon even the dowagers began to be tempted by the allure of the exquisite patterns inspired by the best Paris bootmakers and executed in the best American manner.

Putting Her Best Foot Forward

Faith in fashion has made for that woman a national reputation and a sizable fortune. She is worth more than $500,000 today.

A few weeks ago I was in the shop talking with the owner. An American of world-wide social position and great wealth whirled in. She was in a great hurry. She had to have a lot of shoes. Here were samples of her frocks. She was sailing in a few days for Paris to be gone for months.

"Please attend to this yourself," she begged of madam, the proprietress. "I rely on your taste. You know my ideas. I leave it all to you. I like this and this and this. Make that model up for me in several different combinations." And she was gone.

Madam showed me the order. It was for thirty-two pairs of shoes which would range in price from $65 to $125 a pair! Style had turned the trick.

"Changing fashions did it!" reads a caption in a steel-trade paper, heading an article dealing with the wire business. The ubiquitous felt hat put a serious crimp in the business of making steel wires for hat frames. The uncorseted figure lopped off another slice of the profits of the same industry. An appreciable part of their product had gone into the making of a special wire for corsets. Another blow was struck at it when hatpins became *démodé*. Fashion hit the wire mills almost as hard as it hit some of the textile manufacturers. They optimistically assert, however, that in the long run fashion changes have worked good to the industry, forcing them to dig up new users for their products. Thanks to the sudden mad passion the public is manifesting to buy lamps and yet more lamps, they are now turning out millions of feet of wire for lampshade frames.

Jewelry must be styled with the utmost rapidity. Pearls may seem, like the poor, to be always with us; but not for more than a few weeks together do they keep the same form. They are looped and tasseled, twisted into cables, or wound into *cabochons*. This week they are creamy white once more, where last week they were tenderly tinted. They swing in festoons down bare shoulders one day, and graduate in serrated rows on countless feminine chests the next.

Earrings are definitely in again today, though they were as definitely out a few months since.

Hat ornaments have gone through a hectic series of impersonations and for the moment are smartest in the guise of two large cut-glass chandelier pendants, mounted on stubby pins and affixed perkily side by side through the folds of a crushy felt crown.

Gold jewelry that had been *déclassé* since Victoria's time has just staged a triumphant return engagement.

The slave bracelet, so much worn today, may easily be lost to fashion in a month. When I left Paris in October last the links commonly worn were at least of reasonable size. At that time only a few of the ultra-smart women were affecting links as large as young doughnuts, about five to a bracelet. I bought charily of these—they seemed so extreme. In a few weeks they were on the counters of most of the smarter retail shops, and orders had to be cabled for more.

"What do you find to write about?" a woman editor of a national weekly said to me last week. "Styles don't seem to me to change as they used to. We don't have sudden shifts from tight sleeves to full ones, from full skirts to narrow ones. I'm wearing a dress I bought four years ago, and it's as good style now as it was then."

The Dernier Cri in Overalls

That last statement was perhaps open to question, but she was right in a way. Lines don't change radically from season to season, but details do. Colors come in and go out with bewildering rapidity. Details of trimming vary greatly from one season to another. Fabrics are styled much more rapidly. Accessories are new every week. Thousands of women are content if their clothes follow the broad outlines of fashion, but millions of them are intensely interested in the finer touches that make for distinction; and it is for these millions that stores map out their style campaigns.

Overalls would scarcely strike one as a subject for stylization, yet a current number of a great weekly carries a full page of advertising selling style in overalls. You may choose, if you affect these useful garments, from a considerable assortment of novelty stripes or a variety of other smart new patterns.

Dogs have their vogues no less than frocks. Don't imagine that young Johnny is satisfied any longer with a mongrel of uncertain origin. He is as keen for a pedigreed pup as mother is for a period highboy.

Poms have been fashionably dead these many years. Every self-respecting debutante and movie star has been toting a wire-haired fox terrier on the end of a little red leash for some seasons.

The incoming steamers from Europe no longer house in their luxurious dog cabins blooded police dogs. Schnauzers and Pinschers have usurped their quarters and are displacing even the chic little fox terrier.

Apartment houses have succumbed to style and are reacting to the dominant Spanish theme. Arched doorways, rough plaster walls, tile-paved entrance halls, and wrought-iron grilles give a pleasantly equatorial atmosphere to northern interiors whose occupants may never have been south of the Mason and Dixon's Line.

Chaste Georgian paneling, reduced to its simplest terms, forms a background against which we can now park a cherished gate-legged table, a fine old walnut secretaire, or even bits of our own old pine Americana, without doing violence to our aesthetic tastes.

Style has always been looked upon by serious men of affairs as something of a joke. They are just beginning to discover how deadly serious it really is. Flouting fashion should be nobody's business just now. It is commercial suicide to attempt it.

If Fashions Were Volsteaded

The vice president of a banking institution catering largely to the textile trades put forth suggestions for the controlling of style fluctuations and the curtailing of the style output before a recent national convention of retail dry-goods men. He suggested a bureau of scientific research into the psychology of style, and that a program regularly releasing only a few styles at a time be arranged and adhered to—a sort of Volstead Act for a world drunk with too much fashion.

Who would adhere to such a program? Bootlegging style would spring overnight into a more remunerative business than bootlegging booze.

Women must have their fashion tipple and would manage to get it one place or another. If the large manufacturers and retailers attempted to conform to such a scheme, every little half-baked designer and private dressmaker would reap fortunes, furnishing contraband fashions.

Business men want what they risk their money on to stay put. Style refuses to do it, and so they feel they must take steps to make it obey the rules. They seem not quite to sense the fact that style is not a commercial commodity—that it is an art and should be treated as such.

Fine paintings can be merchandised successfully, but the painter himself cannot be harnessed to a régime. Say to him, "You are to produce a painting on such-and-such a date, another three months from that time, then positively not another thing until January first of next year," and you'd have nothing worth merchandising.

Ideas will find an outlet in spite of the best-laid plans of bankers and brokers. Better to meet the conditions as they are being met by a great number of retail executives and manufacturers. Fortunes are being made by adapting organizations to changed conditions; they are being lost by trying to bend new conditions to suit old organizations.

COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE OF THE DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

The Natural Bridge in the Petrified Forest, Arizona

Log Cabin Maple Puff

1 cup Log Cabin Syrup — ½ cup cold water
3 egg yolks — 1 cup whipped cream
1 tablespoon granulated gelatine

Heat Log Cabin Syrup to boiling and pour slowly over the beaten egg yolks. Place over fire and stir until the mixture is set (about two minutes). Add the gelatine which has been dissolved in the cold water and put aside to set. When partially set, stir in the whipped cream and pour into a mold. Serve plain or with cream. Maple Charlotte may be made as Maple Puff, using 2 stiffly beaten egg whites instead of whipped cream.

Safe desserts for children in Summer—*the difficult feeding time*

A world-famous child specialist, in speaking of desserts, says that mistakes are more often made here than in any other part of the child's diet. He also states that no other causes are productive of more disorders of digestion than the free indulgence in desserts and sweets by young children.

* * *

Up to six or seven years (or older) only cereals, boiled rice, baked custards and the simplest desserts should be given.

This is even more true in summer months; the time of summer complaints and listless appetites.

It is here that Log Cabin Syrup offers a genuine aid to thoughtful mothers.

The golden Log Cabin Syrup supplies the sweetness growing bodies crave and need—in its most wholesome form. It keeps their little stomachs healthily active. Its rare maple flavor brings new life to lagging appetites. Just pour it over these simple desserts that child specialists recommend and see how the children respond.

Log Cabin Syrup on cereals that [illegible] your taste

[illegible] Log Cabin [illegible] delicious [illegible]

Log Cabin Syrup is entirely different from any other. This different maple flavor is due to the Log Cabin blend. The 2 choicest kinds of maple—New England and Canadian—are blended with purest granulated sugar by the famous Towle process. A 40-year-old secret. That is why it is the most popular high-grade syrup in the world today.

Mothers—test at our risk

If Log Cabin Syrup is not the most delightful and satisfying syrup you have ever tasted—then return unused portion to us by parcel post. We will refund full price you paid, including your postage.

Order a can from your grocer today.

If your grocer hasn't Log Cabin Syrup, send us his name and address. You will be supplied at once.

THE LOG CABIN PRODUCTS COMPANY
St. Paul, Minn.—the center of North America

© 1926, L. C. P. Co.

Towle's LOG CABIN *Syrup*

TRIAL MARRIAGE

(Continued from Page 25)

uncomfortable, and maybe not say anything about it."

"Don't fret yourself," said Mrs. Callahan. "If a woman's uncomfortable, she'll say somethin' about it."

"But can you think of anything, Mrs. Callahan?" he pleaded. "You're a woman. Anything I could buy—I could run out now before her train gets in—the stores are still open, aren't they?"

"Yis, sor, the stores is still open," said Mary Callahan. "An' I've no doubt there's plenty the young lady could find to buy in 'em, but lave that to her, Mr. Ware, and sit down an' rest yourself a bit now. Ye've been runnin' up an' down, down an' up, in an' out, all day, till ye've made me dizzy. I don't believe ye've been off your feet the whole day."

Her tone was maternal and soothing. Thor dropped down into an armchair, and said, "I guess I am sort of tired. But I've had lots of fun. Those roses look great, don't they, Mrs. Callahan?"

He had extravagantly filled all the vases with creamy white roses, and their delicious odor, voluptuously feminine, was struggling with the rather surgical odors of house cleaning, brass polish and floor wax, and the very individual and nice scent of newly washed linen. And in this place it might be as well to state, for the benefit of those who derive their ideas of artists from the movies, that there was not, and never had been a scent of incense in Thor's studio.

Mrs. Callahan, regarding the roses and Thor's dreamy expression, said shrewdly, "I guess thim's her favorite flower."

Thor smiled.

"No, I don't know. I guess girls don't have favorite flowers any more, Mrs. Callahan. At least, I never heard her say. But those roses remind me of her somehow. Don't know why."

He did know why. The roses were exactly the color of Constance's marvelous, pale, yet warm-toned skin.

"Well, ye've got a foine place, Mr. Ware, to welcome any young lady to," said Mrs. Callahan, departing. "So don't fret yourself. There's nothin' lackin'. I niver seen a unmarried gentleman before with everything in his own home so nice an' tidy an' complete."

"I hope she'll like it," said Thor. "Though she isn't hard to please," he added proudly. "I mean fussy or anything. She's not that sort, Mrs. Callahan. She's always had everything, and yet she's so simple—likes simple things—wears the simplest clothes you ever saw ——"

Suddenly he stopped, realizing that he was yielding to that inane desire of all lovers to babble about the beloved.

Mrs. Callahan gave him a pitying look, and went out, shaking her head slightly.

"If you need me, ye know where to find me," were her last words of comfort.

VIII

CONSTANCE stepped off the train, looking as fresh as if she had just come out of her own room.

Mrs. Weston, following at a little distance, gave the young lovers time to embrace.

"Tired, darling?" Thor asked anxiously.

"Why, of course not! How absurd!"

Constance's voice was as cool, and crisp, and fresh as her clever traveling clothes. Everything about her was perfect, right down to her luggage—smartly tailored black-leather bags with tan bindings.

"All those!" Thor exclaimed, as a porter staggered under them.

"Of course, silly!" laughed Constance. "Aren't you going to speak to Marcia, Thor, darling?"

"Oh! Sorry."

He crimsoned violently, jerked his eyes away from the enchanting Constance, and let them rest vaguely on Marcia, who was also looking pretty, though Thor didn't notice it.

"How are you, Mrs. Weston? Awfully good of you," he murmured, squeezing her hand frightfully hard, without even being aware that he had touched her fingers.

But Marcia was a good sport, as well as a sympathetic soul.

"Don't bother about me," she cooed, in her delightfully soft contralto voice. "Do forget all about me, you two, won't you?"

"Isn't Marcia the most sentimental old dear?" said Constance, as they walked up the long platform toward the stairs. "She gazed at me the whole way as if I were already a bride. You know the way people look at brides, Thor?"

"No, I don't," he replied, keeping his eyes steadily fixed on Constance, drinking in her beauty like a man who has been dying of thirst, his voice as vague as if he were only half awake, bumping into other people in the crowd as if they didn't exist.

"I hope you haven't gone to a lot of trouble for us, Thor," Marcia said, as they got into a taxicab. "You look rather tired. It must have been an awful nuisance to be turned out of your own rooms."

"Oh, no, not at all," he protested mechanically, meanwhile smothering a wild desire to push Marcia out of the cab, and crush Constance in his arms.

"Oh, Lord! I wonder if this means we'll never be alone!" he was thinking desperately. "Gosh, it's worse than not seeing Constance at all!"

But aloud he said, calmly enough—being one of those provoking men who can look quite cool and self-possessed even when they are quite the opposite—"I'll take you up to the studio now—it's only six—and give you time to get settled a little, and then I'll come back. I thought we might have dinner at the Plaza—it's near my place—and then go to a show, if you feel like it."

"Why, that will be awfully nice," replied Constance graciously. "I guess I can be dressed by seven or half past. How about you, Marcia?"

"Oh, but really!" protested that obliging chaperon. "I don't want to spoil your first evening together. Let me stay at home."

"Certainly not!" said Thor gallantly, while inwardly he was praying: "O God, please let Mrs. Marcia Weston get a terrible headache right after dinner!"

"We don't mind you, Marcia," said Constance coolly. "Kiss me, Thor. You only pecked at me in the station." Then, at the expression on Thor's face, "Why, the darling! I honestly believe he's shy!"

Queer—was there a faint note of triumph in her voice? She had changed a little since he had seen her last. There was something almost—well, proprietary in her manner. It puzzled Thor; and Marcia puzzled him. She was giving Constance a look of annoyance, almost anger.

For once Mike was silent, as he helped Thor up the stairs with the multitude of bags—five for Constance, three for Marcia. But it was not the luggage that overwhelmed, almost paralyzed, Mike, but the sight of Constance.

"Woman, woman!" he rhapsodized to Mary Callahan, in the basement. "There ain't anyone like her outside the angels in heaven, or thim young ladies in the movies!"

"Oh, the poor young man," mourned Mary Callahan. "An' him an artis'! No, it ain't fair. It's like shootin' a bird on the groun'."

"What do you want him to do?" roared Mike. "Marry a girl with a face like a potato?"

"Might be better for him," retorted Mary Callahan, "or one who could cook one anyway."

IX

"IT'S perfectly charming!" cooed Mrs. Weston, standing in the doorway of the studio. "Perfectly char-ming!"

Around her feet lay the eight bags, and in front of her was the great, white-curtained window. Thor, who had run in quickly ahead of the others to snap on the lights, was now kneeling on the hearth, and touching a match to the wood in the fireplace.

Constance had sat down in a blue-covered armchair, quite at home and at ease.

Her glance went round the large high-ceilinged room in a proprietary way, and it was with the air of a hostess that she said:

"Do sit down, Marcia. I told you it was jolly."

Marcia was examining the room with little dipping, birdlike movements of her head. Her sweet brown eyes gazed warmly on Thor.

"Such a lovely big place. I suppose you give heaps of parties."

"I haven't yet," Thor replied, "but I'm going to, now I've got two such charming hostesses."

Constance held out a lovely white hand and touched Thor's coat.

"Do stop a minute!" she cried, laughingly. "You've done nothing but run around in circles ever since we got here. Are you really so thrilled, Thor?"

"You know I am."

He bent over her, and his eyes darkened and deepened.

"Well, I guess we'll be an awful bother," said Constance carelessly. "Maybe you'd better show us our rooms now, or we won't be ready in time."

Thor led the way toward the balcony, and as they went upstairs he said, "There's only one room, you know ——"

"Only one!" Constance exclaimed, stopping short at the head of the stairs.

"Why—why, yes!" Thor stammered, taken aback. "Only one bedroom. There's a kitchen, and breakfast room, downstairs."

"But, Thor," said Constance, "where are you going to put Marcia, then?"

He looked at her speechlessly.

"You surely didn't think—I've never shared a room with anyone in my life," said Constance. "I simply couldn't, you know."

"I'm sorry," Thor began. "I thought you understood ——"

"Well," Constance laughed, but her laughter was vexed, "I really don't know what we shall do!"

"Oh, never mind," said Marcia, noting Thor's distressed confusion. "I'm sure we can manage somehow, Constance."

"Don't be silly, Marcia. You know you'd hate it just as much as I."

"Oh, gosh," cried poor Thor, "I'm awfully sorry. But I thought, when we were discussing the plan at your house, Constance, I told you how many rooms ——"

"I wasn't paying the slightest attention," said Constance haughtily. "You and mother talked so much. I wasn't listening half the time. Details always bore me."

"Oh, of course it's my fault!" Thor cried quickly. "I ought to have known, of course. There's a couch in the studio I've slept on when I had company, but I don't suppose —— "

"Certainly not," replied Constance.

"I'll sleep in the studio; I don't mind a bit," said Marcia.

"Of course, you'd mind!" declared Constance. "Anyway, where would you hang your clothes? And you'd have no place to dress. No, one of us will just have to go to a hotel, that's all. I don't care whether mother likes it or not. It's the only thing that can be done."

"Wait a minute," said Marcia. "Didn't you say there was a breakfast room, Thor?"

"Yes, downstairs, opens off the studio, and the kitchen's beyond."

"Well, we might turn the breakfast room into a bedroom while I'm here," suggested Marcia.

"Good idea!" cried Thor, tremendously relieved. "I'll get Mike to move one of the beds down tonight. And I'll get you another dressing table and whatever else you need, tomorrow, Mrs. Weston. Will that be all right?"

"Of course. Now don't worry any more about it."

Marcia wanted to pat him, he looked so helpless and anxious.

"Will that be all right, Constance?" he pleaded.

Her face did not relax its bored expression. Constance expressed displeasure in terms of boredom.

"Oh, I suppose so," she answered. "It's the best we can do under the circumstances. Only ——"

"What?" he asked, terrified. "What is it, Constance?"

"Well, nothing. Only it will be a bore getting dressed tonight, with my things and Marcia's all mixed up together in one room."

Marcia's face took on a rather grim expression.

"I'll try to be as little bother as possible," she said dryly.

"Oh, but, Marcia!" cried Constance. "I was thinking of you, dear!"

"Thank you," replied Marcia, "but I am not easily upset by trifles."

Constance arched her level brows slightly.

"I consider trifles decidedly the most important things in the world," she remarked, in her mother's tone.

"So I see," retorted Marcia.

And Thor stood helplessly between them. The eager, boyish happiness had quite gone out of his face. He did look tired now, felt tired, too, for the first time in that long, happily excited day. And, as he went slowly downstairs, the odor of the extravagant dozens of roses reminded Thor that Constance had never even noticed them. Oh, well, that was only natural. She was used to flower-filled rooms. Expected them, as a matter of course. Expected —— As he shut the studio door and stepped out into the dark hall, a tiny icicle of fear crept down Thor's back. The things that Constance would expect!

"Brace up, old man!" he whispered to himself. "This is only the first night. You surely aren't getting cold feet already!"

X

AN HOUR and a half later, the world was entirely rose-colored again. With the quick reaction of young people, and of lovers, both Constance and Thor were again charmed and charming. And Thor decided that his momentary chill had been due merely to the fact that he hadn't had any lunch. He was quite foolish with happiness. His eyes spilled over with laughter. He knew that he must appear drunk. He felt people looking at him and didn't care.

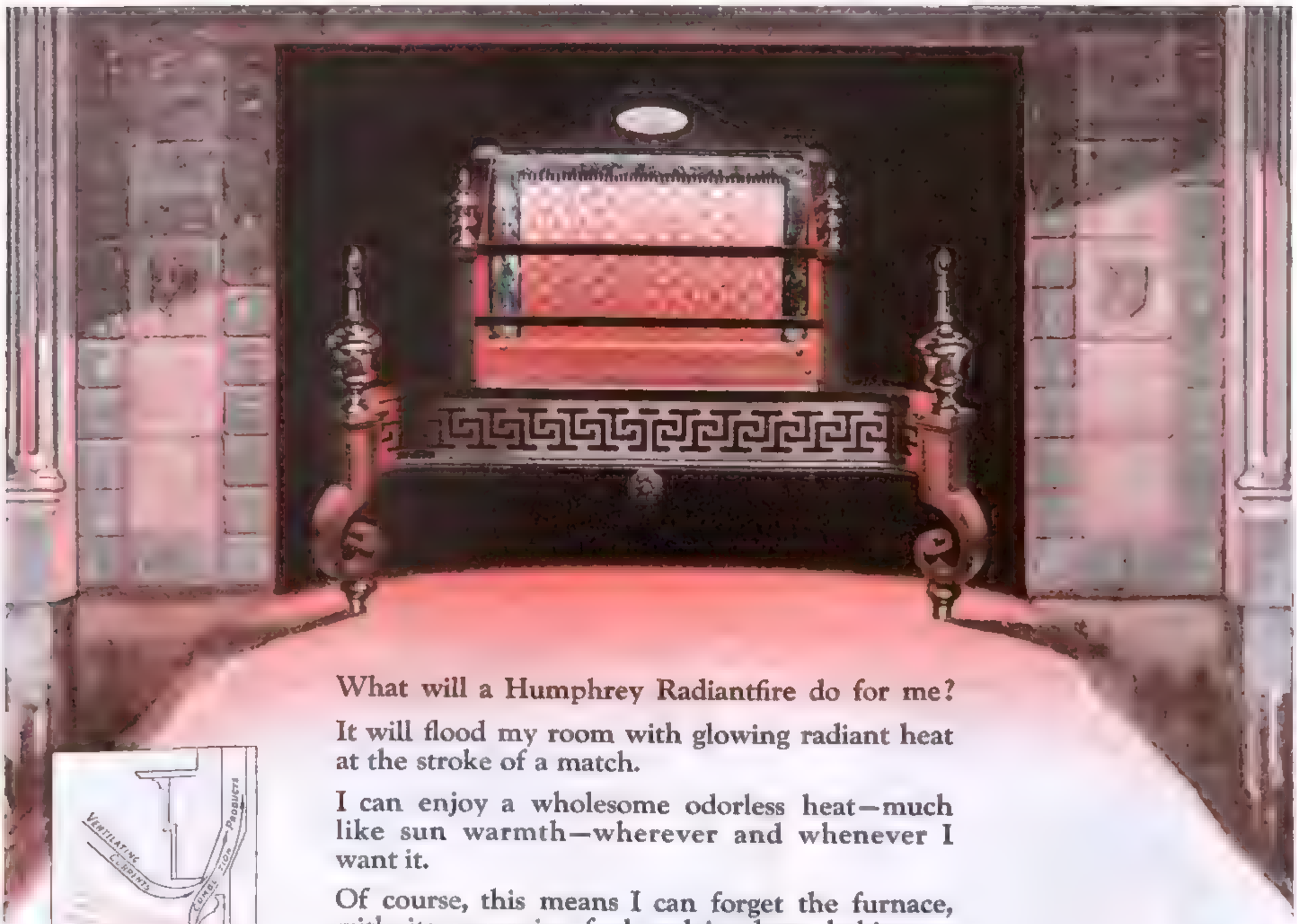
In the theater he reached out for Constance's hand as soon as the lights went down, and afterward could never remember exactly whether they had seen a revue or an Ibsen drama—though the price of the tickets at a speculator's should have reminded him. Between the acts, Thor talked to Marcia with scrupulous politeness, and a vague stare that told her he was not aware of her presence. Marcia, with all her sympathy for young love, and her belief in its precedence over everything else in the world, became a little annoyed. After all, she was a woman, and she had on a charming frock. She had noticed various masculine heads turning in the lobby—not that she cared for masculine attention. But it was with a certain firmness of manner that she refused to go anywhere after the theater, and remarked that she thought they'd all had enough for one day. To her surprise, Constance agreed, and they took a taxi back to Thor's studio.

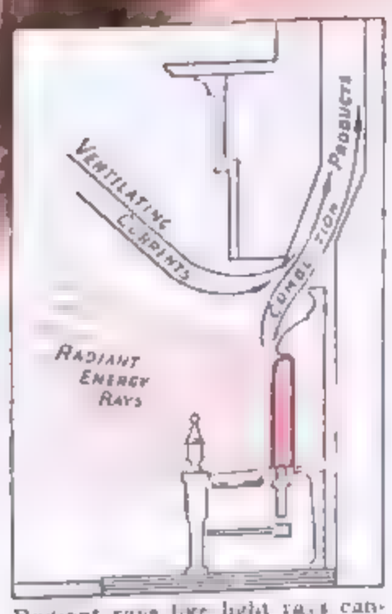
Thor hesitated at the foot of the stairs.

"Maybe I'd better go up with you and see that everything's all right," he hinted, looking at Marcia wistfully.

"Poor boy!" she thought, relenting. "Hasn't been alone with his sweetheart one minute."

(Continued on Page 113)





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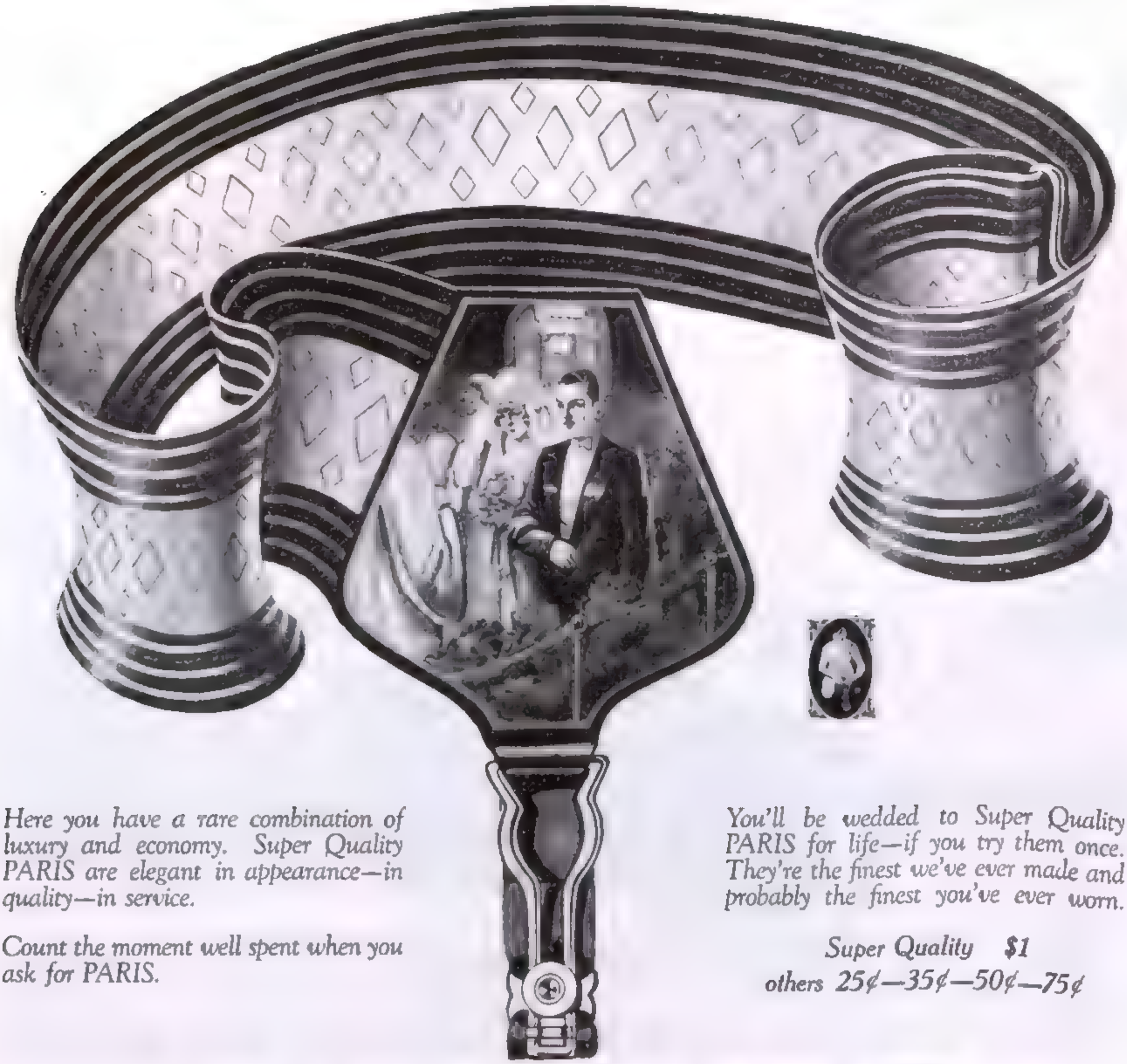

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(Continued from Page 108)

And aloud: "Of course, you must come up, Thor. I'm awfully tired, going straight to bed. But I know it's still outrageously early for young people."

Mike had faithfully made the required changes of furniture, and the painted table and chairs from the former breakfast room were grouped somewhat forlornly in one corner of the studio. Marcia went into her room, and rather ostentatiously closed the door. And, for the first time in almost three days, Thor and Constance found themselves, as lovers phrase it, "together."

Lightly poised against the blue sofa in her white dress—she had thrown off her cloak of white velvet and ermine—Constance looked at Thor with a little mocking, inviting smile.

"I suppose we ought to say 'Alone at last,'" she murmured.

He went toward her quickly, took her in his arms with that gesture which seemed almost angry.

"Don't say anything!"

They didn't, for several minutes.

Then: "I had heaps of things to tell you," Constance said, "and now I've forgotten them all."

They were sitting on the sofa before the dying fire. There was no other light in the big room. And the shadows shut them in like curtains.

"I can't believe you're here!" he whispered against her cheek.

"Yes, but Thor," said Constance, "have you thought, if it hadn't been for mother, we'd be really married now?"

His arms tightened about her.

"Are you sorry, Thor, that we agreed to mother's crazy plan?"

"Yes!" he said quickly. Then more slowly: "No."

"Which do you mean, darling?" she laughed.

"Well," he hesitated, afraid of offending her, "after all, our own plan was sort of high-handed, wasn't it? I like your parents awfully well, Constance. Seemed a pretty raw deal."

"Oh, you're so darned honorable!" she cried impatiently, moving away from him. "But it wasn't anything like that that held me back."

She looked at him with a rather amused and calculating air.

"Wonder if I'd better tell you why I did consent to mother's plan?"

"Why did you?"

She smiled and shook her head.

"No, I guess I'd better not."

"Do you mean," he asked, obviously hurt, "that you had some doubts yourself ——"

"No, silly! Oh, we'll prove mother was wrong," said Constance. But there was a little ring of hardness underneath her laughing tone. "I'm willing to go through with anything to do that!"

"I didn't know," said Thor stiffly, "that you considered it so very disagreeable ——"

She put her fingers against his lips. "You don't understand yet, Thor, dearest! But wait. After this is over I can do anything with dad!"

"But that's all settled," said Thor, puzzled. "Your father's agreed to let us marry if we ——"

"Thor, darling," she protested, with a pout, "I don't want to talk about mother and dad. Do you? Don't want to even think about other people!"

Her tone grew slower, dreamy, provocative.

"Don't want to talk or think at all. Do you?"

She held up her lips, and thoughts went out like candles in a wind.

After Thor had gone, Constance went slowly upstairs. She was beginning to feel the reaction that assails all fastidious people in unfamiliar surroundings—that intense distaste of the esthete for a strange room. She had been in too great a hurry, while dressing for dinner, to look about her critically, but now—well, the studio was attractive, but this room—really! It was clean—shiningly scrubbed and freshly curtained—but with a dreadful sort of man's cleanliness. Bleak, monastic, or something—dreary!

Constance began to long for the warmth, and color, and softness, of her own room, its taffeta, and lace, and flowers. No flowers in one's bedroom! Not a comfortable chair. Not a comfortable pillow—she punched them tentatively with her fist. A starched white-cotton bedspread. . . . Heavens, what a lampshade! And where oh! where could Thor have gotten that silly little dressing table! Why, it was new. He'd bought it for her. How pathetic —— But don't be mistaken, pity is not akin to love—not with a girl like Constance—more akin to contempt.

Beside the new dressing table was a chiffonier, looking absurdly masculine somehow, and almost desolate, stripped of its customary fringe of neckties. Suddenly Constance had a queer sensation. She had never blushed, and she did not blush now, but she had that disagreeable, crawling feeling inside that accompanies a blush.

"No! It's too ugly!" said Constance aloud, and, for the first time, was grateful to her mother.

XI

MARCIA was awakened out of a vague dream about icebergs by the persistent thin scream of the telephone bell. She sat up in bed, and found herself face to face with a corner cupboard filled with blue-and-white dishes.

"Good gracious, where am I?" she thought for one bewildered second.

The open window was letting in torrents of icy air, the curtains snapping in and out furiously. Marcia jumped out of bed shivering, and banged down the window—nice, comfortable old Minnie did this for her at home—while the telephone kept up its shrill complaint.

She found her slippers and dressing gown, and ran out into the studio to locate the screaming pest, uncomfortably placed on the wall, at man's height.

On tiptoe, Marcia cried "Hello!"

"Good morning," Thor's voice answered. "Is that you, Mrs. Weston? Hope I didn't disturb you."

"Oh, no!" she lied sweetly.

"I thought you and Constance might be ready for breakfast," he announced cheerfully.

"Oh, breakfast? But—I really don't think Constance is awake yet."

"Yes, I am now. How could I help it?" came a drowsy voice from the balcony.

And Marcia, raising her eyes, saw, with an involuntary feminine pang, that the girl actually waked up looking lovely.

"What's all the shooting about?" Constance inquired, stifling a yawn. "Is that Thor?"

"Yes. Come talk to him," replied Marcia, and into the telephone, "Wait a minute, Constance is coming down."

"My goodness, Thor!" was his fiancée's reply to his eager good morning. "Is there a fire or something?"

"Weren't you up?" he asked, astonished.

"No, of course not."

"But it's half-past nine!"

"What of it?"

"Why, usually by this time I've been at work an hour."

"No! Really? How funny."

"Yes. I usually get up at eight."

"Thor, darling! What for?"

"To paint."

"But, my blessed child, must you paint at dawn?"

"Well, I'm sorry I disturbed you."

"Oh, never mind."

"Well, how soon can you be ready? I'll come over, and take you and Marcia out to breakfast."

"Oh, Thor, don't bother. I don't care about breakfast. Neither does Marcia. Just some coffee and toast."

"I'm afraid you'll have to go out, even to get that."

"Oh, really! What a bother. Well, never mind. I'll wait until luncheon."

"Don't forget, Constance, dear," Marcia interrupted hastily, "breakfast was in the agreement."

"What agreement? Oh, I remember.

"All right, Thor. I'll get dressed. Marcia's just reminded me that mother made us promise to have breakfast together. I suppose she thinks that's one of the cruelest tests."

"I hope you don't, darling!"—anxiously.

"Oh, no." Her tone was bright and cheerful now. "It's really fun. I think I rather like getting up early. Half an hour. I'll hurry."

Morning light proverbially brings courage. Constance had waked up not only pretty but good-humored. She hurried with her cold shower and her dressing, although she hated hurry at all times, and especially in the important matter of clothing herself. When Thor arrived, Constance met him at the door, fresh and radiant.

He had stopped on the way to buy a handful of jonquils and freesias—they had looked so springlike in the florist's window he couldn't resist them—and Constance took the cool, crisp flowers with a pleasure that surprised Thor.

"How nice! I wanted something for my room. I'll run upstairs, and put them in water."

Marcia came out of her room just then, in a brown caracul coat and brown felt hat.

"I am going to breakfast alone," she announced firmly. "I don't intend to hang on to you and Constance every minute; it would only be a terrific bore for all of us. And that wasn't in the agreement anyway. I'm here chiefly to satisfy Mrs. Grundy."

In spite of Thor's half-hearted protests, Marcia went toward the door.

"I shan't be back until this afternoon," she called out to Constance. "I think I'll run over to see my aunt in Montclair."

"Terribly decent of Marcia," Constance commented, as she and Thor left the studio building a few moments later. "I think I was right to choose her for our chaperon, don't you, Thor? Mother would have been quite impossible."

"Why do you say that?" Thor asked, surprised. "I like your mother."

"Oh," Constance shrugged, "I hate that feeling of being experimented on. Especially since it was mother's experiment. And there really wasn't anybody else we could have had, if Marcia hadn't consented."

"Yes, she's a perfect peach!" Thor agreed enthusiastically. "Not many women ——"

"Pity she doesn't know more about hats though," murmured Constance.

"Why, what's the matter with her hats?"

"The one she had on this morning—too flapperish for her," Constance explained, as they swung briskly along, arm in arm, toward Fifth Avenue. "I suppose it's a sign of spring—well, she really ought to marry again. She isn't exactly old."

"Mrs. Weston is quite a young woman," said Thor.

"Thirty-four or five. But then, she has plenty of money."

Constance stopped short and laughed.

"Thor, wouldn't it have been funny if we'd chosen Rita!"

Thor's whole face contracted with repugnance.

"Don't," he begged.

"Poor darling! Did he have a nasty scene with Rita before he left? I'll bet you did, Thor! You never told me."

"Don't let's talk about Rita before breakfast," he said. "Where do you want to go?"

"Anywhere. Well, why not the Plaza again? It's near."

"Oh! Er—well—of course."

XII

"I REALLY can't see why breakfast is considered a test," mused Constance, when they were seated at a table. "Except for old, grouchy people who are awfully fussy about their food.

(Continued on Page 115

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A TEENIE WEENIE WEDDING.

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ALL the Teenie Weenies knew that the Sailor was mighty fond of Sally, one of the Guff sisters, but no one knew just how serious the situation was. Almost every day the Sailor and Sally walked home together from the pickle factory where they both worked.

On Sundays and in the evening they were often seen sitting together under a mushroom or chatting confidentially under a fragrant stand of violets. Once the Policeman saw the tiny couple walking in the moonlight with their arms about each other's waist.

"There will be a wedding around here one of these days," he smiled to himself as he chased a tramp pinching bug away from the shoe house.

It wasn't long before the engagement was announced and it caused much excitement among the Teenie Weenies. The pickle factory, where most of the little folks worked, simply buzzed with plans for the wedding.

The little women did a great deal of sewing and some of the men were kept busy on some mysterious work with their tiny saws and hammers. Many showers and parties were given the little couple and then, one lovely day in June, they were married under the old yellow rosebush.

The bride wore a dainty gown of soft yellow spider-web silk. The Lady of Fashion was maid of honor and there were bridesmaids and a ring bearer. Little flower girls scattered rose leaves.

The wedding was a great success. The tiny women cried a little and everything went off beautifully, except for one thing—the foolish Dunce, in his excitement, threw a whole grain of Monarch rice at the bridegroom and nearly knocked him down.

"Now, folks," said the General after the wedding was over, "if you will follow me we will finish the ceremony with a little walk."

Everyone was surprised, but they fell into line behind the General and followed him a short distance into the woods. When they finally came to the top of a small hill, the Teenie Weenies opened their tiny eyes wide in astonishment.

Beside a huge clump of violets stood a Teenie Weenie pickle barrel that had been made into a wonderful little house.

"That," said the General, pointing towards the barrel, "is your home. It is a wedding present from the Teenie Weenies."

The little folks made a rush for the house and in a few minutes the barrel was full of Teenie Weenies.

On the first floor they saw a combination dining and sitting room and a tiny kitchen. Stairs led up to the second floor, which contained two large bedrooms and a tiny bath.

After they had examined the inside of the barrel the General led the little bride and bridegroom outside and pointed to a glass jar of Teenie Weenie Sweet Pickles.

"This," smiled the General, "is another wedding present. And when you have eaten the delicious pickles, we will have the empty jar attached to the house. It will make a cozy sun parlor for you."

After the newlyweds had thanked the General several of the little men helped the Sailor open the jar of pickles and prepare the wedding luncheon. Some of the little women went into the house and brought out dinner plates that were no bigger than a dime.

The Cook sliced one of the Sweet Pickles into tiny bits, brought from the kitchen some Teenie Weenie Peanut Butter sandwiches and Teenie Weenie Sardines, heaping each tiny plate till the sight of so many good things almost made the Dunce's eyes pop out of his head.

The General stood up and made a toast to the bride and all the Teenie Weenies laughed and clapped their hands.

"Now let's eat," shouted the General, "and don't be afraid of over eating. Everything has come straight from our own kitchens and you all know how fresh and clean and pure it is."

After the wedding party had broken up, Sally snuggled up to her husband and said, "Oh, dear, I wonder if I shall *ever* be able to cook as well as that."

And the Sailor, who was a wise little fellow, kissed her and said, "Don't you worry. As long as the Teenie Weenie Food Factory runs, we'll have plenty of good things to eat."

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(Continued from Page 113

"It doesn't make the slightest difference to me what I eat," remarked the charming lady, ordering strawberries in January.

XIII

THOR opened his studio door with a strange, sinking feeling. He had never hated his work, as some chaps did, yet all the way home, his feet had dragged reluctantly. Constance had told him to run along to his work, she had some shopping to do, and besides didn't intend bothering him.

"I can amuse myself," she had said. "I know you haven't got time to play around all day, Thor."

It was wonderfully sweet of her, discerning and tactful. Thor had rather dreaded having to explain that his days were not, could not be, free for the delightful purpose of just being with her. He had even intended, though with a dreadful feeling of disloyalty toward his work, to play truant a few days. After all, Constance couldn't be expected to adapt herself, at once, to an entirely new life. But apparently she had adapted herself instantaneously—women were truly remarkable creatures, love could simply transform them! Thor should have felt relieved and glad, should have plunged eagerly into work. But, for the first time in his life, he hated the thought of painting.

He went into the studio and pushed the model stand about, looked over his brushes critically, threw away half of them and decided he must go out to buy new ones. Why, he was inventing excuses! He was reminded of what some of his friends who were writers had told him, how they loathed working, would do anything, the most absurd things, perform the most menial tasks, in order to escape writing, or at least postpone the dreaded moment as long as possible.

"Anything short of suicide," one of them had cheerfully told Thor, "to keep me away from my desk. And some mornings I'd infinitely prefer suicide!"

Thor decided that his own reluctance was due to a month's absence from the studio, and that he couldn't begin to work properly until he had straightened everything out. So he opened the closet where his canvases were stacked, and where, by the way, everything was in perfect order. And, at one o'clock, he was still dragging out one canvas and pushing another back.

Everything looked simply rotten! Rita's portrait had given a big jolt to Thor's self-confidence, and now when he looked at his most cherished pictures, they too seemed quite hopeless. He had never felt so down in his life. He put all the canvases away, and banged the door shut, and lay down on the couch to smoke.

Why, he ought to be the happiest man in the world right now, and instead he was miserable. He jumped up, paced the floor. What in the devil was the matter with him? He threw his cigarette in the fireplace, carefully picked it out again. Studio had to be kept spick and span now. Suddenly he remembered that the apartment hadn't been cleaned up that day. Thor had always kept his house in order, and had a woman come in once a week to give it a thorough cleaning. But Constance couldn't be expected —— He telephoned down to Mrs. Callahan.

Her refusal was regretful but firm. No, she was sorry, she'd like to oblige, but she couldn't come up every day, she had her work to do. Why didn't he get someone at an agency now—one of those part-time workers, maybe?

Thor put on his hat and coat, and got as far as the door. Then his whole studio reproached him. The big, wide, silent room, the calm, cold, north light, exactly right for painting.

"Damn!" cried Thor, flinging off his hat and coat. "Things like that got to wait—work comes first!"

He hustled about, setting up an unfinished canvas on the easel, preparing his palette, muttering under his breath all the while.

"Mustn't let this thing get me. Take it easy. Got to make Constance comfortable and happy, of course, but work comes first. Just think of Constance in my leisure hours."

Was that a shout of ironic laughter echoing somewhere? He started, looked up apprehensively. He must be going crazy. No one had laughed. But, gosh, he was jumpy today. His steady hand, the painter's pride, was actually shaking a little. And he had the queerest uneasy feeling, that curious premonition one has just before stage fright.

All at once, Thor put down his brushes, and faced the truth squarely. He was nervous. He did hate to work, and he knew why, though he didn't want to admit the reason. It was because, for the first time, his studio didn't belong to him entirely. No use dodging it. He was dreading the moment when the door would open and let Constance in. Constance—for whom he longed so much that, at the very thought of her, everything became dizzy and blurred, and little stinging needles ran all over him. And yet he was dreading the moment when she would open that door! Dreading it so much that it was impossible for him to work in the time before she did open the door.

"Darn fool!" he reproached himself. "What does it matter if Constance does come in? I'll just say 'Hello, dear,' and go on working as long as I like. She'll understand."

Again there was the illusion of mocking laughter.

XIV

IT WAS not Constance, after all, who opened the studio door, but Marcia, and Thor was not there.

He was in the kitchen, frying an egg, because he had forgotten about lunch until three o'clock.

"Why, you poor child!" exclaimed Marcia, who was one of those women who cherish the delusion that all men are helpless. And in her maternal, pitying tone might be heard the echo of that complacent, inevitable remark: "All men are alike—nothing but babies. Need a woman to take care of them."

The neatness of the white-enameled, blue-linoleumed kitchen, and the expertness with which Thor flipped the egg out on a blue-and-white plate, however, seemed to contradict that opinion.

"Have some lunch?" Thor invited. "That means an egg. My repertoire is limited."

"Oh, I've had luncheon hours ago. But can't I help you?" replied Marcia, taking the chair Thor brought her.

He sat down at the white-enameled table, laid with a blue cloth, and bread and butter, and a jar of orange marmalade.

"Could you help, though?" he teased. "Ever been in a kitchen before?"

"Why, of course," she retorted indignantly. "I kept house—once."

Then a shadow of sadness crossed her face. But it was a perfunctory expression, like a gesture that has become meaningless through repetition.

"How many servants had you?" Thor asked.

"Well," admitted Marcia, with an apologetic laugh, "four. But my mother was one of those old-fashioned women who taught her daughters sewing, and cooking, and marketing. She said you couldn't properly direct servants unless you knew how yourself ——"

She broke off short, and smiled at Thor.

"But who taught you to keep house?" she demanded.

"My mother was, and is, an old-fashioned woman, too," he replied. "And since she hadn't any daughters, and hired girls were pretty scarce, she took it out on me. I got roped in fairly often for kitchen duty. Of course, at the time I hated it, and it was pretty tough having the other kids yell 'Mamma's boy!' when they caught me drying the dishes. But I've often been thankful since. I couldn't afford a servant when I first bought this place. I'd put nearly every cent I had in it. And I don't think I could have lived very long in a boarding house or hotel. I've got to have a home, even if it's only bachelor's hall."

"Bachelor's hall is most marvelously neat," Marcia complimented him.

He laughed.

"Wish my mother could hear you! You ought to see her kitchen! Looks like a sitting room—big, with those old copper pans, and geraniums, and white-dotted curtains, all the paint scrubbed off the floor. She always looked pretty in it, too. She's tall, and has a regular rope of yellow hair, not much gray in it even yet, and those bright rosy cheeks you don't often see over here. And the best of it was, she always wore aprons with some imagination in them!"

Marcia laughed.

"Do tell me what are imaginative aprons?"

"Why, you know. Not just a covering, but an adornment, too. I remember she had a white one with red dots, and a pink calico with little blue flowers, and everything starched, and frilled, and fresh. Gosh! the way some women look at home!"

Thor grimaced with distaste.

"I've seen 'em!" he declared. "Not only on farms, where there's some excuse, but here, too, in their kitchenette apartments. And—oh, those kitchenettes!"

He got up, collected his dishes neatly, and took them to the sink.

"Let me," Marcia begged, following him.

He turned the hot-water faucet, and a cloud of steam blurred the shining white porcelain.

"Plenty of hot water here!" remarked Thor, with householder's pride. "No, Mrs. Weston. I'm not going to let you wash dishes. Go away. Sit down."

But she still hovered near him. From the window directly over Thor's head, a shaft of sunlight illuminated his blond hair. His sleeves were rolled back, and fine golden hairs shone on the surprisingly white flesh of his muscular arms.

"I think you might call me Marcia," said Marcia "since we are living —— " She stopped. "Besides, I call you Thor."

"Everybody does," he replied, "and I'd like to call you Marcia."

Her heart was beating very rapidly. She thought she was distressed over the situation between Thor and Constance, and she said, almost breathlessly:

"Can you imagine Constance doing housework?"

"No," admitted Thor. "But," he added, "I'm not sure that I want to. It's too much out of the picture. And her hands, Marcia! Have you ever noticed how beautiful they are?"

"Yes, lovely," replied Marcia dryly.

"I couldn't bear for her to spoil them," said Thor. "That marvelous creamy color and texture. It would hurt me. Constance's hands are works of art. They were never made for housework."

"But your own hands are rather nice, too," said Marcia, watching them as they deftly put the dishes away on the shelves.

Thor's hands were large, strong, capable, but beautifully modeled, their every movement sure, and swift, and light, with the extraordinary manual dexterity of the artist.

Thor laughed at Marcia's compliment, but looked pleased. Every man likes to be told that his hands are nice, because, secretly, every man thinks that he has rather unusual hands.

"Oh, my paws," Thor commented, "nothing could hurt 'em. They've done every kind of work."

He turned his head to smile at Marcia, and his eyes were like the bright blue flash of a mirror in the sun. She moved away from him, and sat down again.

"I hope you won't think I'm interfering, Thor, but there is something I'd like to say ——" she began.

"Shoot!"

"Well, you oughtn't to spoil Constance—I mean if this is to be a real trial. Wouldn't it be more within the terms of the agreement if you went on living exactly as

(Continued on Page 117)

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AJAX BALLOONS

(Continued from Page 115)

you've always done, and didn't treat Constance and me as guests?"

"In what way?"

"I'm sure," said Marcia, "you haven't been in the habit of going out to all your meals."

"No," he admitted. "I usually got my own breakfast. But that was when I was living alone. I didn't see how it could be managed ——"

"We'll find a way to manage," Marcia said firmly. "I do think, Thor, that you must make Constance fit into your scheme of living, instead of your trying to conform to hers."

"Oh," said Thor impatiently, "I hate that way of looking at marriage! That I'm to make Constance, or she's to make me. Nothing's worth anything, unless it's freely given."

"Even cooking?" asked Marcia, with a smile.

"Even cooking!" he scoffed, laughing. "Why, cooking has got to come from the heart! That's why food in restaurants is so terrible. There's no love in it."

"What an odd place to talk about love," murmured a mocking voice from the open doorway.

Constance had just come in, and was still wrapped in furs up to her chin. A small, triangular, black-satin hat fitted her head like a glove, and concealed her forehead down to her dark eyes. Under her arm was one of those fascinating morocco bags from Paris, and about her the almost provokingly elusive scent of a French perfume. And she looked as much out of place in a kitchen as a French doll—one of those very sophisticated dolls that are meant for boudoirs, not for nurseries.

"I suppose I ought to be tired, but I'm not," she said, sitting down on a corner of the kitchen table. "Shopping exhilarates me."

"Can't imagine what you've been shopping about," Thor said. "Your trunks came this morning—four!"

She accepted the statement, which seemed to him extraordinary, with calm indifference.

"Yes, that's right, four. I suppose they brought Marcia's at the same time."

She reached out for Thor's hand with a proprietary manner, gave it a little pat.

"Nice hands he's got, hasn't he, Marcia?"

Marcia's expression tightened.

"I've just been telling him so," she answered, with a trace of demure malice.

"No, really?" Constance laughed. "I like that! And behind my back too. My own chaperon."

"Did you have any lunch, darling?" Thor asked.

"Isn't he cute, Marcia? He treats me as if I were a little girl. Of course I had food, my darling. I lunched at Sherry's with Dick Lawrence."

Thor's face grew quite blank with surprise. His eyes were cold, as he asked quietly, "Dick Lawrence?"

"Yes," replied Constance, unaware of her fiancé's expression. "I ran into him on Fifth Avenue. And, oh, Marcia, I hadn't thought before—but it is going to be a bother!"

"What?"

"Meeting people! Of course Dick wanted to know where I was stopping. I told him the Ritz. He'll be just furious when he telephones and they say I'm not there. I can hear him now giving the management the devil."

"But, Constance," Marcia cried, "why did you do that?"

Both Marcia and Thor were staring at Constance in astonishment.

She stared back at them, in equal surprise.

"You surely don't think I'd tell anybody about—this!"

Her amazed and scornful gesture took in the apartment, the whole situation.

"But why not, Constance?"—from Marcia.

And from Thor, very stiffly: "There's nothing clandestine about it."

"No-o." Constance made a little face. "But of course everyone would laugh ——"

"Why would they laugh?" asked Thor, steadily.

"Well, really! If you don't see ——"

Constance's annoyed tone broke off, then changed to laughter. "Thor, darling, don't pretend to be like mother! You know perfectly well we are being made fools of."

He looked at her steadily. All the blue had gone out of his eyes; they were like ice.

"I don't know anything of the sort," he retorted coldly. "If I'd thought about your mother's plan in that light, I'd never have consented to it."

"Oh, well, don't let's fuss anyway!" cried Constance, springing up, and putting her arms around his neck. Regardless of Marcia, she stood on tiptoe and held up her lips.

Thor ignored the invitation. Gently, but very decidedly, he put her arms away from him.

"Do you think it's playing the game to lunch with another man?" he asked, still in that cold, courteous voice.

A look of understanding flashed across Constance's face.

"Thor, are you—jealous?" she cried, perfectly delighted.

His face contracted. He gave her a look almost of dislike.

"That isn't the point. You wouldn't go out with another man if we were really married."

He stated it as a fact, not a question.

Constance laughed gayly.

"Isn't he priceless, Marcia?"

Thor caught her wrist with an impatient gesture, turned her around toward him, facing him squarely.

"Please be serious for a minute, Constance! We might as well get this straight, now."

She looked up into his stern gray eyes, and was conscious of a little thrill.

"I rather like you when you're angry, Thor," she murmured coaxingly.

His fingers tightened on her wrist.

"You're my wife," he said. "At least, you're going to be—pretending to be now. I don't expect you to go out with other men."

"Don't you adore it, Marcia?" mocked Constance. "I've always wanted one of those great, big, masterful men!"

"Constance, darling!" protested Marcia, who had been hovering nervously about, longing to escape, but not knowing how to do it gracefully. "Constance, darling, can't you see that Thor's in earnest?"

"But what about?" cried Constance impatiently.

She pulled her hand away from Thor's slowly relaxing grasp.

"Surely all this fuss isn't over poor little Dickie? I've known him ever since he wore a bib. You'd think I'd picked up someone on the street."

"It doesn't matter who it is," Thor explained.

"But, Thor, you can't really think it's wrong for a married woman to go out with any man except her husband?"

Her surprise was quite unfeigned. Even Thor could see that clearly. But quite as clearly she could see that his conviction was equally genuine.

"All the women I know ——" she began. "Or, at least, nearly all ——"

But "It's wrong just the same," Thor declared.

They stared at each other for a moment, bewildered, angry, hurt, as all lovers are at the first divergence of opinion.

"That is really your point of view, Thor?" Constance asked, still incredulously.

"Yes."

She turned away, and in a tone of amused disdain she murmured, "How frightfully middle-class!"

There was a second's pause. Then:

"I belong to the middle class," said Thor sturdily.

"Don't boast," was Constance's light retort.

Marcia, shocked and fluttering, tried to play the peacemaker.

With a little nervous laugh, she cried, "But, Constance, there aren't any classes in a democracy, are there?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Constance. "I've never lived in one."

Marcia flushed, and her tone trembled a little with suppressed anger.

"I wonder just what you think an aristocrat is, after all, Constance."

"I'm sure I don't know," Constance replied again. "Whatever it is, I dare say I'm one."

She looked bored, and walked in a leisurely and unconcerned fashion to the door.

"There's only one thing I am sure of," she remarked over her shoulder. "If I'm ever jealous of you, Thor, I shall say so straight out, and not call it morality.

"Perhaps being honest about your own feelings is being an aristocrat, Marcia," was her parting shot at the peacemaker.

"And being honest about your promises," said Thor, "you think is *bourgeois?*"

"I think it's *bourgeois* to say *bourgeois*," replied Constance. "Besides, I've been in heaps of weddings, but I really can't remember a thing in the marriage service about having lunch with Dickie Lawrence!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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PUPPY DOGS' TAILS

(Continued from Page 33)

His health was perfect, he appeared to be endowed with every natural blessing, nor was it reasonable to suppose that any clouds screened the sunshine in which his mind otherwise would be basking. As an object of sympathy, as a person to serve, no one could have been less promising. Moreover, Amardis had not the entrée to the set young Talbot Chesser distinguished. There was a difference of station. Amardis was only just a grade above the people; Talbot Chesser was of the county. Impossible barriers divided them. But Amardis would not allow herself to be discouraged. She was still child enough to believe in the charity of fate toward people who hoped hard enough. And there is no doubt she hoped like anything.

But never did pilgrim make slower progress. Now and again she had a brief glimpse of her knight, half hidden behind the splendid armor of his burnished car, and once he waved a hand to her from the back of a mettlesome steed, but on these occasions he was clearly above and beyond human aid.

Once they actually met in the village post office and words were exchanged.

Talbot Chesser said, "Buyin' stamps?"

And Amardis replied, "No, a post card."

But this meeting had a disastrous end, for Amardis was so carried away by the nearness of the object of her devotion that she knocked over the penny bottle of ink with her elbow, swilled the telegram he was writing and sent a black torrent down one leg of his fawn riding breeches.

Her swift services with the dirty sheet of post-office blotting paper made matters hideously worse, and excited from the postmistress a sharp reproof for carelessness.

"Children are that clumsy nowadays, sir," she added. Before the postmistress' advances with a sponge and basin of warm water Amardis fled in jealous disorder.

On another occasion, happening to meet Talbot Chesser's Cairns terrier in the market place, she bought it a little mutton chop and a minute later had the humiliation of seeing her knight snatch the offending article of food from the dog's mouth and pitch it over a hedge.

She heard the words, "Let me catch you eatin' muck you pick up in the road again and you'll be for it, Toby."

How was he to know he was refusing devotion? Try as she would, it seemed impossible to render effective service. Poor little Amardis grew quite shadowy from disappointment. Neighbors called on her grandmother and said they didn't know what had come over the child.

"Quite lost her looks," they said.

Charlie and Michael were furious.

"It's disgusting," they announced, "to see her carrying on like—like a sawny fool."

And then one day in romantic and fantastic circumstances, Amardis and Talbot Chesser had another meeting.

Amardis had been bathing in one of a series of little lakes that stretched like a string of glass beads through a wooded valley. Now these lakes and woods were strictly private and there were boards all over the place to say so—boards which threatened the trespasser with prosecution, By Order, if you please. But when Amardis wandered in woods, it was the trees and the grass, the flowers and the water that held her attention. She did not waste time staring at silly notices. Besides, hers was the kind of face that is a passport among gamekeepers. They knew her to be a friend, and not an enemy, to the wild life it was their business to protect. Brownlow, the Mannerings' head keeper, with his own hands had fashioned the little wattle hut in which Amardis changed into her bathing things.

"No one fishes this water," he said. "'Tis too weedy and overgrown. 'Tis only used in the wild-duck season."

And so Amardis daily had her swim in the green silences of a forest pool, and none gainsaid her. And one day, just after she had dressed and was drying her hair in the sun, Talbot Chesser appeared. A creel was slung across his shoulders, a folded landing net dangled from his waist. He carried a light rod of split cane and his tweed cap was dotted all over with artificial flies of many colors.

Seeing Amardis, he stopped and frowned a bit.

"Hello," he said. "Hello."

"I've been bathing," said Amardis.

There was a spike in the butt of his rod, and with a disappointed gesture young Talbot Chesser stuck it in the ground.

"Can you beat that for luck!" he ejaculated.

Amardis thrilled.

"It was lovely in the water," she said

He forced a laugh.

"I des-say, but you'll have done in the fishin' all right. S'pose I may as well get back to the upper lakes."

Once again the clouds were gathering.

"Oh, dear," said Amardis. "Do you mean I've spoiled your sport?"

"Summin' of the kind, li'l' girl, but it don't matter. There was a big ole trout risin' in this spot last night and I thought I'd put a fly over him. Howsomever, I'll have a shot later on—when the mud's settled."

He tried to be easy about it, but it was evident to Amardis that he was piqued.

"Oh, I'm awfully sorry. I thought no one ever did fish here."

"'S all right," drawled Talbot Chesser. "On'y when one's set one's mind on a thing, you know."

Amardis bit her lip. She who had longed to serve him had only proved a source of trouble.

"Tell you what though," he went on. "I'd be grateful if you'd give the jolly ole swim a quiet miss until my leave is up. I'm goin' back to Woolwich at the end of the week and I'd like to put that speckler in the basket before I go."

Amardis' face glowed with gratitude. Her knight had taken away something of her pleasure—he had inspired a willing sacrifice. For his sake it would be delightful to go without the bath to which, every day, she looked forward so eagerly.

"Of course I will," she assured him hurriedly.

"That's good," said young Talbot Chesser. "Le's see, you're the li'l' girl who was seedy th'uther day. Course you are. I remember."

It was nice of him not to have forgotten entirely. A man who must meet such crowds of people, Amardis thought.

He caught the trailing end of his cast and proceeded to attach a new fly. His hands were beautiful and he made the little knot so neatly. Amardis felt herself being tied a little closer to him just through watching. He touched the hackle of the fly with a spot of colorless paraffin and picking up the rod flicked the line to and fro.

"Trouble with this water is to get at it," said he. "Too many overhangin' branches, too many reeds and too many weeds. Now the old customer I'm after rises jus' there." He pointed. "But how to reach him is a puzzle. No room behind for the line to go out and it's a long throw for a sideways cast. No harm to try a li'l' practice shot. So here goes."

Amardis found it delightful to stand and watch. Talbot Chesser had a pretty knack with a fly rod. He seemed able to coax his fly to drop almost anywhere. But the bay among the water lilies where the big trout lived defeated all his ingenuity. He tried side throws, and was hung up on the left by an osier and on the right by a clump of brambles. Overhead the forward stretch of an oak branch defeated all hope of straight casting.

"Whole bank wants clearin' to do any good," said Talbot Chesser. "Mus' speak to Brownlow 'bout it, if I remember

(Continued on Page 121)

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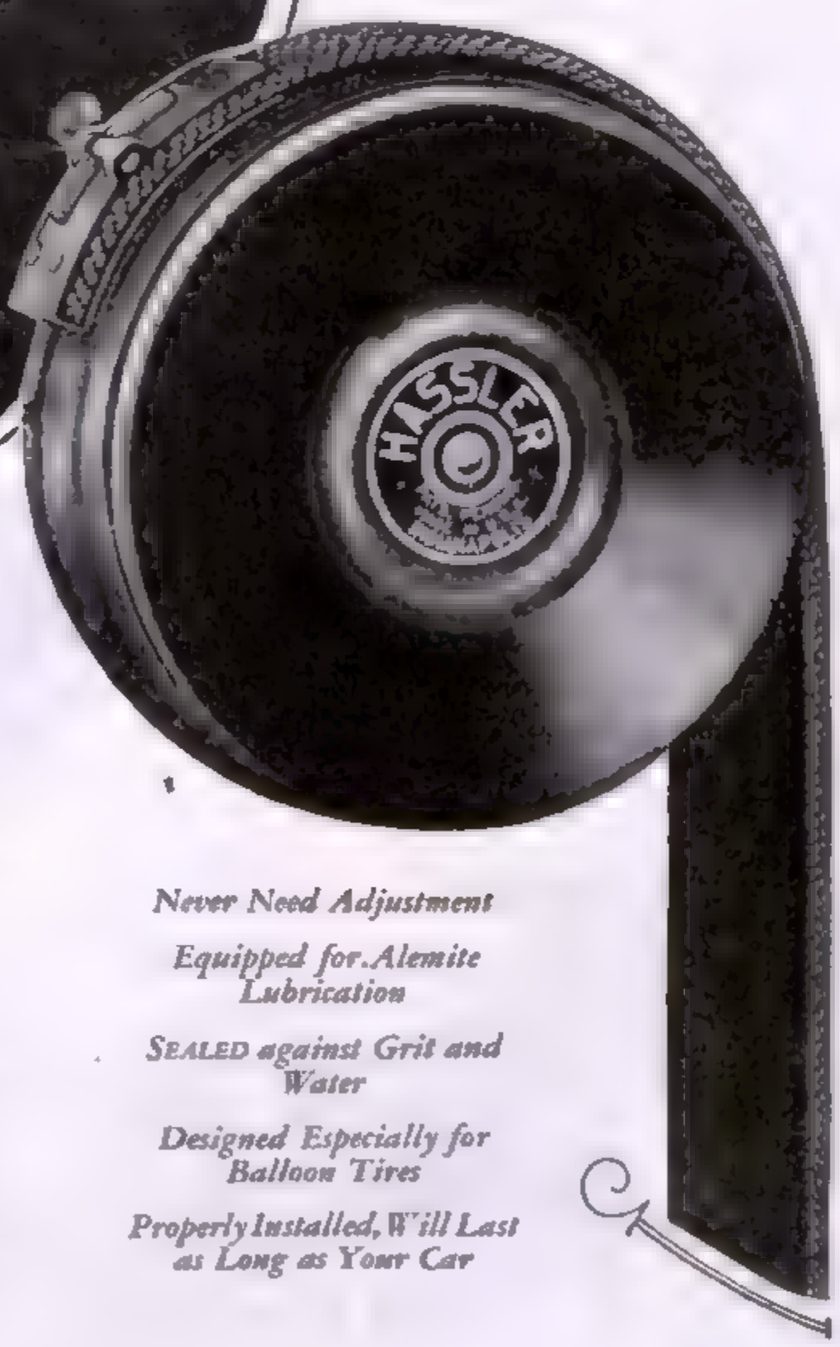

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(Continued from Page 118)

Trouble is I never do remember anyfin'. Ole Major Stark up at the Shop said to me, 'Chesser, you've the rottenes' mem'ry in the British Army.' He was dead right, too—but I didn't let him get away with it. No fear. 'Major,' I said, 'if I remember nuffin', it's because I've never found anyfin' worth rememberin'.'"

"You remembered me," said Amardis brazenly.

"Oh, rather! And the li'l' ole puppies—funny wee beggars all squirmin' roun'. How's their tails?"

"Better—much," said Amardis, and her heart went out to him. "When'll you try and catch that fish?"

Talbot Chesser mused.

"'Morrow morning. I fish dry and I don' believe in a dry fly for the evenin' rise. May be prejudice, but I don' believe in it."

And for the first time in her life Amardis was definitely dishonest. She had never seen a dry fly thrown until that moment, but it made no difference. She said, "Neither do I."

Talbot Chesser was delighted. It was so seldom people agreed with him. To be precise, they never agreed with him, except on the occasions when he said, "I'm a fearful ass." Then they agreed unanimously.

"You're a thrullely 'telligent li'l' girl," he said. "And yet you mus' be ver' young. I doubt if you remember anyfin' that happened before the war."

"Yes, I do," said Amardis boldly. "I remember lying in my pram."

Young Talbot Chesser laughed.

"If fishin' 'muses you, come and watch—any time you like," he said. "Mus' be trottin' now. So long. 'Member me ver' kindly to ole Sarah."

"Sally," Amardis corrected.

"Tha's it," said Talbot Chesser.

Amardis could not understand herself at all. She had lied, she had pretended and had brazenly sought to recall herself to his memory. Judged by previous standards, her behavior had been immodest, unmaidenly and insincere. And yet she couldn't have acted otherwise if she had tried. Her devotion was so strong that for his sake she seemed to have lost all her own personality. She walked home like someone in a dream. Her heart was pinned to her sleeve for all the world to see.

"He isn't very sensible," said the thoughtful side of Amardis, but her affectionate side replied, "That doesn't matter," and set him high among the gods.

The devotion of the very young is supplied in superlatives and knows no half measures. The new emotions which are theirs are not of this earth, even if the clumsiness of time transforms them into groundlings. At the end they may go sorrowfully forth upon hobnailed boots and wooden legs, but their first coming is upon wings.

In the village, Amardis was cut by Charlie and Michael. With the swift intuition of youth they had divined the cause of her spiritual happiness and resented it. The cutting was a studied and scientific affair. It involved shuffling of feet, loud clearings of the throat and other devices for attracting notice. It was their intention when notice had been attracted that no notice should be taken. The maneuvers failed dismally—Amardis went by and never knew.

"Criminy!" said Charlie. "Aren't girls the limit!"

"Let's go back to stinks," said Michael. So they went back to the hut which was ten by six and poured water over sulphuric acid, which exploded and blew a jar to pieces.

That evening Amardis secretly returned to the wood carrying a meat saw and a swap hook. She had had an inspiration. She sat down by the lake and put on a pair of garden gloves, which presently she took off again.

With a plop the big trout rose. Amardis smiled at the rings circling over the water's surface.

"Lucky trout," she said. "Think how happy you are going to make him."

Then she set to work. The osier was easily dealt with, but it was a prickly business cutting down the bramble. Her hands and arms were badly torn, but Amardis did not care. With the thoroughness that distinguished all her actions, she reckoned how much space was needed for the free working of the line and she cut that much and no more. The briers and brushwood were heaped up out of harm's way among the trees. Then Amardis turned her attention to the bough that stretched overhead. It was no easy task to reach, for an oak is a conservative tree whose trunk, in the lower stages, offers neither foothold nor handhold to would-be climbers. But Amardis had determination. She scaled to the top of a birch which grew near by and set it swinging to and fro. When enough impetus had been arrived at, she let herself go and was flung athwart the bough of the oak.

Amardis was glad to say it hurt horribly. When she had recovered her breath, she straddled the bough and worked outward until her legs dangled over the water. Then she began to saw. It was hard work sawing live wood, but she stuck to it nobly. Presently there was a crack and a tearing sound. The end of the bough with its wide ramification of smaller branches, twigs and foliage dived into the water and settled gradually out of sight. Amardis wriggled backward and sawed off another length and another. When she returned home, there was a clear space for Talbot Chesser to get his line out.

Amardis was a little late for supper that night, although she ran the last part of the way. Her grandmother was copying out a recipe for chestnut cream into the book with the marbled cover.

"Here you are," said she, as Amardis came breathlessly into the room.

"I'm sorry I'm late," said Amardis.

The old lady smiled.

"It's only cold," she said, and added, "What a color you've got."

"I've been running "

"I see."

There was a Bath chap for supper, radishes, some crisp rolls, lemon tarts, and cocoa to drink.

It was a very good Bath chap and made one feel comfortable inside. Amardis' grandmother had made it from a recipe her grandmother had been given by her great-grandmother. So you see it must have been all right. Amardis had two goes.

"How old are you now?" her grandmother asked.

"Nearly fourteen."

"Ah, that accounts for it," said Mrs. Mead.

I shall call her Mrs. Mead in future—it takes less time—but actually she was more Amardis' grandmother than Mrs. Mead, because Mr. Mead was dead and had no further use for Mrs. Mead, whereas Amardis had very good uses for a grandmother.

"Accounts for what?" asked Amardis.

"That wondering look, dear. So you've seen him today?"

Amardis nodded. She never asked the source of her grandmother's information. She knew people carried facts about themselves written in their faces.

"Um, this morning."

"And have you thought of something nice to do for him?"

"Nothin ver' much. But I do try. I feel I have to try, you know."

"Of course," said Mrs. Mead. "But you mustn't be too upset if he doesn't notice."

"N-no," said Amardis. "N-no."

"Is he very nice?"

"Oh, wonderful. There's no one quite like him."

"No, I don't suppose there is just now—just yet."

"What do you mean?" Amardis demanded.

"Only that people often begin by seeming wonderful—too wonderful for any words, and then because of this or that—oh, for absurd reasons—we find they are not wonderful at all, but are just the same ordinary mortals as we are ourselves."

"That doesn't sound nice," Amardis complained.

"But it's better than nice—it's splendid, dear. If they weren't ordinary, we'd never be any use to them or they to us. One can learn what an ordinary person thinks and wants, but a wonderful person would be a great nuisance, because we should always be guessing and never finding out."

"Yes," said Amardis, "but some people are right above everyone else, aren't they?"

"They may be, dear, but for their own sakes I hope they are not. Think how lonely they would be up there."

Amardis said "Um-m," and went to bed. And all night long young Talbot Chesser galloped round the bed on a white charger, brandishing a split-cane fishing rod and crying aloud sentiments of a noble and uplifting kind. Amardis couldn't understand a word he said. All she seemed able to do was to bob up and down and exclaim, "Please notice me—oh, do notice me."

Amardis was up early next morning, the more quickly to do her share of the housework. Then down to the garden end went she, and into the path through which civilization flowed into the wild.

Michael and Charlie gave her two minutes' start and then with panther tread set out to follow. Amardis was wearing a blue frock which flashed like a bit of sky among the trees. She was easy to track and wholly unsuspicious.

"Now look here, Chas," said Michael. "Let's have a compact. If the Chesser cheese shows the slightest freshness we'll scrag him."

Charlie gave his hand on that.

"Only we don't want to act rashly. My guv'nor's got social aspersions, and if it came to a row it might give him a bit of a setback."

"Your guv'nor'll have to take his chance, same as mine did when he shot that fox," said Michael. "If the cheese proves a blight, he'll be for it."

"That's understood," said Charlie.

Amardis went downhill, and presently she came to the lake.

Young Talbot Chesser was kneeling on the bank in the newly cleared area, his rod working rhythmically to and fro. He was immensely preoccupied. Amardis came to a standstill ten yards away, as he made his cast. The small dry fly settled lightly on the water where the lilies formed a tiny bay. He raised the point of his rod ever such a little. Amardis approached nearer and nearer. In the absolute stillness, she held her breath in certain anticipation of a miracle. The water boiled near the fly. The fish had risen—short.

"Ah!" exclaimed young Talbot Chesser, and struck sharply. The line flowed out behind him, curled, straightened and leaped forward again. The fly with its sharp, barbed hook caught the sleeve of Amardis' frock and pierced a loop of flesh. It didn't hurt much. It was more like a sting.

Talbot Chesser, his eye still on the water, flicked twice—savagely. The hook tore out of the flesh, but was still held by the fabric. The pull and the parting of the flesh made Amardis feel a scrap funny.

"Me," she said. "You've caught me."

The young man turned with the irritability of a spoiled child.

"Awfully silly place to stand," he said "'Noyin' too. If I'd cast over him again, pretty sure he'd have risen a second time. Now, of course, he's gone down."

It was an unknightly speech and Amardis was blushing a deep red. Charlie and Michael, who had crawled up the bed of an overgrown stream and were hidden in the brambles fifteen yards away, nodded to each other reassuringly.

"Pretty sound chap," whispered Michael. "He's right too."

Said Talbot Chesser, "Come over here and let's get it out."

"It's fixed awfully tight," said Amardis.

Talbot Chesser verified that statement.

"Linen's the dooce. I'll cut it out with a knife."

"If you must," said Amardis. "Only—only it's rather an important dress to make a hole in."

(Continued on Page 125)

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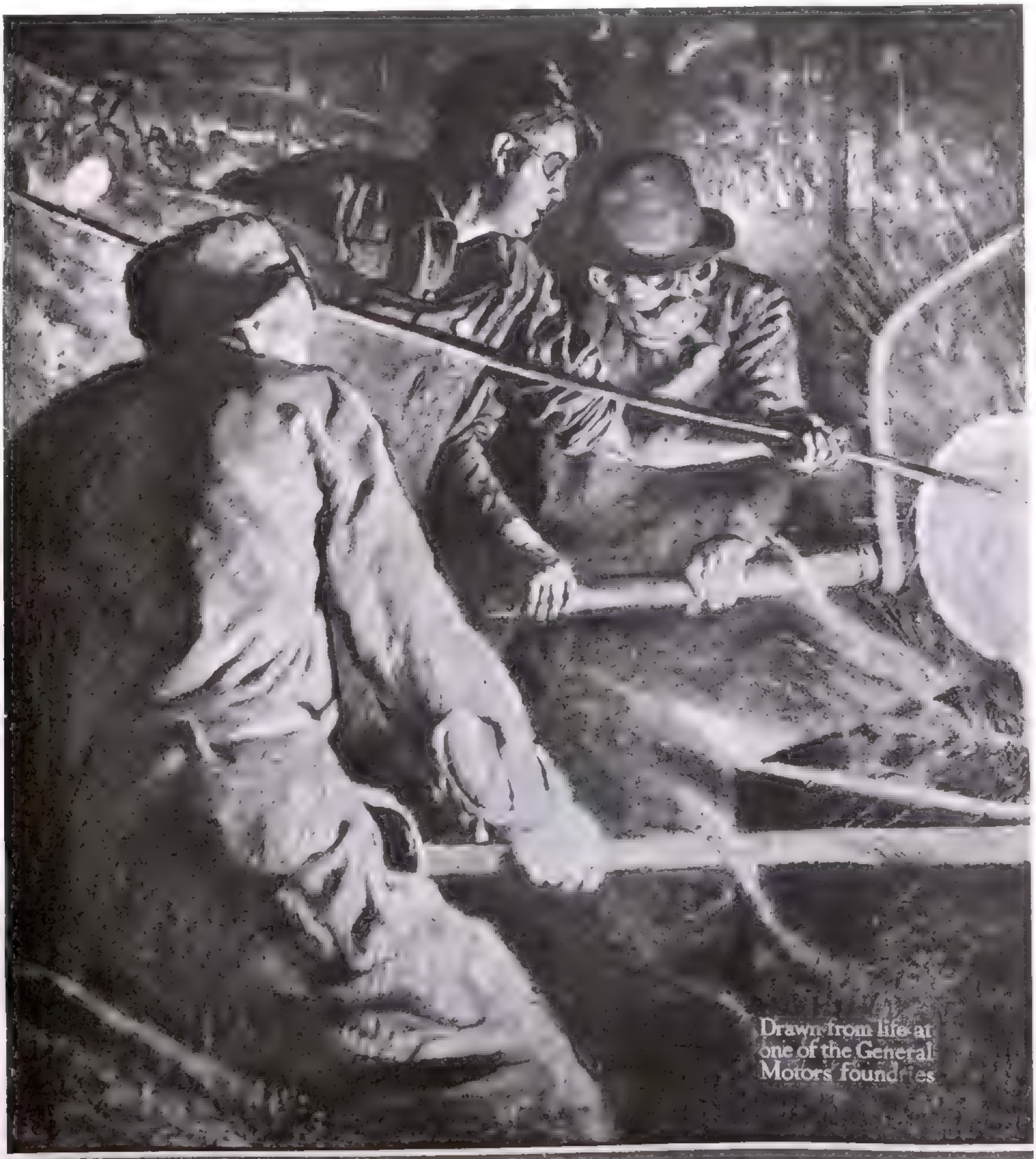

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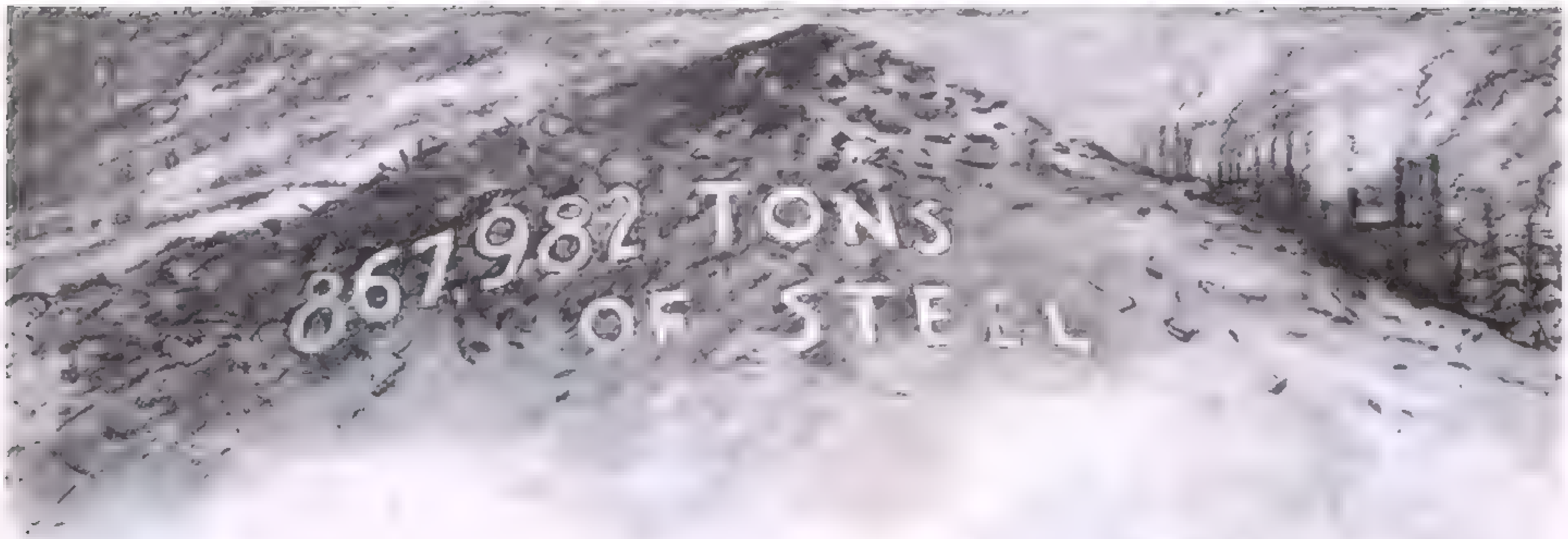

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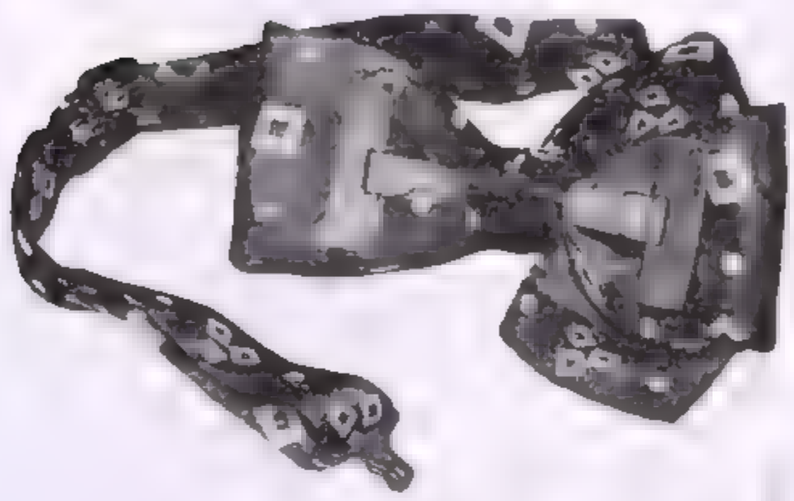

Read here for the secret of tie smartness

Above is a photograph of a Spur Tie. One end is cut open and the silk turned back to show you the H-shaped Innerform. On the other end of the tie a drawing indicates the position of this H-shaped Innerform when the tie is being worn. This form is patented. It is this form that makes the Spur Tie smart, for it keeps the tie from rolling, curling or wrinkling, and makes it stay the way you arrange it.

Ben Lyon

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Inside every Spur Tie is the exclusive H-shaped Innerform, illustrated and described above. No one else can tell that it is there, inside the tie you wear. You yourself cannot see it, and do not feel it when you wear the tie. Yet that light, almost weightless form is the style trick that taught America what true tie style is.

This tie does not droop. It does not curl, roll, or wrinkle. This form lets you arrange the Spur Tie any way you like it best—as neat or as studiedly careless as you choose. Once on, once set—it stays that way.

You will see the Spur Tie displayed on smart shop counters. You will know that the shop you patronize has the new and smart in men's wear, when you find Spur Ties for sale there—but play safe. There are other ties that would like to look like Spur Ties, and can't, for only the Spur Tie can have the patented H-shaped Innerform.

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(Continued from Page 121)

Even as she spoke, Amardis was conscious of a wave of shame. No personal sacrifice should have been too great. She hastened to add, "Of course you must cut it out."

But young Talbot Chesser had recovered his good humor. He was touched by the pathetic little phrase, "it's rather an important dress." It marked sharp distinction between this child and the women of the better-to-do world which he adorned—the world where nobody bothered about such trifles as the spoiling of garments.

"No fear," said he. "Be a darn shame to hack holes in a jolly li'l' frock like that. For the moment I hadn't noticed what you'd got on." And producing a small pair of scissors he cut the point of the cast just above the fly. "Tha's better. You'll be able to work out the li'l' ole fly when you get home. I've heaps more. Careless of me hanging you up like that."

A trickle of blood was running down the inside of her sleeve and Amardis covered it up with her free hand. Talbot Chesser filled and lit a pipe, then proceeded to fix a new fly to the cast.

"Ole Brownlow has cleared this bank in record time," he observed. "Generally takes him about a mumph to do anyfin'."

"Oh," said Amardis, "then you did speak to him?"

"Um, las' ni'. See for yoursel'," and he nodded at the cut bough overhead.

The fates were not working in her favor. Amardis nodded and said nothing. Talbot Chesser smoked on in silence.

For something to say, Amardis asked, "Will that fish eat another one?"

"Rise again, you mean? He might—'mpossible to say. I'll give him five minutes and have 'nuther shot."

The minutes passed without a word spoken. Talbot Chesser smoked his pipe and Amardis watched him, feeling strangely ill at ease. She was trying to reconstruct the impression of him so laboriously built up in her mind during the past weeks, but somehow he refused to fit into the heroic outlines imagination had supplied. He was too small for the garment. The measurements were all wrong. The irritable tones in his voice when he was cross with her were not the tones of an immortal. Charlie, Michael—any other man might have spoken so. He was losing his difference—his eminence—his superiority over the common run. Amardis hugged her knees and watched.

Talbot Chesser also was ill at ease. Amardis and her penetrating stare embarrassed him. He wondered what was going on behind that curiously attentive and devoted little face. Interest in fishing could hardly account for such a degree of concentration. He wondered whether, in common with other girls of his acquaintance, she thought he was an ass. If so, why did she follow him round from place to place?

Amardis watched. Her stare haunted him. He wished she would go away. Alternatively he wished he could think of something particularly splendid to say or do that would transfer that expression of doubt and perplexity into a look of genuine admiration. Nervously he hummed a few bars of Susie.

"Holy Moses, what a chassis."

It was a failure. Amardis flinched. Her covering smile would have deceived no one.

Talbot Chesser rose to his feet and picked up his rod. As an angler, at least, he was sure of his ground. He sagged out a few yards of line and drifted it lightly through the air. A shaft of sunlight fringed his hair and profile with bright gold. His pale tweeds became armor. Amardis' doubts vanished.

"So stand the gods," she thought.

And that swift running second of recovery was the zenith of her romance. The line sailed out; the fly dropped as lightly as a puff of thistledown. A silver curl of water, a splash, and Amardis saw the top of the rod bend to an arch, as though snatched at by the whole bottom of the lake. And the battle began.

Amardis felt the fates were very kind to have allowed her to be there at that supreme moment. Her eyes were bright with admiration as she watched the calm, unmoved confidence with which he handled the situation. A smile played round the corners of his handsome mouth and his head tilted gayly upon his shoulder. One might have thought, from his cheerful indifference, that nothing unusual was happening. A six-ounce rod against a two-pound trout. What of that? He didn't care. Bless me, it was a bagatelle.

"Oh, you're wonderful," exclaimed Amardis aloud.

The water was cut this way and that.

He was talking now—partly to the fish, partly to her.

"Not too near the weeds, sweetheart—no—no—no. Mustn't forget to send a wire to my bookie on the way home. Swan Song bofe ways. Fight it out in the open, darlin'."

Swank? Arrogance? Not a bit of it. The divine indifference of the gods. If the line broke it would be just the same. Earthly considerations didn't count.

"Min' passin' me the landin' net? Heaps of thanks."

Charlie Hands nudged Michael with an elbow.

"Gum! Isn't he cool."

Talbot Chesser had passed the supreme test. A god indeed.

The rod bent and bucked. The line screamed out or ticked back on the reel. A silver shape leaped, churned the surface to a boiling stew and dived—down—down.

"Despairin' effort, darlin'."

And then something went wrong. The line, cleaving the water parallel with the shore, became stationary. Followed a series of mysterious jerks, all from the same place, and then a sudden steadiness, like the even drag of a ship's chain against an anchor.

"Hung up! Fouled!" exclaimed Talbot Chesser, and stamped his foot upon the ground. "Curse it—oh, curse!"

Gone now the evenness—the sweet, smooth utterance—the *nonchaloir* that had, in Amardis' imagination, set a crown of gold upon a brow already laureled. A god was tottering earthward and, instead, a very angry young man was stamping upon a crumbling pedestal with feet of clay.

Amardis shut her eyes and told herself it wasn't happening, that it wasn't true that in the presence of adversity her knight and hero was behaving like an angry child. "Knights and heroes mustn't," she told herself. "They mustn't—they can't." But even though her eyes were shut and her will constant, the evidence of hearing could not be denied. By word, by deed, by gesture, Talbot Chesser was proving himself one with the rest of humanity.

And then it was that Charlie and Michael, unable to resist any longer the temptation to take part, leaped from their ambush and hurried to the water's edge.

"What's wrong?" they demanded eagerly.

"Hooked the bes' fish that's been caught in these waters for the las' Lord-knows-how-long and the blighter's hung me up."

"Queer," said Michael, his eye fixed on the line that rose taut from the center of the pool. "I've bathed here dozens of times and I'll swear it's a clear bottom."

"That's right," Charlie indorsed. "We've dived for tins scores of times. The bottom's flat and gravelly. Could you put a bit more strain on the line, sir?"

"Yes, and break it. Tha's bound to happen anyway."

"Steady on, sir," said Michael. "We might take a header now and shift the snag if there is one. We're rather nuts on the submarine biz. Amardis can sheer off till we've had a shot."

Then Amardis spoke, "I'm 'fraid it won't be any use."

"Why, no use? Darn bright spot of thought," said Talbot Chesser, in whose bosom hope had revived.

"It's no use because—'cause I know what you are hung up on—and it 'ull take ten men to move it."

"What are you talkin' about?"

Amardis tipped up her head.

"That bough—the oak bough—it's—down there—at the bottom of the lake."

The face of young Talbot Chesser went pink and white in turns.

"D'you mean to tell me that ass, Brownlow ——."

"No," said Amardis bravely, "not Mr. Brownlow—it was me. I sawed it off—last night—for—because—and it dropped in—I didn't think I ——" She could say no more.

"For the Lord's sake," said Talbot Chesser. "For the Lord's sake," he repeated, and cast his rod upon the bank.

Romance was at an end. For one moment Amardis trembled between words and tears. In the beaten way of devotion he had beheld nothing but disservice and cause for reproach. A paltry fish counted higher with him than the motive of a loyal friend. She fought against the tears that blinded her eyes. Her pride came to the rescue.

"You needn't be a pig about it," she cried, and grabbing the skirt of her little frock—that important frock worn to do grace and honor to his company—she dashed away through the trees.

Deep down in the water a series of sharp tugs was translated by the supple top joint of the rod to the watchers on the bank—one, two, three. The broken line drifted idly to the surface.

"Bust!" said Charlie Hands.

But Talbot Chesser's attention was riveted upon a blue speck vanishing down the forest path.

"Go' Lor," said he. "Mos' extrawnry. Seemed quite upset. Wonder if I ought to go and call her back."

It was then that Michael Greville proved himself a man. Ignoring Talbot Chesser's seniority in years, he fastened hold of his sleeve with a firm grip.

"You'll let her go," he said warningly, "and what's more, you won't even apologize for behaving like a rotter."

Talbot Chesser looked all bothered.

"How d'you mean—a rotter?"

"We know," said Michael Greville darkly, "we know, don't we, Chas? We've seen. And it's made us sick—sick."

Charlie Hands nodded vigorously.

"What has?" asked the unhappy young

"If you must have it—seeing Amardis make a soppy fool of herself over a man like you, who's old enough to be her—her—well, anyway, who's a jolly sight too old."

Young Talbot Chesser was hideously embarrassed.

"Tha's absolute tripe—honestly, not a word of troof in it."

"Yes, there is. She stuck you on a pedestal and by a stroke of luck you've tumbled off. Why else should she cut down your trees and gape at your car when it passes by? Amardis belongs to Chas and self, and we're not going to have her made miserable by anyone else. So now."

Talbot Chesser fiddled with his pipe and a box of matches.

"If that's the case," said he, "'fraid I must have behaved a bit awkwardly. I mus' look roun' this arfernoon and say sorrow."

"And start the whole biz over again. No, you don't."

"And put yourself right. No fear," echoed Charles. "You've got to be kept wrong, and don't forget it."

Talbot Chesser lit his pipe and thought a while. The unusual exercise made his handsome face look strangely troubled.

"Seems to me," quoth he, "that you're a couple of stout lads. White men bofe. Your 'nstructions shall be 'beyed 'plicitly. Let's shake hands on it." They did.

"Any time you feel like a spot of fishin' in this water go right ahead."

"Though I don't see how we can," said Michael later in the day. "We mustn't give away that he really is a decent chap."

Amardis did not go straight home. She went no nearer than the little path that led

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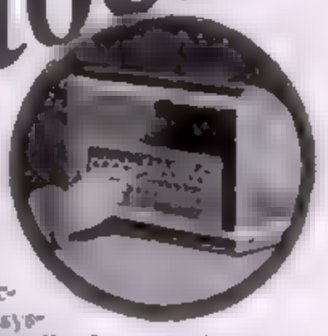

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from her garden to the woods. Here she stood and whistled. And presently Sally came, signifying joy with the small white ensign at the end of her tail. Together they vanished to a very secret place known only to themselves. Here was last year's bracken to sit upon and a bank with a deep pile of cool moss to rest one's head against.

Amardis dropped to the earth and lay frowning at the leaves overhead, biting her lip and closing and unclosing her hands. And Sally, who knew there was something wrong, crouched alongside and rested her head upon Amardis' knee.

Presently Amardis put out a hand and began to fondle one of Sally's ears.

"Um-m," said Sally contentedly.

And Amardis began to talk.

"Oh, Sally, I've been such a little mongrel. I've been running about trying to 'tract notice, and I've been wagging a tail that any self-respecting person would have had cut off when they were much more puppyish than I am. But it's off now, Sally, and though, perhaps, I do feel a little sore, it's nice to know that one will have learned not to be vulgar like that again. You see, I'd never been devoted to anyone before and it never 'curred to me one oughtn't to show it. Well, that's over. We'll go home now."

It seemed to Michael and Charlie, who happened to meet her on the road next day, that there was a certain aristocracy in Amardis' bearing that they had never remarked before. It was hard to say by what means this new aristocracy manifested itself, but it was there as surely as the small dry fly with a red hackle which she had hooked to the ribbon of her hat.

OUT-OF-DOORS

Little Gardens of Different Colors

BEFORE going into details as to gardens of one prevailing color, it occurs to me to suggest that where friends live near or next each other on the same street or road, it would be a rather interesting plan if a group of them were to try planting their gardens in ways unlike each other. Suppose one should try a garden of yellow flowers; another, one of blue; a third, one that should be mainly white. What variety would this lend to the street, what garden visits would ensue, how much more would be learned as to habits and colors of different plants! How stupid it seems for neighbors to grow the selfsame things in ground just over each other's fences and hedges.

Flowers That are Seldom Blue

It is with yellow flowers that most amateur gardeners begin, according to my observation. Why this is I do not know. But in thinking of a yellow garden to include bulbs, annuals and perennials one begins naturally with crocus; large golden-yellow tulips such as Yellow Prince, Miss Willmott, Mrs. Moon; daffodils like Cynosure, Mme. van Plemp, Glory of Leiden; the charming hardy yellow alyssum trailing among these, that alyssum known as alyssum saxatile. Doronicum excelsum is a charming yellow daisylike flower of spring, and Iceland poppies are to be had in beautiful tones of yellow, cream-white and orange. Yellow violas, a great success with me now for two or three years, make excellent foreground plants for all yellow and orange arrangements; and following the tulips come the yellow columbines and iris, Sherwin-Wright. The tall yellow thalictrum known as glaucum follows quickly. The yellow hollyhock and all kinds of annuals of the same hue should come into bloom, zinnias, Drummond phloxes which number among their colors a nice buff called Isabellina. These carry on the prevailing tone to the time of annual sunflowers, marigolds, dahlias, and the whole host of yellows, such as heleniums that usher in the autumn. The evening primroses, both tall and dwarf, are great acquisitions for the yellow garden, as are the spring primroses, especially the Munstead strain, for their time of bloom is with the tulips.

From yellow to blue is a natural transition, but what a question comes with that of the blue garden! How many flowers are actually blue? Very very few. Let us name as many as possible. The myosotis or forget-me-not, the early anchusa, called myosotidiflora, the handsome later one, italica, or the Dropmore anchusa, some delphiniums, some annual larkspurs, the spring-flowering mertensia. There are surely more than these, but at the moment others do not occur to me. You will hear people say that the veronica is blue. It is really lavender. So is the ageratum, even one sold under the name of Blue Gem. But seedsmen's lists are improving yearly in their color descriptions, and it is safer now than ever before to infer that when they say blue they mean a color related either to the sky or a sapphire.

However, since there are few blue flowers, we must use in the blue garden, flowers of lavenders, mauves and violets, all those which have some blue in them. Now we have a wonderful range of plants to choose from, beginning with scillas in the spring, the pure blue scillas, sweeping on through the crocus and lavender hyacinth to the forget-me-not, the anchusa, the delphinium, with certain irises such as Blue Boy, and the Siberian iris, Perry Blue. The veronicas come at various times and seasons with their lavender beauty, annual deep-violet petunias look well with everything. Tall buddleia with its lavender racemes comes in August, and soon after the whole host of hardy asters, some of which really approach blue now in the newer varieties. Annual asters in charming lavenders there are in plenty to carry lower bloom in such a garden, and all gray-leaved plants such as nepeta, mussini and stachys lanata would make excellent foreground plants for the blue lavender or violet flowers named here. If I were making a blue garden, however, I should arrange to have some creamy peonies flower in it with the anchusas, and, if possible, to have a succession of bloom from seed of cream-white stocks, as well as a little artemisia lactiflora for August cream-white in the garden. A garden of blue lavender and mauve needs the relief of a soft white such as these flowers can give.

Your Garden a Bed of Roses

The pink or rose colored garden is easily obtainable too. Tulips, Clara Butt or Mrs. Kerrell, below Japanese cherries in the spring; the earliest pink Sweet-Williams; pinkish iris such as Windham; pink columbines; all the host of roses of various kinds; pink peonies such as the heavenly Walter Faxon, Venus, Marie Crousse; many annuals, silene, snapdragon, annual phlox, clarkia, balsams, annual pinks, bring us to the time of hardy phloxes such as the everlovely Elizabeth Campbell and Mme. Paul Dutrie. Annual mallows are excellent in the pink garden, tall hollyhocks may have a place in their lovely shades of rose and salmon pink—in fact, the list seems endless. The pink garden, however, will always be at its best when white and palest-yellow flowers are also admitted to its numbers.

One could go on to gardens of other colors still, the garden of scarlet, orange and cream-white; the garden all of mauve and clear pale yellow, with a golden-leaved shrub adroitly used to give point to a great color grouping. —MRS. FRANCIS KIND.

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THE ISLAND IN THE NIGHT

(Continued from Page 9)

barns unguarded; it will fairly bribe a desperate man to fire his own buildings for the ready cash. You would breed fire bugs, Varr, if we heeded you, like maggots in a carcass!"

Our weeding drew us gradually away from the wrangle, but I could hear Varr's voice, rising with an edged contempt that he troubled less and less to hide, his bursts of sneering laughter as he lost hope of carrying his cause. He swung past us, at the last of it, shaking his head and clicking his tongue against his teeth and I heard him laugh again as he untied his horse, but there was no mirth in the slash of the whip that sent the sorry beast at a stiff-kneed canter down the drive.

Ollie and I forgot him in our own concerns. I had a happy inspiration about his pinwheels and rockets. We couldn't stay out late to set them off, but we could get up as early as we liked. There was never any farmhouse law against beating the sun out of bed! Even Matthew Bruce's discipline wouldn't be offended if we were out two hours before dawn, with plenty of time to take the rockets down to the creek and shoot them off in proper darkness. The problem of waking up in time engaged us while we finished weeding; it was the weak point in the project and we had not solved it when, after supper, we cut across the upper pasture to the sugar maples and sneaked back along the fences with our arms full of fireworks. It was Ollie's notion to leave them in the barn.

We hid them in the passageway that ran under the mowed wheat of the central bay, connecting the two driveways. They nearly filled a split-hickory bushel basket. Two dollars traveled splendid distances in that frugal day.

Matthew Bruce was widowed for the third time and his house was kept, while he cast about for his fourth wife, by a leathery old-maid sister, with a face and voice amazingly like a hen's. She would not undertake to rout us out at three, but lent us a clumsy old alarm clock, winding and setting it for us without even demanding reasons for the hour. She took it for granted that we were going fishing and volunteered to leave a snack of lunch on the kitchen table so that we needn't bother to come back for breakfast.

Ollie and I shared a straw mattress in a low-ceiled room above the kitchen. We fell asleep, in spite of our excitement, almost as soon as we blew out the lamp, and it seemed to me as if the clatter of the alarm clock woke me again before my eyes had fairly closed. Ollie smothered its clamor in a pillow and we were fumbling about for our clothes when a floor board creaked in the hall and our door opened. It was too dark to see who was there and I was resigned to sharp rebuke from Matthew Bruce when I heard my grandfather's voice.

"It's only three o'clock, Luke. What are you boys up to at this time of night?"

I hesitated and Ollie nudged me. It would have been easy enough to say that we were going down to the creek and let grandfather take it for granted that we were going there to fish, but it was curiously hard to lie to him even by such evasions and I found myself blurting out the truth. I expected, of course, to be bidden back to bed, and accepted as only my just deserts a spiteful pinch from Ollie's horn-hard fingers. But my grandfather seemed undecided; his voice sounded unfamiliar in the darkness.

"Skyrockets, eh? I don't know about ——" He stopped. "I guess I'd better go along, if you're going to fool with fireworks."

We were too relieved and astonished to speak. He whispered that we must wait for him downstairs and I thought I heard a chuckle as he turned away; he was dressed almost as soon as we were and we went out through the woodshed, tiptoeing in single file. It was a cloudy night, dark as a pocket, so that even with Ollie to guide us we stumbled in the wet grass, more often astray from the path of flat stones than on it.

Bruce's house stood well back from the road; the barn was on the other side; we had gone a hundred paces from the woodshed door before I could make out the loom of the great roof against the faintly lessened blackness of the sky, and it was only after we had followed the ghostly pallor of the dust for another twenty strides or more that I saw the streaks of yellow light that framed the double doors and lesser outline of the man door cut in one leaf of the larger one. I felt my grandfather's hand fall on my shoulder in restraint, heard Ollie's excited whisper.

"Somebody's in yonder! After my fireworks!"

"Wait here!" Grandfather's voice stopped us both; he was a man who got a strange obedience from quiet speech. I saw him for a moment, outlined in a sudden thrust of light from the man door; beyond, as he stepped over the crossbeam, I caught a glimpse of the wall of wheat in the bay, agleam in an unsteady radiance, and saw him plunge forward, stamping in a heap of litter as if he stood in a nest of snakes. An ugly hissing sound frightened me; I saw a spit of sparks draw a white line upward along the bank of grain. Grandfather stumbled back to the door, an arm across his face.

"It's too late," he said. "The wheat's afire to the roof." I marveled at the calm and quiet of his voice. He turned to Ollie. "Show me to the horses. We can get them out. Luke, you run and wake Matthew."

I sped away, stumbling at first in the tall grass; suddenly the path came visible before me and the house seemed to leap at me out of the night, its white walls marked with uncanny shadows from the elms, shadows that shook and flickered strangely. I cast a backward look over my shoulder and saw a long spout of flame shoot through the slatted vent of the cupola; the air was filled with a murmur of weird, stealthy sounds, queer puffs and crackles and popping noises as if some giant were uncorking mighty bottles. A rooster crowed sleepily from a plum tree just before me; I saw the flutter of his wings in the shifting glow and he sailed down across the path to run stupidly ahead of me as I pounded toward the porch.

I had no need to wake Matthew Bruce; he was in the doorway, his nightshirt stuffed into his overalls, his red hair tousled with sleep, his eyes wide and angry. I stopped and let him pass me, his boots hammering on the flags.

When I turned I saw that the fire had torn out a wide channel through the vent; a great leaping flame streamed up from the cupola; the cracks in the walls were lines of light; I stood in a magic island in the night, an inverted cup of evil day that pressed back the darkness; the air was filled with an uproar like the noise of a great storm wind. I remember feeling a stab of pity for Matthew Bruce, running on ahead of me, not because he had lost his barns and harvest, but because he seemed, of a sudden, so little and puny and helpless.

We managed to blindfold the horses and get them out; we ran out some of the lighter machinery from the lean-to shed and saved most of the gear in the tool room, but this was all, and by the time we had accomplished it the whole roof was a sheet of fire and the flames spurted in a hundred places through the walls. We had nothing to do but to stand and watch; the house was in no danger and there was no hope of saving the lesser buildings that inclosed the farmyard. We stood back at the edge of the heat; I was too deeply under the fascination of the sight to pay close heed to what my grandfather told Matthew Bruce; it was only as he repeated it to each eagerly inquisitive newcomer that the story lodged in the back of my mind.

The strangest thing about a country fire lies just here: in the manner of its gathering onlookers. At the beginning we had our little bowl of evil brightness to ourselves; it shut us in like men marooned on some witch's islet in an endless sea; then, as the eye dwelt for an instant on the blank wall of darkness that inclosed us, a man would appear from nowhere, as if by necromancy; one moment there was no sign of him, the next would reveal him close at hand, as though he had come quickly through some invisible black curtain. I would see a horse stand out of a sudden, distinct and near, in what had surely been an empty road; over and again a figure started up in an open field as if he had grown there, like the soldiers in the story, from some planted dragon's tooth.

The thing held me spellbound, so that I could hardly spare my eyes to watch the fire itself as it dissolved the walls and roofs and laid bare the flaming skeleton of great oak beams. I heard the talk about me, scarcely heeding it except to notice, with a mounting irritation, that each newcomer spoke in the same breathless, excited fashion as the last, and asked the selfsame question.

"Know how it started?"

I grew even a little angry at my grandfather for his unchanging answer.

"It was a set fire," he would say. "The boys were up early to go to the creek and we saw a light through the cracks. I found a candle burning in a heap of rakings—it burned down to them just as I stood at the door and the fire was at the roof before I could get near it."

And Bruce would say again, for each new listener, that he knew who had set the candle there, and tell the tale of his dispute with Charlie Rader and the man's parting threats. He held his fury well, but he spat his words between his teeth and I was frightened of him. I wondered why my grandfather said no word of Ollie's rockets; I guessed that the candle had fired the fuse of one of them, stood shrewdly in the pile of rakings, and that if we had not left them in the barn we might have been in time to put out the fire. In some sense the fault was ours, and watching Bruce's face I was afraid; waiting, at every repetition of the tale, for some word that would turn his rage at Ollie and perhaps at me.

I was looking down the road when Charlie Rader came suddenly past that queer boundary line of invisibility, and an unreasonable pity for him stirred in me as he lurched toward us, his feet shuffling in the deep dust, his bruised face stupefied with drink. He stopped, as if somehow he felt his danger, as if his fogged brain realized the folly that had brought him back to view his work.

"Wha' started it?" he said, his voice thick and unsteady. "Wha' fool took a light in yon'r an' started it, huh?" His eyes wavered along the line of us, dull anger in the look, as if it had been his wheat that had roared up in smoke. "Show me who done it and le' me learn him!"

My grandfather caught Bruce's arms and held him back as he plunged suddenly toward Rader. The movement seemed to bring the other men to their senses; I saw three or four of them lay hands on Rader. He struggled helplessly in their grasp, crying out that they were fire bugs and that he would fight them all.

Somewhere behind me a fool took up the word, shouted that we had caught the fire bug and called for a rope to hang him. A blurred uproar answered him. I saw my grandfather let go of Bruce and spread out his arms to check the sudden surge that closed in upon the men who grappled in the dust with Rader. It seemed to me that I could feel the physical presence of that ancient evil spirit that led the swine of Gadarea down the steep place to the sea. Singly, these were sane and decent men;

(Continued on Page 133)

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BANKERS TRUST COMPANY

NEW YORK PARIS LONDON

(Continued from Page 128)

there must have been a devil somewhere close behind the madness that could make a mob of them.

I caught a glimpse of Rader's face as the press lifted him, and the sight of it turned me weak and sick, so that I tore my eyes away just as a team and buckboard started from the darkness and I recognized Calvin Tupper's round, good-humored, sleepy face above the huge soft bulk of him. Someone sat beside him, but I had no eye just then for anyone except the sheriff, and it was only as the mob dissolved under his placidly inquiring gaze that I knew the other man for Wesley Varr.

Without haste Tupper cramped the wheel and lowered his ungainly weight to the road. The crowd made willing way for him, so that he stood face to face with Matthew Bruce beside the two men who still held fast to Charlie Rader's arms.

"Too bad, Bruce." Tupper's voice was as innocently sleepy as his face. His glance moved slowly to the sinking blaze and came back to the little group. "What's Rader done?" he asked. "I heard somebody yelling for a rope, didn't I?"

"It wouldn't be more than he deserves!" said Bruce. "He set the fire, Tupper." He broke out into wild accusations, waving his arms like a man drunk or demented, and saying that Rader had ruined him. I saw Calvin Tupper's sleepy eyes move past him, searching in the group until they found my grandfather. He came toward us, and it was Wesley Varr who answered Bruce when at last he stopped for breath.

"There is a better man to blame than this drunken hired hand of yours, Bruce," he declared, his voice raised and oratorical, as if he spoke in town meeting. He leveled a forefinger at Bruce. "Here is a bitter lesson for you and for those who follow your advice!" He swung a wide gesture about the circle. "Bear me out, Bruce, that only this afternoon I gave you warning! You would not listen when I told you that no man was safe from fire. You say that Rader ruined you, but you can thank yourself for that. He fired your barns, Bruce, but you owe the money loss of it to your own stiff neck!"

He ranted on like a man standing for election or a street preacher with the dwindling fire for his text; the others drew in about him, listening, and I could see that his arguments impressed them. But his voice flattened, his tongue tripped and wandered, and I saw his eye roll toward Calvin Tupper, standing close beside my grandfather, as if he strove to overhear them while he brayed. There was a sudden silence as he left a sentence in the air, and in the midst of it I heard my grandfather's voice, full and clear and touched with sober certainty:

"It was a set fire, Tupper, but Rader had no hand in it."

The other men lost interest in Wesley Varr. It seemed to me that he ceased to be interested, himself, in anything except my grandfather's declaration. He pressed closer.

"What's that, MacNaughten?"

My grandfather turned slowly to meet his gaze. Something in the grave stillness of the white-bearded face frightened me.

"I said, Varr, that I knew Rader did not set this fire." He spoke gently, and it seemed to me that Varr mistook the tone to mean uncertainty. He laughed noisily.

"You know it, eh?"

"Yes," said my grandfather. "Do you know better, that you laugh?"

"I?" Varr spread his hands. "How should I know, one way or the other? I took Bruce's word that it was Rader. It's you that claim to know, MacNaughten. How do you know? Did you see the fire set?"

"No," said my grandfather, "I did not see the man who set it, in the act."

Varr laughed again. "Then have you had your eye all night on Rader, so that you can swear he had no hand in it?"

"No," said my grandfather, "I have no notion where Rader lay sleeping off his drink when the fire was set, except that it was somewhere near. There is hay hanging to his clothes—he was in some barn or stack, not far away, so that he had no great walk before him when he woke and saw the glow against the clouds."

"And so you reason that he did not set it?" Varr's laughter now was merrier than before. He threw back his head to release it. "Because he was somewhere near by! You reason as soundly about this, MacNaughten, as about insurance!" He swung toward the sheriff. "Take his advice, Tupper! See how well it has profited Matt Bruce to follow it!"

I was amazed by the soft answer that Andrew MacNaughten gave him.

"Varr," he said, "in that question of insurance you have been right and Matthew Bruce and I were wrong. It was in my mind that we misjudged the doctrine by the preacher; here, as I see now, is one idea of yours that has small wickedness or folly in it."

Varr sent up a great shouting laugh.

"I thought so, Andrew! I made sure that such a dear-bought lesson would burn some reason through your skull!"

"And there, too, you had the right of it," said my grandfather. He spoke so mildly that I felt a dim, unwilling shame for him, eating his words as if he liked the taste of them. "It was a way, at least, to teach us something that we had need to learn. You devised it shrewdly, Varr, with Rader's drunken threats to throw suspicion on him. It seems poor gratitude to punish you for arson at the last of it."

In the tight stillness I could hear the sly, furtive laughter of the fire; the light of it wavered on Varr's face, frozen in its triumphant grin. It seemed a long time before he found his voice.

"So that's your answer, is it!" He threw back his head and laughed. "What are you waiting for, Tupper? You heard him! It wasn't Rader who set the fire. MacNaughten tells you it was me! Arrest me, sheriff! You know that I was at my house in the village when you saw the fire. I must have lighted it and ridden home astride a broomstick!"

"Astride your horse, Varr," said my grandfather. "It needs no witchcraft to ride two miles while a candle burns, and I make no doubt that Calvin Tupper saw you in your nightshirt as he passed your door. You would have had the wit to take off your clothes."

It seemed to me, watching Varr's face, that the speech had been taken from his open mouth. He broke forth, instead, into loud angry bluster, swearing that he would summons my grandfather for defamation, challenging him to bring proofs to justify a baseless slander. Andrew MacNaughten nodded soberly.

"Varr," said he, "I will give you proof out of your own mouth. I found a candle set in a pile of rakings close against the mow of wheat. It had burned down until the flame of it rose through a deep, narrow flue of straw, that caught and blazed up just as I ran toward it. I was too late to check the fire, but I saw the candle and can swear to it in court."

Wesley Varr swung his arm wide.

"And because you saw a candle in the straw you know that I was the man who set it there! A weighty proof, MacNaughten!"

"Yes," said my grandfather, "a weighty proof, Varr; that of the two men who might conceive they had a reason for this arson, it was not the drunken fool who did it. Look at Rader, Varr, and tell me that he had the wit to invent this plan."

I saw the muddy white of Varr's eye as it rolled at Rader, swaying so that the men who held his arms supported him rather than restrained, his dull face blank and fuddled, wanting even the intelligence to be afraid.

"Invent, MacNaughten?" Varr shook his head. "I will grant, if you like, that Rader is a fool and drunk; but even so—why, an idiot can find and light a candle!" He drew in his breath. "If this is all your proof ——"

I felt my grandfather's hand tighten on my shoulder, and it seemed to me that he gathered himself as if for some decisive hazard, like a man who nerves himself to a leap of which he doubts the issue.

"Varr," he said, "there was more invention than the candle, or I could have stamped the fire down in time to save the barn. Perhaps Rader might have had the cunning, as you say, to leave a candle burning in the straw, but will you tell me that he would have brought rockets out from the village and stood them upright in the pile of straw, so that the first flame would throw fire to the ridgepole? I saw them, Varr, and I will swear to them in court—a dozen of them, maybe, that spread the fire to the roof."

I saw Calvin Tupper's sleepy, inset eyes go wide and close again. Wesley Varr's shoulders moved, I thought, as if the words surprised and startled him, but his face was under better government and his voice held a note of triumph and relief:

"I wonder less at you, MacNaughten, since you tell me this. I grant you that Rader would never have the foresight to buy fireworks in town and fetch them here to stand them near his candle. I blame you less for believing ill of me, if that is what you saw. But you reason from a false premise, Andrew; Rader had no need for any forethought. He found those fireworks ready to his hand when he lit his candle in Bruce's barn—a bushel basket full of them! And even Rader would know enough to make use of ——"

Matthew Bruce broke in angrily. "Fireworks hidden in my grain barn, Varr! Why, I ——"

I saw Varr's eye seek in the crowd for Ollie, and there was a spiteful relish in the mean twist of his mouth, as if it gave him double pleasure to bring Matthew Bruce unwelcome evidence against his son.

"You boasted that you had no need to be afraid of fire, Bruce, because you could protect yourself by taking thought beforehand!" He chuckled. "Ask your boy yonder who stored those rockets in your barn! There's the accomplice in this arson for you!"

My grandfather's arm stopped Bruce's sudden movement toward Ollie, who turned and squirmed through the crowd.

"Wait, Matthew. Let the boy be till you have some better cause to blame him than this chance guess of Varr's."

"It is no guess," said Varr. "I leave that to you, MacNaughten. You have a pretty fancy for it. I saw those fireworks hidden in the passageway that runs across your middle bay, Bruce, a bushel basket fairly full of them."

Again I felt my grandfather's hand tighten on my shoulder, but his voice was innocently curious.

"You saw them, Varr? When you were seeking Matthew at the barn this afternoon?"

I seemed to see Varr set his foot fairly in the hidden trap.

"Of course!" he cried. "When else would I ——"

He stopped in mid-speech and I saw the white flicker of his eyes. There was a little space of silence and I heard the sly, laughing mutter of the fire that flung a spurt of light on the strange muddy pallor of Varr's face. He strained backward uselessly as my grandfather told him, in the voice that few men ever doubted or disobeyed, the sundown hour when we had brought our fireworks down from the sap house on the hill

There was in his face and futile struggle something so like the hate and fear and despairing helplessness of a red fox in a trap, that I could almost have believed him fast by the heel between steel jaws instead of powerless under the weight of Calvin Tupper's huge hand on his shoulder.

The Ashless Ashstand

It's Safe

This shows how all smokers' refuse drops down the tube to the air-tight base where it is imprisoned and smothered

Non-Tipping — Non-Spilling

Ashless Odorless

Simply drop your matches, ashes and stubs into Smokador. They are instantly dispatched through the *bottomless tray* and *hollow tube* to the *air-tight base*, where they safely remain for convenient disposal.

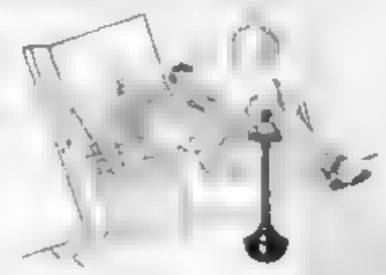
It Keeps the Place Clean

Smokador frees you from that offensive smokers' refuse which has always been the bane of cleanliness and safety. And if knocked over,

Smokador just bobs up again—nothing is spilled or broken, nothing is soiled or burned.

It Prevents Fires

Smokador, besides being a repository for matches, ashes and stubs—dead or burning—is equipped with Snuffer Clips which hold idle cigars, big or little. And if these



"smokes" burn up to the clips, the clips snuff them out. Smokador prevents fires!

Five Colors To Choose From

Dark bronze, mahogany, Chinese red, olive green, willow green. Price: $10.50 delivered east of the Mississippi; $11, west. Ask your dealer today to show you a genuine Smokador—with Smokador Snuffer Clips. Avoid imitations. If he can't supply a real Smokador, order direct from Dep't H.

SMOKADOR MFG. CO. INC.
130 W. 42nd St., New York

SMOKADOR

The Ashless Ashstand

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Good Buildings Deserve
Good Hardware
CORBIN
What is the use of having screen doors unless they screen ‘‘ unless they shut ‘‘ unless they close without annoying slams, bangs and creaks?
Here's the way to do it. Look up the Corbin dealer. Tell him you want Corbin Screen Door Checks on every screen door. Then watch them do their duty—quietly, quickly, surely. It is the only way to make screen doors useful as well as silent—and they should be both.
Best of all, Corbin Screen Door Checks are inexpensive—and you can easily attach them yourself. Put them on today.
P. & F. CORBIN SINCE 1849 NEW BRITAIN CONNECTICUT
The American Hardware Corporation, Successor
New York Chicago Philadelphia

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 28

P is the Peepul. Remember, you love 'em,
Though sometimes you'll feel there are too many of 'em.

Q is the Questions they'll ask. If you fear 'em
Just make the band play and pretend you don't hear 'em.

R is the Red Tape you promise to cut.
We are willing to bet you'll do anything but!

S is the State of Things—perfectly terrible!
If elected you'll make them distinctly more bearable!

T is for Tariff and Taxes. The crown
You'll attain if you get the first up, the last down.

U, Unrest. All things Red you must promise to quell,
Though a slight dash of pink this year goes rather well.

V is the—yes, of course! Say you'll amend it—
It's hopeless to break, but you'll promise to bend it.

W, Wrong. What, of course, you're too pure to be,
Although your opponent is perfectly sure to be.

X, Expenses. In any campaign fund's disparity
This word covers just the same things as Sweet Charity.

Y is the Youth of our Land. It's not clear
What you'll do for them. Still, it is good for a cheer.

Z is the Zeal you display as you swing
Round your whirlwind campaign. For what?
Any old thing! —*Katharine Dayton.*

My Antique Aunt

MY ANTIQUE Aunt now keeps a shop,
Her eagle eye is out to cop
All sorts of rare conceits:
Of marble clocks too proud to run,
Suspenders of Napoleon,
And mezzotints of Keats.
And all the village storms her door
With candlesticks and vases for
My Antique Aunt.

My Antique Aunt will tell you why
The Japanese went in for dye
Of hues both bright and giddy;
She'll show you knives of burnished steel
Victoria gave to Robert Peel,
When Dewey was a muddy.
She slips the slipshod stuff the razz;
A keen authentic optic has
My Antique Aunt.

My Antique Aunt pores late at night
O'er books and pamphlets erudite
That deal with treasures hoary;
But when, Britannica away,
She shows the stuff to you by day,
She's got a dandy story!
Quaint tales of history and love
Enthrall you in the sales talk of
My Antique Aunt.

My Antique Aunt supplies the charm
For lamps late rescued from the farm;
Her attic prose is flawless.
She drops a sigh to sacrifice
A piece of Sandwich—at a price
That's little short of lawless.
Ah, me! what time I rail and rue
The sums I've paid in tribute to
My Antique Aunt!
—*Howard Cushman.*

Bill Smith's Evening at His Radio

AFTER buying it on the advice of friends, who tell him that one nice thing about a radio is that you don't have to listen to anything you don't wanna. Just turn the ol' dials over a notch and get something else.

"—— and now, ladies and gentlemen, from KDKJ you will hear Madame Zchowczki, soprano, sing that old favorite, By the Waters of Minnetonka."

"—— WGI, Pawtucket. Bennie Whitepez and his orchestra, playing from the Hotel Tenpins. Their next group will include By the Waters of Minnetonka."

"—— By the Waters of Minnetonka will be the next selection, sung by Mrs. Soanso, soprano, from station WCBP, Scion, Ill. Miss Younoer at the piano. WCBP broadcasting."

"—— WEAS. There is a hill in the distance. You hear the water dripping in the kitchen sink. A Jap drops dead in Rio. By the Waters of Minnetonka."

"—— Stony Mountain Broadcasting Station, KOJ. The second of Miss Whozis' group will be, By the Waters of Minnetonka." —*Murray R. McMillen.*

Broadening the Boys

(Tests for general information are being substituted for formal college entrance examinations.)

THE old exams
Were not so rotten,
They used to give a
Fellow a clew;
With these exams
I don't know what in
Th'ell a fellow
Is going to do.

They tell me to tell
What I know about Gogol;
My brain in vain
May moil and toil;
Is Gogol an author?
An Eastern Mogul?
A dentifrice
Or a motor oil?

"Identify
Huxley and Tyndall,
Ethyl and Methyl,
Ampere and Ohm ——"
Are they people or things?
Is it all a swindle?
Were Rhombus and Rhomboid
The founders of Rome?

The questions give me
Mental congestions;
I'll bet the examiners
Think they are smart;
But any old fool
Can ask hard questions;
If I had a chance
I'd give them a start!

"Who writes the snappiest
Western serials?
Give the Scout signals
With flags and Morse;
Tell how to construct
Homemade aerials;
And identify
Tom Mix's horse!"
—*Morris Bishop.*

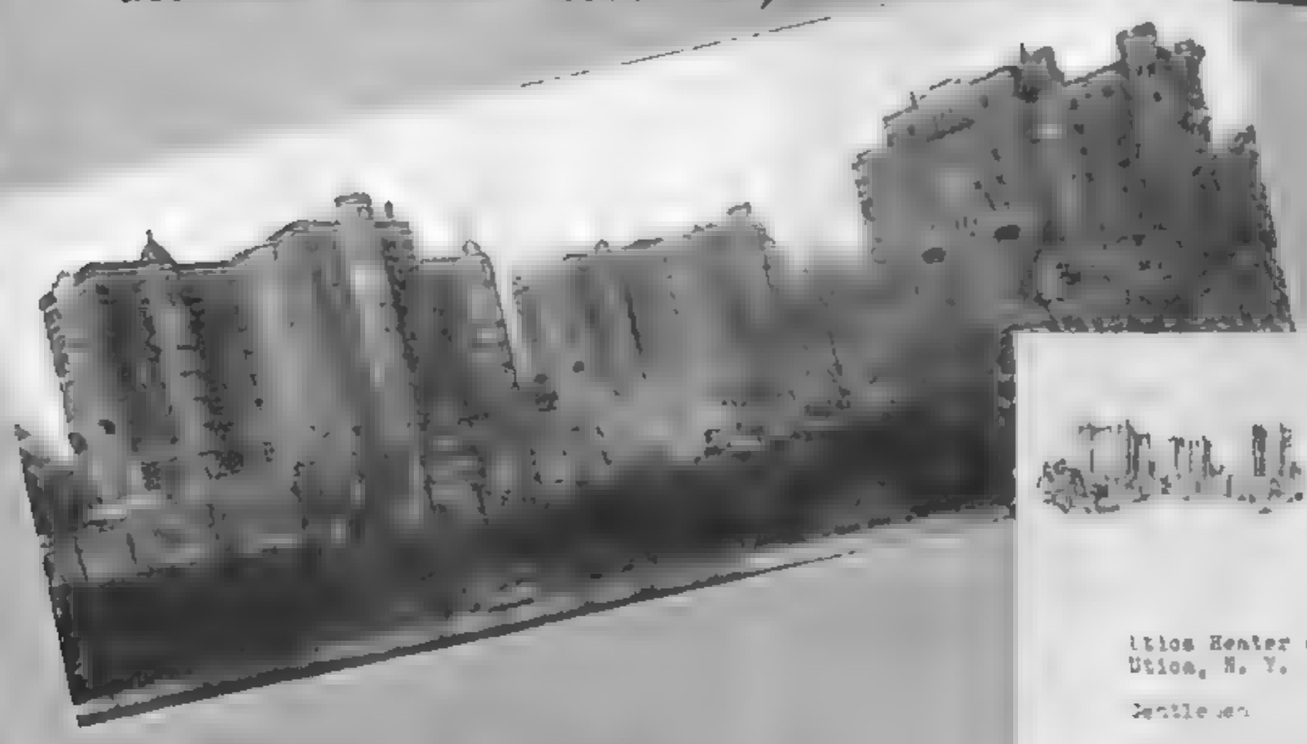
Sizes

YOU have heard a beaming mother
Tell of how she's been to buy
All of Junior's new fall outfit
And—"My dear, I thought I'd die!
Why, he tried a lot of suits on,
And now can you realize
That the child is six years only,
Yet he took an eight-year size!"

Now this often makes me wonder
Who the fitters are that gauge
The dimensions of boys' clothing
And then label it for age.
Chronic underestimation
Of the lads is manifest;
But by that the clever fitters
Seem to size up mothers best.
—*Fairfax Downey.*

The Letter Tells the Story!

These Better Heating Boilers Enthusiastically Endorsed by ALDEN PARK MANOR, Inc.



Upper Right View — Alden Park Manor Apartments, Detroit, Mich.
At Left — Alden Park Manor Apartments, Boston Brookline, Mass.
Lower View — Alden Park Manor Apartments, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Alden Park Manor Inc

Utica Heater Company,
Utica, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

When we planned the first group of Alden Park Manor Apartments to be erected in Detroit, we made an exhaustive study of the various heating

UTICA HEATER COMPANY,
Utica, N. Y.

April 12, 1926

When we planned the first group of Alden Park Manor Apartments to be erected in Detroit, we made an exhaustive study of the various heating boilers on the market to determine which would take care of our requirements most efficiently in solving an unusually difficult heating problem.

The first Alden Park Manor group, designed and built by Kenneth M. DeVos and Company, consists of four large buildings approximately 206 feet apart, center to center. We planned to heat this entire group from a central heating plant located in the basement of one of the buildings.

After a thorough investigation in which we examined a number of installations of your boilers, along with many others, talking with engineers and studying performance during actual operation, we reached the decision that your Super-Smokeless Boilers would give us the best heating results and we placed an order with you for four of your large boilers.

These boilers have proved to be highly efficient and thoroughly satisfactory. During the first winter three of the boilers, burning oil, heated the entire group efficiently and economically. Later, when we erected a 100-car garage in connection with this group of apartments, we also used your boilers to heat it.

These boilers worked out so successfully in the Alden Park Manor Apartments in Detroit that when we decided to erect a similar group of buildings in Brookline, Mass., no other boilers were considered.

Again, when we constructed a third group of Alden Park Manor Apartments at Philadelphia, we examined other boilers carefully for improvements, but once more purchased Super-Smokeless Boilers.

We are using oil-burning equipment and it has never been necessary to clean the flues, although some of these boilers have been in continuous use for four years. We are, indeed, greatly pleased both with the performance of the Super-Smokeless Boilers and the service rendered by your company. It will be a pleasure to recommend your boilers to anyone who is confronted with difficult heating problems or who is seeking the utmost in heating efficiency.

Yours very truly,

ALDEN PARK MANOR, Inc.

By _____
Vice-Pres.

UTICA IMPERIAL SUPER-SMOKELESS BOILERS

HERE is true proof of the outstanding efficiency of SUPER SMOKELESS Boilers. The letter from Mr. Kenneth M. DeVos, Vice President of Alden Park Manor, Inc., needs no comment. It tells a story of remarkable heating economy and performance—in three groups of luxurious large apartments located at Detroit, Boston and Philadelphia.

Note that all of these boilers are burning oil. The same Bunsen Burner principle which makes possible the smokeless combustion of soft coal and other fuels, gives additional heating economies with all other kinds of fuel, makes SUPER SMOKELESS Boilers remarkably successful for oil burning.

Thousands of these highest quality boilers are in use today—radically cutting fuel costs and increasing the amount of available heat—in Hotels, Schools, Theatres, Churches, Apartments, Hospitals, Residences and Office, Industrial and Public Buildings.

If you are interested in a dependable heating plant for any type of building, write today for complete information.

UTICA HEATER COMPANY
"Pioneers in Smokeless Combustion"
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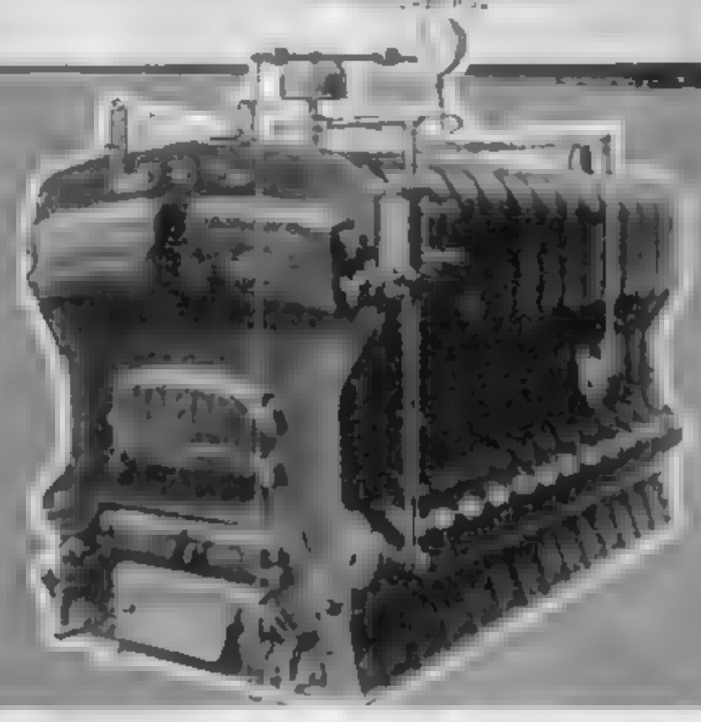

The best swimming suit is no suit at all..

the next best thing is a Spalding

A SWIMMING SUIT, to look right, has to be skin tight when you put it on.

Then, when you start waving your arms and legs, and doubling up like a jackknife, it has to *give* like your skin.

If it's stingy in its giving, *anywhere*—around the arms or neck, or in the seat—you feel like a fish in a net.

It binds you and it chafes you. That isn't freedom and it isn't fun.

The special Spalding Method of knitting has proved that it gives four inches more stretch. You'll never stretch the Spalding Suit to the limit. You'll never feel it bind. Stretching to the limit takes the life out of yarn—makes it sag. That will never happen with a Spalding Suit.

Even the stitching around armholes and neck and trunks is done with *worsted* thread—*springy* thread. No use having a suit that stretches in the middle, if it binds at the edges.

There's just one thickness in the crotch of the Spalding Suit. Plenty of strength, but no bulk.

Style that makes the mermaids envious—and colors that will be brave and fresh year-after-next as the day you buy!

Here are swimming suits, young ladies and gentlemen, made in the way you would expect Spalding to make athletic attire. Go to a Spalding Store or to one of the other stores where these suits are shown. Examine them carefully. Then ask the price. You'll be delighted.

And a happy summer to you!

Free—a booklet you'll like to own—Twenty-four pages, illustrated with photographs, showing Spalding Swimming Suits for every member of the family.

Yours for the asking! Ask for it with the coupon today!

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FREE—MAIL THE COUPON!

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Please send me the twenty-four-page booklet showing Spalding Swimming Suits for every member of the family.

Name

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City State

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ANECDOTES AND ANTIDOTES ON ANTIQUES

(Continued from Page 40)

"There have always been some who collected, but the present wave dates back fifty years, and the influence of the antique has been steadily growing and developing in that time. It started with the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia. New England, the original home of the industry, is exhausted. From the end of one season to the beginning of the next, dealers from the northeast section of the country are all over the United States buying New England antiques for next season's tourist trade.

"Philadelphia is one of the oldest settlements in the country. It was a city before William Penn first came. It was the nation's most populous community before the Revolution, its capital afterward, and is one of the richest cities in historic lore and romance that we have. Of those who visit the fair, who will miss the Liberty Bell and Independence Hall? Who will not view the historic field at Valley Forge, the famous Chew House, around which was fought the Battle of Germantown, Germantown Academy, where Washington sent his adopted son and namesake, and where the tree he planted still shades the students of that time-honored seat of academic learning?

"Having seen all these and more, having absorbed the spirit of the Quaker City and its still remaining quaintness, who, among the collectors of antiques that visit us, will not take home by way of souvenirs as many real Philadelphia antiques as possible?"

Reproduction Conscious

Aside from the purely mercenary shops, antique stores fall into four natural classifications. There is the gift "shoppe" that is advertising antiques but rarely gets any. There is the secondhand furniture place. In these two an occasional mistake is made and a really desirable piece comes in. If it does, the first who sees it may get a bargain, for the seller more often than not wouldn't recognize its value. In the "shoppes" they think a swell front means a fat stomach, and if you should mention cabriole legs you'd be ordered from the place forthwith.

There is the shop in the rough, where everything is sold just as it is bought, and no attempt is made to refinish. This is the prize type. The shop that has everything restored and shiny may be the "nicest" looking, but skilled repairing and staining often hide discrepancies, and many a pair of chairs have grown where there was but one before.

Few there were ten years ago, or even five, when good antiques were comparatively plentiful and cheap, who carried their ideas so far as present-day collectors. They were generally satisfied with an occasional piece here and there, picked up leisurely and without much forethought and design.

Today, how different! Nothing less than a complete duplication of the early house furnishings satisfies the ardent seekers after the old. The start is often innocuous enough, but they keep buying and buying until their entire house is furnished. After that they begin to notice flaws. The garish mahoganized doors clash with the quiet dignity of old pieces. They are forthwith painted white, but soon it is manifest that the doors themselves do not harmonize, and reproductions of the Colonial type replace them.

I sometimes think that there is a stage in every collector's progress where he becomes what might be called, for want of a better term, "reproduction conscious." He has wanted things so rare or so impossible in price that he despairs of ever getting them. Then he compromises on reproductions. After this, every time he sees them he becomes more dissatisfied. This is true with his doors. It is equally true with his hinges and latches, and the time inevitably comes when they are replaced with old things.

If the collector lives in the East, he is fortunate. Substantially every community on the Atlantic side has its homes, erected by the early settlers, standing in the way of modern progress and expansion, that are being razed to make way for larger structures. At present there is a golden opportunity to get whatever is needed in the way of beautiful old panel doors, paneling, stairways, hardware, doorways and windows from these. One has but to watch his opportunity to acquire all that is needed, for a song, from the unsentimental house wreckers.

Often even this will not still the insatiable urge. To get the proper background for their collections, literally thousands are seeking old houses to restore. This legion of unappeasables will even forgo such modern necessities as electric lights and musical instruments, so as not to mar the settings with the modern.

One by one the relics of past days are brought out, dusted off, and taken up en masse by collectors; and once a certain article is in the limelight the prices go up to stay. So it was with Currier prints. So it was with pewter. Two years ago pewter was not much sought after, but suddenly, without any particular reason, all collectors began buying it. Prices soared, and the higher the cost, the greater grew the demand.

Old pine came into its own, too, and unbelievable as it may seem to those who aren't interested in antiques, it commands a greater price than walnut, mahogany, or other woods that are generally considered far superior.

This is largely because it is older, but to a greater extent it is due to the sudden desire for its acquisition among collectors, hence its rarity.

Bull Markets in Antiques

The fads of today, whether they be pewter, pine, old iron, or whatever strikes the fancy of collectors, soon become incorporated in the category of antiques, and the prices, once bulled to the peak, usually remain.

As soon as the demand for a hitherto neglected class is felt, the country is combed, and what can be bought from private owners is promptly placed on the market and sold. The supply being limited and the demand ever increasing, it is not long before it is all in collectors' hands. After that an occasional piece comes to light, but not enough to flood the market and lower the cost. Experienced dealers know that once prices go up, they never go down again. An exception to this was glass. A surfeit of this was reached several years ago and there was a perpendicular descent from the price peaks. A slow recovery set in, and former heights have already been reached, with no indications of a let-up in the climb of values.

Talk to a layman about the prices asked and given for some pieces and he'll believe you a fit candidate for the padded cell, but nevertheless the value is there. Just as gold is merely symbolic and men can starve in a mine full of it, so are antiques worth the cost fixed by the market. Gold is worth so much in trade—a value artificially fixed for the purpose of facilitating barter, trade and commerce. Antiques, too, are worthy of their justified prices, with values fixed by beauty, rarity, desirability, supply and demand.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

(Continued from Page 48)

a war to which I went, and when the war was over I got back in again.

I was a writer in those days too. The college monthly, called the Reveille, came out regularly the first of the month, and regularly that afternoon the commandant of cadets would climb the stairs to the office of the faculty member of the editorial board and ask for the head of one Nason, in that he did, on or about then, write an article to the scandal and disgrace of the corps of cadets and the disparagement of the commandant thereof. The faculty member would then remind me that the Reveille was by and for the college, and that if I wanted to sound off my views on the Army I should write for the big magazines. This prof's name was Peach, surnamed Pa, and I remembered his advice years afterward.

I think it was after the third time I had been expelled from Norwich and been taken back to the fold again on probation that the war broke out. I went to Plattsburg, where, being young, I spoke my mind and they slung me out. I went to war as a buck sergeant of field artillery and I came out of the war the same, and the hardest job I had was to keep those three stripes on my arm.

I had a good time in the war. I liked it. I was a liaison sergeant, which meant I went with the infantry and explained why there was no artillery fire at times. At other times I hunted deep holes for myself or members of whatever command group I was with. I liked a hot scrap. Then it was that I got me under a tree, or down a hole, and watched everyone—general, colonel, major or what not—try to look calm. Sometimes an old general would give me a little shot of coneyac, and I would give him a butt, and he would be just as scared as I, and admit it. It was a great life.

Food? The first stiff would have a haversack full of hash and hard tack. Blankets? The ground was covered with them. Worry? Never! In five minutes a man might be dead. I was banged twice—at Château-Thierry in July and in the Argonne in October. I saw all the fronts, sometimes with this division, sometimes with another. I know the character of the subsoil of France from Paris to Verdun, and if the holes I dug in it were placed end to end they'd look like the Panama Canal.

Well, as I said, I was banged in October for good and sent home. I went back to Norwich after the war. I wasn't "that damned Nason" any more; I was "our Cadet Nason, two wound stripes, a regular Army man, served throughout the war." I didn't have much trouble graduating. Norwich has always been my starting place in everything. There was a rook there my senior year, and he had a good-looking sister. I married her, and it's because she has always kept two jumps ahead of the pay roll—she and her two daughters, aged four and two—that I have made any progress myself. Steamer Nason with a wife and two kids! Who would have thunk it! I am proud of those two kids. One is homely and has brains, and the other takes after her mother. Well, as I said, I look back sometimes to the good old days of the war.

I live in France because I like the climate there. There is no occasion for coarse and ribald laughter after the above remark, because it is true. I am coming home one of these days when I can save enough to pay the passage, because though France is a great country, I prefer another one, though it be dry as the Sahara.

Well, there you are. This chronicle is like the A. E. F. The best jokes I don't dare tell

Mapleine
Ice Cream
—the homes of the Nation have spoken!

The outstanding and constantly increasing popularity of Mapleine Ice Cream strikingly demonstrates the influence of home-acquired tastes on the sale of commercial products.

For many years American homes have intimately known and thoroughly liked the rich delicious flavor which Mapleine imparts to the syrup on their tables and to their home desserts and delicacies.

It was but natural then that Mapleine should win the taste approval of the nation as an ice cream flavor. Today it enriches millions of gallons of America's cooling desserts and in a few short years has taken its rank as one of the four great ice cream flavors

The inherent richness and smoothness of Mapleine make it a popular flavor. Its extraordinary flavoring capacity makes it a lasting and an economical flavor. Because Mapleine is a vegetable flavoring, freezing and storing do not affect it The enticing delicious flavor of Mapleine Ice Cream is constant and unchanging

We have interesting information for Ice Cream manufacturers concerning the use of Mapleine. Write us.

CRESCENT MANUFACTURING CO
Seattle, Washington

MAPLEINE
For Syrup
For Flavoring

A lot of fellows who wanted a Palm Beach Suit last year —couldn't get one
You remember that hot spell in late June? Were you one of those who tried every store in town just to hear the words—"Sold Out"?
Don't take a chance this year—PALM BEACH CLOTH is the certain road to Summer style and coolness.
Buy your PALM BEACH suit early. Wear it late—for it wears as well as it looks!
And speaking of looks—see those new PALM BEACH Patterns. Your clothier has them.
THE PALM BEACH MILLS
GOODALL WORSTED CO., SANFORD, MAINE
Selling Agents: A. Bolsaut, 229 Fourth Ave., N.Y.C.
PALM BEACH SUITS

MAKING A LIVING IN FRANCE

(Continued from Page 27)

two bankruptcies among the pharmacists in the entire country.

There is good reason for this. The government itself prevents undue competition; one may not start a pharmacy wherever one likes, for the law limits the number according to population. The government believes, one is told, that too much competition might result in a lowering of the standard of goods sold to the public. One is obliged to report that there is some friction between the physicians and the pharmacists; for the latter, secure in their protected position, often prescribe for clients who might otherwise employ a physician.

Be that as it may, Etienne Rigaud prospers in the Pharmacie of the Better Health. The big department store near by is even now building an addition that will bring thousands of people each day past his door, and he has a fortunate lease that extends twelve years into the future at a rental of thirty dollars a month. Already he has ambitious dreams. His nearest competitor, two blocks away, on the Boulevard St.-Germain, is a well-to-do man and will wish to retire in a year or so. The government, which limits competition, also forbids that a pharmacist shall own more than one pharmacy. But happily the government does not forbid that a lady shall own a pharmacy if she be duly qualified. *Alors*, the wife of Monsieur Rigaud serves her apprenticeship in the establishment of her husband. Already she is well along in the School of Pharmacy and the time is not far distant when she will have her official diploma. What, then, will prevent Monsieur and Madame Rigaud from owning also the pharmacy on the Boulevard St.-Germain? Nothing except the price and terms, and already these go to be arranged.

The Striker

At present Jean Gendreau, of Marseilles, is out of work because of a strike declared by the Metal Workers' Union, of which organization he is a member. Each morning he attends a meeting of strikers at labor headquarters and listens to speeches delivered from the tribune by earnest orators in shirt sleeves, who denounce capital and lead in singing The Marseillaise, while the police wait discreetly outside to nip in the bud any acts of too revolutionary a character.

Jean Gendreau is past forty years of age, and all his life has been employed in workshops of Marseilles, where are fabricated the tin boxes used by packers of sardines, tomatoes and the like. His regular job is to manipulate a big machine that stamps out the tops of boxes. He feeds in a strip of tin, kicks vigorously a footplate, and the heavy plunger comes down, neatly clipping out a round disk of metal, with the edges curled over to fit perfectly the sides of the box. The job looks easy, but experience is necessary. One must work two years at least before one may be called a journeyman and receive union wages.

On the side of the big machine are raised letters stating that it was made in Detroit, U. S. A., and Jean Gendreau sometimes wonders if the workman in America who stamps out the tops of boxes has as many problems as does the workman in Marseilles. The trouble in France is that one's money no longer buys what it once did. Speakers at the strike meetings have figures to show that the cost of living is five times what it was before the war. One must pay ten francs for a dozen ordinary eggs. Two francs for a loaf of bread. Eight francs for a pound of coffee. As for clothing, it is hardly worth while to discuss the prices because everything is so far beyond the reach of the ordinary workingman! What does one think, for instance, of sixty francs for a pair of shoes? Or one hundred and fifty francs for a coat and vest, to say nothing of the trousers? Surely the strike of the Marseilles metal workers must be won, because these conditions are insupportable!

One hopes with Jean Gendreau that the strike may be won, for the demands of the metal workers do not seem unreasonable, considering that the actual costs of necessities of life are not far below those current in the United States. The strikers ask that the union pay be raised from twenty-two to twenty-five francs a day. If Jean Gendreau and his fellow metal workers attain their aim their wages will be increased, in terms of American money, from seventy-five cents to eighty-five cents for a day's work.

The Actress

This season Mademoiselle Michaux plays her first engagement in a Paris theater, after a professional career of ten years, during which time she has appeared in most of the one-night stands of France, has had seasons in stock companies of provincial cities, and on one unfortunate occasion she journeyed to Egypt, where business was poor and where the manager of the company absconded, leaving the artists stranded and forced to apply to the French consul, who sent them back to Marseilles in the steerage of a Mediterranean steamer along with the *hoi polloi* of a dozen nations, all equally unwashed and ill smelling.

Although the present engagement of Mademoiselle Michaux is in Paris, one must not make the mistake of assuming that she has reached the top of her profession at the Comédie Française or at a big popular theater of the grand boulevards. The scene of her work is a modest temple of art in the Montmartre district, where the highest-priced seat is thirty cents and where classical pieces are presented to audiences composed of shopkeepers, mechanics and salespeople of the neighborhood.

It is no life of ease that Mademoiselle Michaux enjoys at this theater, for the patrons demand their money's worth and tolerate no careless work on the part of the artists. One plays seven nights a week and Sunday matinée. The bill is changed weekly, so that it is necessary to rehearse every day the performance of the following week. This rehearsal takes place from one until four in the afternoon. Yet this is not all. The performance of the second week following also is rehearsed each day from four until six. Thus Mademoiselle Michaux and her fellow artists are on duty continuously from one o'clock until midnight, except for an hour and a half at dinner.

Unfortunately Mademoiselle Michaux has certain handicaps of appearance that limit her opportunities as an actress. Though she is but twenty-six years of age, she has a talent for eccentric character parts. But to be convincing in such parts one should have an extra long nose, a humorous slanting of the eye, a protruding chin; Mademoiselle Michaux has none of these. With her youth and beauty, one would think she might play ingénue rôles; but she is, unhappily, too tall and too dark to be an appealing young heroine. There are left for Mademoiselle Michaux only the rôles of adventuresses and titled ladies. During this season she has played successively a duchess, a countess, a princess and the Queen of Naples.

The playing of such parts entails another complication for Mademoiselle Michaux. Eccentric characters and sweet young girls may often be dressed simply and inexpensively, but adventuresses, princesses and Queens of Naples must appear in clothing suitable to their stations. At the Comédie Française or on the grand boulevards this is no problem, because rich dressmaking firms gladly supply the costumes of popular actresses without charge, for purposes of advertisement; but dressmaking firms do not advertise themselves by supplying costumes to unknown young actresses in Montmartre, and on her salary Mademoiselle Michaux sometimes has a hard time to make ends meet.

(Continued on Page 141)

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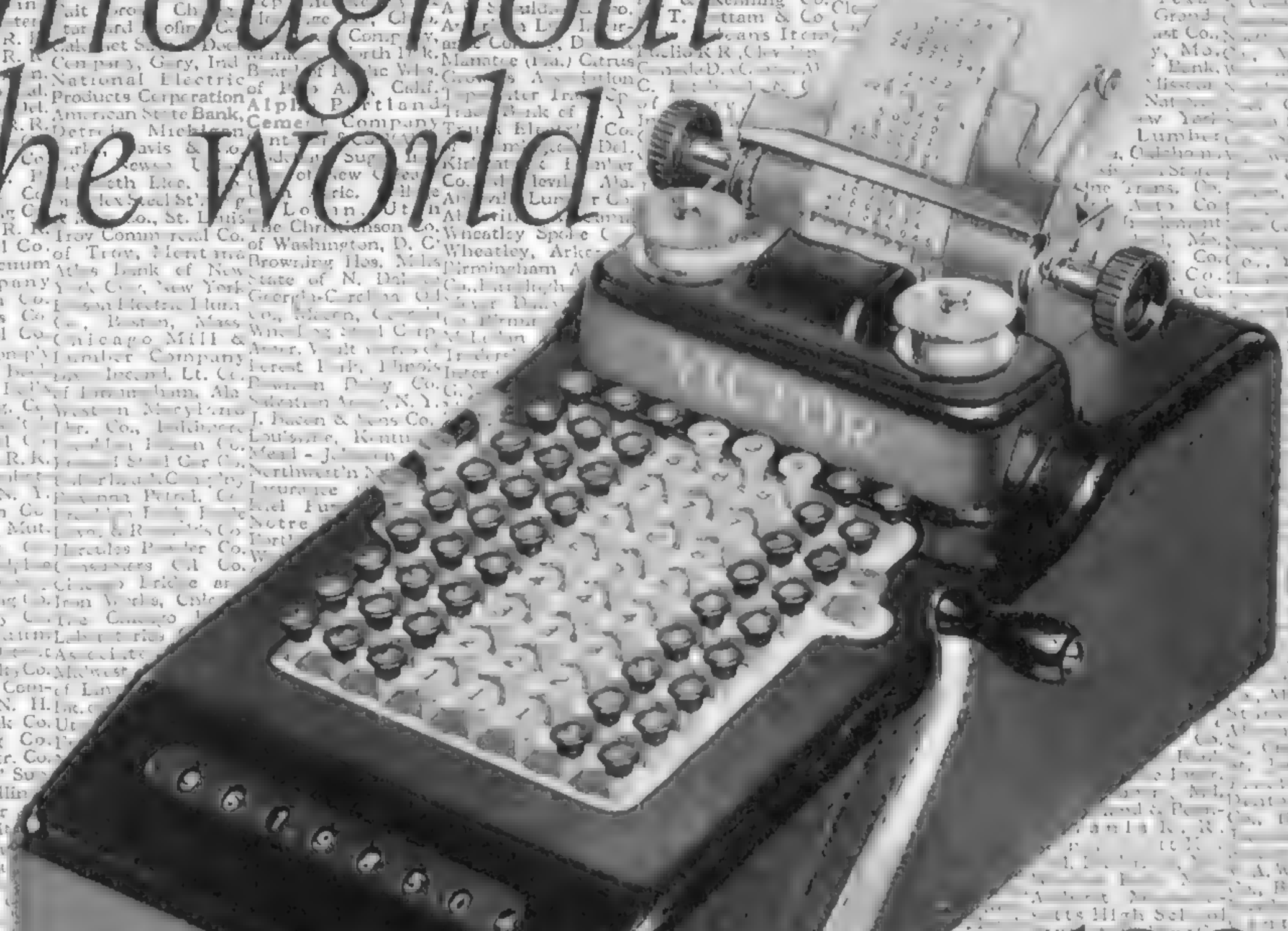

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Standard Adding Machine

VICTOR ADDING MACHINE COMPANY, 3902 NORTH ROCKWELL STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

NOGAR—the Suit that Upholds the Dignity of Labor

—*and saves its wearers money*

THE MECHANIC usually earns more than the office worker and his job calls for real ability and training. Yet how often he belittles his trade by the garments he wears in it.

NOGAR Suits are practically a necessity for every man who works with his hands and has regard for his appearance. They will stand up under any kind of work and always look neat.

"The Gentleman of Utility Suits", as NOGAR is known, might also be called "The Samson of Utility Suits", because of its amazing strength.

There is no other clothing just like NOGAR—the wonderful NOGAR Special Cloth is made by a secret process. It is almost tearproof, won't burn from sparks and repels water. Made in *new weaves and attractive patterns.*

NOGAR Suits are unexcelled for gunning, fishing or other sports. NOGAR Topcoats are ideal for motoring and are practically raincoats.

NOGAR Boys' Suits are just the thing for active American boys.

All NOGAR garments are *guaranteed* and are sold direct through authorized representatives who will call at your home or office.

Suits & Topcoats
$12.50 & $13.50
Hunting Suits $15.50
Boys' Suits
$9.85 & $10.85
Slightly Higher in Canada

NOGAR CLOTHING MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Home Office and Factory, Reading, Pa., with branch offices at

New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Toledo, Toronto, Can., San Francisco, Houston, Omaha, Seattle, Portland, (Ore.), Vancouver, B. C.

Here is something anyone can sell!

Any man, or woman, who wants to make a really good income can do so with *absolute certainty* by selling NOGAR Clothing for Men and Boys.

No wonder! Every man you meet is a prospect. At every home where there are boys the mother welcomes you. You are selling garments in which there is *no real competition* and which millions of people are actually *eager* to get.

Your income, if you sell NOGAR Clothing, depends solely on your ambition and industry. If you are satisfied with $50 a week, you can get it easily. If you want to make $100 a week, or more, the money's to be had if you go after it. Plenty of others are getting it.

Hundreds of our representatives sell NOGAR Clothes in their spare hours and easily make $25 or $30 a week *extra money*

We want only ambitious, industrious men and women who will appreciate an opportunity to establish themselves for the future as well as reap rich rewards today. This is too big a proposition to admit triflers.

Mail coupon today for further information

NOGAR CLOTHING MFG. CO
Dept. S-6, Reading, Pa

Please send me further information about NOGAR Clothes for Men ☐ for Boys ☐. Check which you are interested in.

Name

Address

If you wish to represent us, check here ☐

AUTHORIZED Nogar REPRESENTATIVE

By this button you can identify the NOGAR Authorized Representative

You may deal with him with the fullest confidence, and he will leave you a copy of your order, stating plainly the conditions of the sale. Back of him is the NOGAR Company, the originator of utility clothing and the leading and largest manufacturer of this type of garment.

NOGAR Suits are ideal for

Mechanics	*Railroad Men*
Drivers	*Farmers*
Mill Workers	*Motorists*
Engineers	*Gunners*
Chauffeurs	*Fishermen*

—and all men who need extra-duty clothing

Nogar CLOTHES

MADE TO STAND THE GAFF

(Continued from Page 138)

The salary of Mademoiselle Michaux is eight dollars a week.

How does one manage? Well, the mother of Mademoiselle Michaux also is an actress, and one of established reputation. For many years she has been leading character woman in stock companies of the larger provincial cities. She has played opposite the great De Féraudy himself as Madame Lechat in Les Affaires Sont Les Affaires. With such a record, the mother of Mademoiselle Michaux commands a salary of eighteen dollars a week, and thus is able to help out in the problems of her daughter at the theater in Montmartre. Also, Mademoiselle Michaux has a sister intended for the stage; but she, on account of a faulty voice, was obliged to enter upon a career of business and now acts as private secretary in the office of a manufacturer in Paris and earns a salary of nine dollars a week. On this salary the sister of Mademoiselle Michaux cannot assist greatly in money, but she is able to procure fabrics at wholesale prices and helps to make them up into gowns suitable for stage adventuresses and ladies of title.

Mademoiselle Michaux has no illusions regarding her future. The actress profession in France is already overcrowded, yet every year more eager young aspirants come to Paris to seek fame and fortune on the stage. Mademoiselle Michaux knows a score of actresses who would be glad to replace her at the theater in Montmartre at the salary of eight dollars a week. She lives in the hope that some day there will be an unexpected opening in a company playing on the grand boulevards, where salaries are better and where dressmaking firms supply gowns for advertising purposes.

Sometimes Mademoiselle Michaux wishes she, too, had had a faulty voice like that of her sister and had entered upon a career of business. It would be useless for her to attempt to change now, because business in France is very conservative, and a young lady who has been an actress would never be accepted by a commercial firm, no matter how well she might qualify herself. Mademoiselle Michaux has been told that in America there is no such prejudice and that it is one's work alone that counts. Through her sister in the dress-manufacturing firm she has heard another thing about America that she can scarcely credit. One has said that young lady stenographers and saleswomen in the big shops actually gain sometimes salaries of twenty-five dollars a week!

If these things are true, Mademoiselle Michaux says, she cannot imagine how the phrase came to be invented that good Americans when they die go to Paris. For her own part she would prefer to stay always in a country where there are no inherited prejudices and where one may gain enough to enjoy life a little and still put by something for one's old age.

The Sport

The French nation, one knows, is noted for its thrift, its conservatism, its care for the future. Yet where there is a rule there is invariably an exception. Louis Potin is assuredly an exception. He is neither conservative nor thrifty. He is gayly unregarding of the future. To put it into plain words, Louis Potin is a sport, a gambler; one has almost said a bum. To make matters worse, there is little chance that he will ever change his deplorable ways, for he has already passed his sixty-fifth birthday.

The principal occupation of Louis Potin is that of bootblack, a trade he plies about the Palais Royal in Paris; as side lines he intermittently vends evening newspapers and runs errands for business houses in the neighborhood. One has intimated that Monsieur Potin is careless of his money, yet in a sense this is not true. Through his varied activities he gains daily an average of one dollar. He has his budget carefully figured; his sleeping apartment costs him fifteen cents and his meals sixty cents. This leaves a balance of twenty-five cents a day. It is his manner of disposing of this balance that marks Louis Potin as an exception, a revolutionary, a man regardless of the proprieties of French life.

The shameful truth may as well be told at once. Each morning at eleven o'clock Louis Potin deserts his post in the Palais Royal, gives his bootblack box in charge of the Widow Gauthier who has the café in the Street of the Good Children, and makes his way to the secluded apartment of the old lady who acts as agent for the illegal operations of a bookmaker on Paris race tracks. There he scans the lists of starters and the odds, and bets his twenty-five cents. The newspapers of the same evening tell him whether he has won or lost. Seldom does he win, but little does Louis Potin care. It is the excitement that he craves, the sensation of being a devil of a fellow, the joy of being pointed out as a reckless man in a community where thrift is the one thing idealized.

It is humiliating to relate that America made Louis Potin what he is. At the age of thirty he was a conservative, thrifty man of family, by trade a maker of hats. In the 1890's he emigrated to New York, there to ply his art; he had learned his trade in the thorough old French way, and in the land of opportunity he commanded wages of no less than six dollars a day, even in those times of low wages. He saved his money; he brought his family over from France; he prospered to such an extent that eventually he was able to leave his employment in New York City and go to Colorado, then a rich and developing state, to establish a hat-making business of his own.

This venture proved vastly successful from the start, for the miners and cowboys of the West fancied elaborate hats, and Louis Potin was in position to suit any taste. In his big retail store on the main street of the city he handled the latest styles in American ready-made headgear; but should a patron desire something more fanciful and expensive, Louis Potin himself could design and make it. Of a verity, it was a profitable business, for it was no unusual occurrence that one hundred dollars in gold should be tossed carelessly across the counter for a single gorgeous chapeau, fabricated by the hands of the master workman, Louis Potin, late of Paris.

It was at this period of well-being that a sinister influence entered the life of Monsieur Potin. A gentleman from Chicago established in the Colorado city a resort known as the Silver Dollar Saloon, so called because of its mosaic floor decorated with coins of that denomination. From the first time that Louis Potin entered this place he was fascinated, captivated. That one should actually walk upon silver dollars seemed beyond belief! Again and again he went to renew the sensation. Unhappily, the Silver Dollar Saloon catered to gambling, and it was not long before Louis Potin began to play a little at poker, at roulette, at the racing of horses. One knows the rest without being told. More and more he left his business to assistants. He took less interest in fabricating marvelous chapeaux for miners and cowboys. The affections of Madame Potin were alienated. His creditors became insistent. There were bankruptcy proceedings. At length all was gone—his family, his big hat store, his reputation as an artist.

Wherefore Louis Potin now shines the shoes and vends the newspapers about the Palais Royal in Paris, and wagers his five francs on the horse races at the secluded apartment of the old lady who acts as clandestine representative of the big bookmaker.

One would think a person might regard badly a country whose temptations had made one to lose family and fortune. But no. Such is human nature that Louis Potin speaks always of America with enthusiasm. It is for him the land of romance. He is flattered when the less imaginative clients of Madame Gauthier's café allude to him as the Américain. On occasions when there is a trotting event on the program of a Paris track he lays his wager with extra interest. In the evening, when he reads the results in the newspaper, he remarks carelessly to the admiring clients of Madame Gauthier: "In America we love the trot. It is better. It is scientific. These Europeans know nothing but the running race. But the trot—it is verily the sport of the American gentleman."

The Waiter

François Bonnefois has every appearance of contentment when, dressed in his black evening suit and with a spotless napkin over his arm, he waits graciously upon the clients of the select restaurant near the Place de l'Opéra in Paris. Indeed he should be content, for he is among the leaders of his profession. Scores of patrons know him by name and ask to be seated at the tables over which he presides. Financially he does well. He receives his board free. His tips, which constitute his wages, average sixty francs a day, or about two dollars in American money.

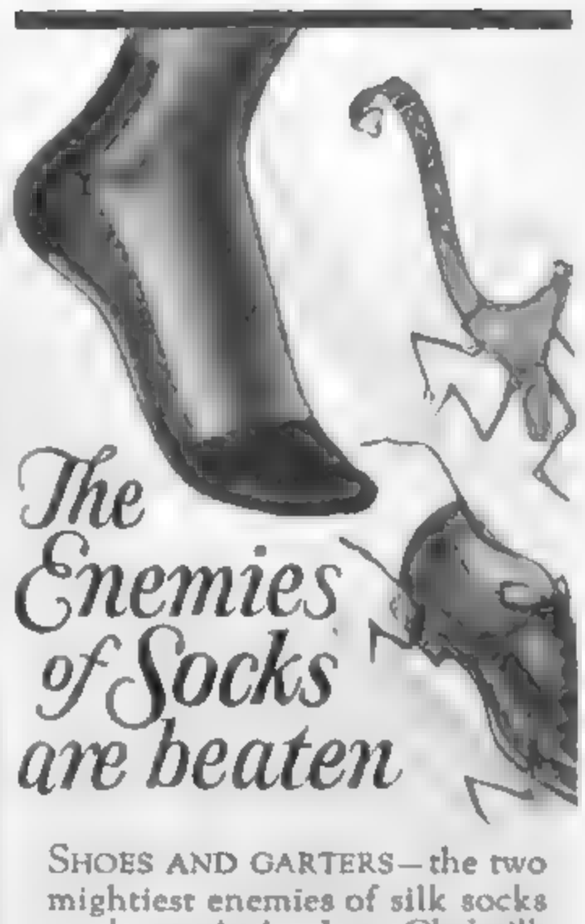
Yet François Bonnefois is not altogether content, for he feels that his profession is slipping from under him. He himself served his apprenticeship in the days when five years' training was considered necessary; but now he hears young fellows call themselves waiters who know nothing about cooking, who cannot intelligently advise a client in the choice of a meal and whose manners altogether lack diplomacy. François Bonnefois blames the hard times in France for these conditions. Since the war, food is terribly high in price; therefore all sorts of men try to be waiters, because in that profession they are boarded free. Restaurant owners employ them, because such men are willing to work extra long hours and even give up a percentage of their tips, although such arrangements are strictly forbidden by French law.

Is there no waiters' union to regulate such matters? There is a union and François Bonnefois is a member. But here is the deplorable part that shows how bad it is when one class of people hold the whip hand over another class: He does not dare to show his union card or to admit his membership, for to do so would be to court dismissal. The hours of work are excessive. He reports at seven in the morning to assist in preparing the vegetables and to clean the dining room. The doors open at ten o'clock and he serves his table until three. Then he is off until six, when he returns and serves until ten. One day each week he is obliged to remain during the afternoon for the convenience of chance clients, which makes a stretch of fifteen hours.

It is not, one sees, a desirable life for a man of forty-four with a wife and two children. François Bonnefois does not especially blame the restaurant keepers, because he knows that when chance puts the whip in the hands of any one class it is only human nature to use it. Just the same, the restaurant keepers lose by ignoring the union and employing badly trained men. François Bonnefois himself knows people who used to be splendid patrons of restaurants, but who are not so any more because everywhere one goes there are clumsy and inexperienced waiters.

Happily there are some men wise enough to know the value of fine training. Of late years in France many companies have been organized that operate little shops selling branded canned goods, oils, condiments, and the like. These companies have found that waiters of the old school, with their fine manners and their ability to please people, make splendid managers of their shops. There are, however, rigid qualifications. The applicant must be steady, must have no penchant for games of chance; he must also, according to French custom, have saved up a certain sum of money in order to prove his self-control and his ability as a financier.

François Bonnefois has his eye on such a position. He has made his application. The business-investigation bureau has reported favorably on his steadiness and his freedom from sporting instincts. There remains only the money; and unless affairs



SHOES AND GARTERS—the two mightiest enemies of silk socks are beaten! An Iron Clad silk sock has been made that will wear—and wear—and wear!

The soles of shoes try to rub big holes in socks. The soles of Iron Clad socks are doubly fortified against them! The heels of shoes grind and grind against the fine-spun silken threads. Iron Clads are doubly reinforced with a special high-spliced heel. The toes of shoes have a treacherous way of gnawing holes in the toes of ordinary hose. Iron Clads are powerfully strengthened with a double extended toe. Garters tug and tear. Iron Clads, with extra elastic mercerized ribbed top, are built to bear the strain.

Think of it, mothers and wives—all the silken beauty for which Iron Clad hose is famous—and almost unbelievable strength besides! If your dealer can't supply you, send us your remittance and we'll send your Iron Clads direct. Ask for sock number 499—pure silk and rayon twisted. State size (9 to 12. 50¢ a pair). Colors: Black, White, Grey, African Brown, Navy, French Tan, Champagne, and Russian Tan. We'll pay the postage!

COOPER, WELLS & CO.
212 Vine Street, St. Joseph, Mich.

Iron Clad

The Jiffy Suit

Anyone that has work to do needs this most convenient work suit. It's on and off in a jiffy. The fastener does the speedy work. No buttons to catch and come off. Great for every man. Get one into your tool box.

If your dealer does not have it in stock, we will ship postpaid on receipt of price . . $4.45

Send for free circular showing styles for men and boys.

Jiffy Garment Company
Saint Paul, Minnesota

Hard on any man's temper . . . when a drain acts like this

NOT a minute to lose—yet the drain takes its own sweet time about working. It's enough to raise any man's temper to the boiling point—make him start the day all wrong!

But such things don't happen in homes where Drāno is used.

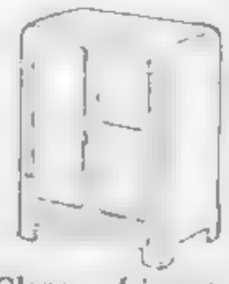
For Drāno dissolves tiny whisker ends, bits of lint from wash-cloth or towel, hair, soapy waste—all the accumulations that cause trouble. You just pour it down the drain—add a little water—give it time to work—and then flush out. It leaves the drain clean, free-flowing and sanitary.

Use Drāno regularly every week or two in kitchen, bathroom and laundry—and you'll never be bothered with drain trouble. Remember—it *positively will not harm porcelain, enamel or plumbing.*

Other uses for Drāno

There's nothing like Drāno for cleaning and deodorizing the garbage can. When baking dishes, pots, pans, glass ovenware—anything but aluminum—become encrusted with hard-burned fat or food, soak them in a solution of Drāno. They will come out bright and shining like new. Use Drāno to remove grease and oil drippings from the garage floor.

Buy a can today, at your grocery, drug or hardware store. Or send 25c for a full-sized can. Express charges additional outside of the United States and Canada. The Drackett Chemical Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.



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go badly he will have the necessary ten thousand francs registered in his savings-bank book within a year.

The Jazz Musicians

From America has come to Paris a passion for jazz music, wherefore two middle-aged and dignified Frenchmen, Raoul and André, play respectively the piano and the banjo in the cabaret that is located in the student quarter of the Boulevard St.-Michel, on the left bank of the Seine and near the Sorbonne.

Every night in this cabaret from nine until three Raoul and André make conscientious imitation of the strange foreign music and regard impassively the actions of the clients, who are of all nations. The cabaret is in a cellar. Above it is a hall, where fiery young idealists hold meetings and pass resolutions in praise of their spiritual brothers of Soviet Russia. On the sidewalk just outside is a kiosk displaying newspapers with flaring headlines printed in a dozen grotesque alphabets.

The clients of the cabaret carry similar newspapers in their pockets and scan them earnestly as they sit at the little tables and sip their drinks, for which they pay four times the regular prices. All speak French, but the vocabulary of some is deplorably limited to two words, "Garçon" and "Combien." Even in these one recognizes sometimes the accents of Chicago, of London, of Wichita, Kansas. One young client wears for scarfpin a ladies' brooch of immense size. Another has no coat or vest, but instead a cape of flaming red and whiskers like Svengali.

The young ladies on the dancing floor snuggle close to their partners and click their heels sharply in time with the music of the piano and banjo. The waiters dash hither and yon, blowing the pall of cigarette smoke before them in response to the shrill cries of the clients.

An odd place, one thinks, for the employment of two middle-aged Frenchmen like Raoul and André. But no. It is their function to make jazz music, not to criticize the taste of queer people from other lands. Besides, it is profitable. Raoul and André are union men and demand the full union scale. Each receives for his nightly six hours' work the sum of forty francs, or almost one dollar and fifty cents in American money.

There is also another side to the lives of these two artists of jazz. During the daytime Raoul, who is a bachelor, sells life-insurance. André is a married man, and in his hours of liberty assists his wife in the conduct of their prosperous grocery store in the Paris suburb.

The Stenographer

Mademoiselle Yvonne Duflos jokingly alludes to herself as a war casualty, and in a way her allusion is quite appropriate. At present Mademoiselle Duflos holds a position as stenographer and typewriter in the office of a firm in Paris that manufactures toilet preparations. Much of the firm's business is with the United States; Mademoiselle Duflos therefore is obliged to take dictation in both French and English, and her ability to do this accounts for her splendid pay of thirty-five dollars a month, fully a third more than the average earning of the Paris stenographer who knows but one language.

Mademoiselle Duflos was really intended for a career in society rather than that of business. Her family comes from one of the conservative old towns in Brittany, where her father for many years practiced the profession of lawyer. Just before the war he sold his practice and retired from active life, investing his money in bonds of various governments and industrial corporations. Mademoiselle Duflos was sent to England to learn the English language and to complete her education in a select school for young ladies.

When the war began, this school abruptly closed its doors and Mademoiselle Duflos was thrown on her own resources, for the income of her family also stopped, and it was next to impossible to get back to Brittany. In the English village where the school was located she had made a few purchases at one of the dry-goods stores, and knowing hardly anyone else, she applied to the proprietor for a position. She was seventeen years old at the time and her knowledge of English very limited, but the dry-goods store owner generously made a place for her as helper in the stock room. It was one of those old-fashioned shops that still exist in small English towns, where the help lives in. Mademoiselle Duflos occupied a room over the store with three other girls, was boarded free and received half a crown a week, equivalent to sixty cents in American money. Thus she had a roof overhead and a place to eat, but she was not altogether happy. Her roommates took no pains to conceal the fact that they resented the presence of a foreigner. They superciliously alluded to her as "the lady." Mademoiselle Duflos also believes they regarded her as an intrinsically unstable person because of her French birth.

She stayed in this place for two years, studying stenography during her spare time, and when the United States came into the war she was able to take a position with the American Red Cross in London, and later in Paris. After the war she naturally continued with her stenography, for the enterprises in which the fortune of her family was invested have never paid dividends.

One of these investments was particularly unfortunate. As is usual with French families of position, a certain sum had been set aside for the daughter's marriage portion, and this sum was in bonds of the old Russian Government. Mademoiselle Duflos has been told that these bonds may be of value sometime, but even in her most optimistic moments she does not believe this will occur within fifty years at the least, when manifestly they will be of little personal use as a wedding portion.

In her direct French way Mademoiselle Duflos states frankly that she would prefer a home and marriage to a life of business. But conditions in France are hard. She might have cared for the young journalist, but his salary was only forty dollars a month. There was the charming professor of modern history, but he did not earn even that much. Always, one sees, there is need for a marriage portion; but the Soviet Government of Russia shows no present intention of redeeming the obligations of its predecessor, and, unhappily, Mademoiselle Duflos will be thirty years of age on her next birthday.

The Grocer

Although he has not yet passed his twenty-seventh birthday, Monsieur Georges Criadon is proprietor of a prosperous grocery store near the Rue La Fayette in Paris and takes in every day more than fifteen hundred francs. Two years ago, when he bought the grocery store, it averaged less than six hundred francs a day. Thus it will be seen that Monsieur Georges is well on the way to fortune, although it is only a little time ago that he had no money at all and earned but thirty francs a week as delivery boy for a big grocery firm in the Place de la Bastille.

One wonders how it came about, this Cinderella situation; for certainly France is not a country where fortune tumbles out of the sky upon one's head. To comprehend Monsieur Georges' story one must know something of French business customs.

In France it is almost universal that business men retire as soon as they have a safe competence. When the gentleman who formerly owned the grocery store near the Rue La Fayette was ready to make his retirement, he naturally looked for a suitable young man as purchaser of his business. Where should he be most likely to find such a young man? In the establishment of his friend, the big grocer in the Place de la

(Continued on Page 145

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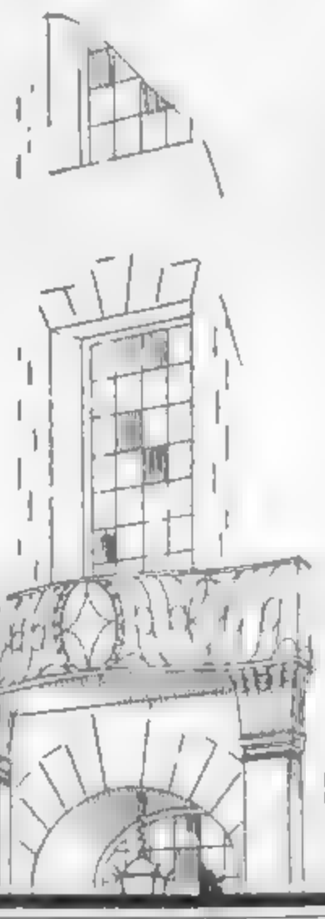

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(Continued from Page 142)

Bastille, of course. It is a matter of French business ethics that such requests be honored. The big grocer mentioned Georges Criadon, then twenty-four years old and risen to position of head salesman, as the one of his employes who might prove the most satisfactory purchaser.

Still, there was the matter of money. The invoice value of the grocery store was sixty-seven thousand francs, and it was, of course, impossible that a twenty-four-year-old employe should have any such sum in cash. In France, where it is such a general custom for business men to retire as soon as they have a competence, there are organizations whose function it is to assist in these dilemmas. The gentleman applied to a company of investigation for information that would show whether Georges Criadon possessed the qualifications that would make him a desirable purchaser on credit of a grocery business worth sixty-seven thousand francs.

It is interesting to learn what are considered such qualifications, for the French people are keen in business matters. The first question was whether Monsieur Georges had saved money out of his salary. This was vital, because business men believe a person's self-control is shown by his economies. Fortunately the company of investigation learned that Monsieur Georges not only had an account in the savings bank but that during a period of more than a year he had not failed each Tuesday at the luncheon hour to deposit a portion of his wages. Truly a favorable item, this, and vastly reassuring to the gentleman who wished to sell his grocery; for what could more conclusively bear witness of regularity and system, elements so important to business success?

Other facts concerning the habits of Monsieur Georges were gathered by the company of investigation and submitted to its client. Monsieur Georges had never been known to go to the races; he did not frequent cafés; his landlady stated that he kept reasonable hours and that she had never found a betting slip in his chamber during all the years he had been her lodger. When the gentleman had paid the company of investigation its fee he had in his hands practically every detail, financial and social, of the life of the man to whom he intended to offer his grocery business on credit terms. As the deal was finally arranged, no cash payment was made at all, because the gentleman admitted he had not been especially active for some time past and the savings of Monsieur Georges would be needed to advertise the business into its former prosperity.

Already Monsieur Georges has the establishment more than half paid for, which is not remarkable when one recalls that the receipts have increased from six hundred francs to fifteen hundred francs a day. Only lately he has been offered more than one hundred thousand francs for the business. Some day Monsieur Georges will sell, for he has an ambitious plan. He intends to make a practice of acquiring, one after the other, establishments that are a little run down and selling them at an advance after he has built them up again.

The Retired Business Man

When one is never sure that the money in one's pocket will be worth as much tomorrow as it is today, what is the natural tendency? Why, to get rid of it as soon as possible, of course, so that the loss, if any, may fall on someone else. For this reason business in France at present is splendid. Everyone is anxious to exchange his money for articles of permanent value. People buy furniture, diamonds, Oriental rugs, antiques. Department stores expand their premises. Owners of factories purchase machinery and equipment for future use. Even the printing trade booms, as business firms place huge orders for printing, anticipating their requirements for years to come.

Monsieur Rageneau, of Bordeaux, is sorry that he sold his printing plant just before the war, although at the time it seemed the thing to do. In 1914 Monsieur Rageneau was fifty-five years of age, and the money he received for his business, invested in government bonds, yielded him an income of six thousand francs a year, or about $1000 in American money. On this it was possible to live splendidly, even to keep a horse and carriage. During all his business career Monsieur Rageneau had shrewdly said that when he retired he would not look for big interest, but rather solid security with small interest, promptly paid; this investment in government bonds was in line with his carefully planned policy.

Monsieur Rageneau has always received interest on his bonds promptly; his income is still six thousand francs a year. But the six thousand francs now buy less than one-fifth as much as they did before the war. Based on American money, the present income of Monsieur Rageneau is eighteen dollars a month. His former printing business is more prosperous than it has ever been. The present owner has an automobile and chauffeur, while Monsieur Rageneau long ago had to give up his horse and carriage. Monsieur Rageneau has in fact had to give up all his luxuries. He has not had a new suit of clothes in more than three years, and his wife has not had a new dress during that time. He no longer goes to the café afternoons to meet his old friends, because to do so it is necessary to purchase at least a cup of coffee and he cannot afford to spend the three cents.

Each day Monsieur Rageneau borrows a newspaper from a neighbor and reads anxiously the latest news as to the value of the franc. If the franc should go lower, he hardly knows what he will do, for one cannot live on much less than eighteen dollars a month, and in France at sixty-seven years of age it is difficult for one to make a new start in life.

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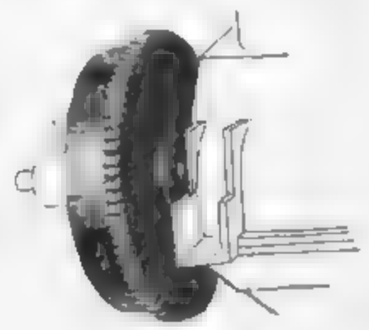

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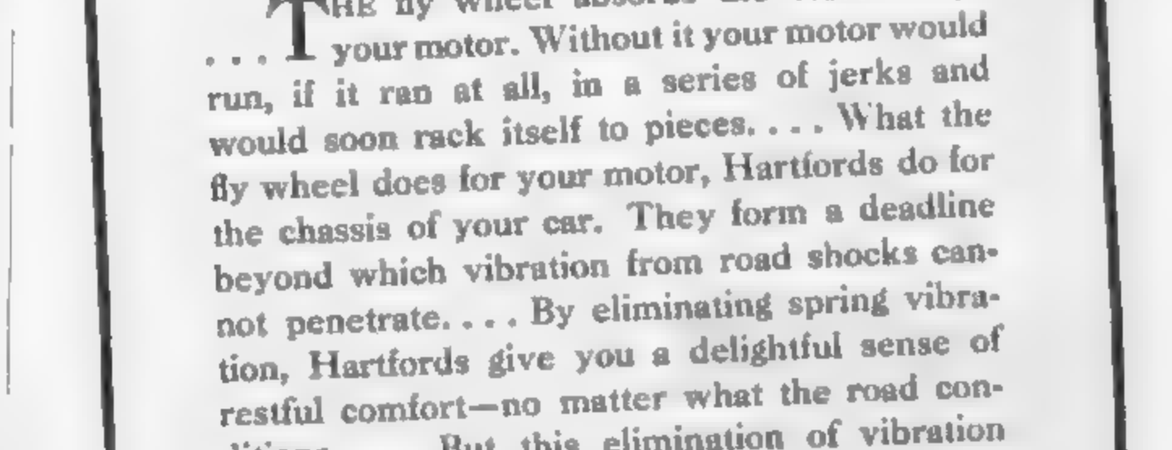

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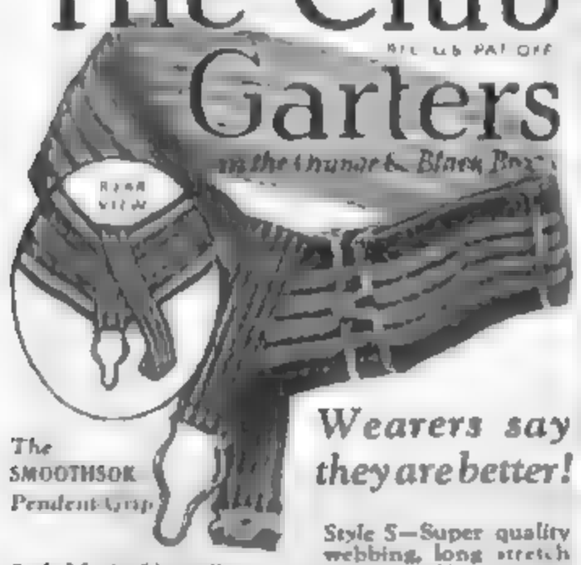

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BISCUITS CADORET

(Continued from Page 11)

"Let's go, Wally," he pleaded. "There's a high-ranker in back of us says to clear the track. Man, he must be high too! There ain't no one below Grade Seventeen can swear like that!"

"Rouge, juh see that flivver cut in front o' me?" demanded the driver as he shifted gears. "He near took off a wing! I was yellin' to the M. P. to ask did he see it, an' what kind of a traffic cop was he to let him get away with it, an' he pretends he don't hear! There, that's the guy ahead of us now! Well, now you see if I don't cave in his rear end between here and Montzeville!"

"Naw, don't," said Rouge. "It's a Y truck; I c'n see from here."

"Well, all the more reason!" growled Wally. "What was all the chew about on your side?"

"Nothin'," answered Rouge. "You skidded into some o' them doughboys an' some looey come up an' wanted to take a round outta me. I didn't mean to be fresh to him. I was asleep, and when he come pullin' at me I thought he was askin' where the road went."

"He wanted to put yuh in the mill, didn't he?" asked Wally. "Didn't I hear somethin' like that? An' up speaks you an' says, 'I ain't the driver. This here guy is the guy to arrest.'"

"Well, whaddyuh think?" cried Rouge. "I'm gonna sit here an' let you miss breakin' my neck fifty times a day actin' the fool way you do, an' then sit still an' say nothin' when a guy asks me for my dog tag all account o' you not knowin' how to drive?"

"Listen a minute now!" cried Wally. "Never mind seein' how many words to the minute you can shoot. Listen to someone say somethin'. I tell yuh that flivver cut in on me. If I wasn't a extra-good driver this here bus would be in the ditch an' you'd be standin' in line right now waitin' to draw one robe, white, winter weight, an' one harp, gold, size double zero!"

"Huh!" grunted Rouge. "What book did you read that out of?" He once more folded his arms and lay back against the ambulance body to sleep. He was just passing into an unconscious state when a sharp blow in the ribs brought him to profane wakefulness.

"Never mind soundin' off! Git down, git down!" whispered Wally vehemently.

"What for?" demanded Rouge. A glance showed him that the road was going uphill here, and that the infantry had been replaced by a column of tractor artillery.

"Git down!" husked Wally. "Gwan up an' stick your shoulder under that flivver truck. Pretend you're shovin' it uphill—only shove your hand in under the back curtain an' see what you feel there. Maybe it's full o' jam an' stuff!"

"Maybe it ain't, too," replied Rouge. "The last time I shoved my hand over the tail gate of a truck I grabbed a stiff by the face. Naw, I ain't goin' to. Why me? What's the matter with you seein' what you can buscar once in a while?"

"Listen, senseless!" cried Wally. "See can you make your brain work long enough to understand that there's a line o' kettles in back o' this one clear back to Sivry-la-Perche. I gotta drive this one. If we stop, a howl would go up that would scare the Boches outta their trenches. Gwan! We're wastin' time. We'll be over the hill in a minute. Gwan! Y drivers often has coneyac to give wounded. Maybe there'll be a bottle handy."

Rouge thereupon got down, and going forward, pretended he was giving a shoulder to the light truck to help it up the slippery slope.

The tractor guns crawled their way slowly along beside him. The few men that accompanied these guns paid him no attention. The rear curtain of the truck was quickly unhooked, and while the left shoulder shoved on the truck, Rouge's right arm explored the interior. A pile of blankets, bundles—probably bandages—a folding cot, a box! Candy, perhaps cigarettes, chocolate! The box was not a heavy one. He lifted it once or twice to try its weight, then looked cautiously around. The tractors groaned and their caterpillar treads threw great junks of mud in the air; the long line of trucks and ambulances clattered and banged up the hill; but nowhere could Rouge see a watching eye, save the intent face of Wally the driver peering over the canvas windshield. In went both Rouge's arms, up came the box; he stepped to one side to allow the ambulance to come up and shot the box in under the seat. There was a little compartment there for carrying tools, and the door of this Wally had already opened.

"What's in the box?" asked Wally, as Rouge climbed to the seat beside him.

"I didn't look," said Rouge. "I just grabbed. When we get a minute I'll take a peek."

"Get out an' look," advised Wally. "Maybe it's castor oil. This here ambulance is carryin' enough dead weight now without we should lug a box o' iodine or somethin' up to the lines."

"Well, it ain't," said Rouge, craning his neck over the side of the seat. "It says—hum—Biscuits Cadoret on the box. Them's them things like sugar cookies. Man, a whole box!"

"Yeh," said Wally; "the box ain't open yet. I mind the time you stole a case of sirup an' when we opened it it was full o' salvage gas masks."

"Well, if we open it an' it's full o' good cookies, what'll you have to crab about?"

To this remark the driver made no reply.

The road approached nearer and nearer the front line. It plunged downhill into a town where two main roads joined, and again the column of trucks and the lurching tractor batteries came to a halt.

"Aw, now what?" grumbled Wally. "Look out, Rouge, an' see if I got time to build me a cigarette."

"There's a town there, an' maybe a ration dump," said Rouge, getting out and looking ahead. "It looks kinda strewed around. I bet Fritz has been doing some air raiding. Huh! They're goin' out around on a kinda plank road an' bein' it's tickhish goin' it takes some time. Yuh, that's what it is. Some German buzzard laid a egg in the middle o' the road an' they gotta make a detour. The guys that's waitin' for this old bus up on the lines'll all be stiffs by the time we get there."

Wally gathered his slicker about him, and unbuttoning the canvas windshield on his side, began to climb down.

"C'mon, Rouge," said he. "Come on, we go up an' polish off this here guy that's drivin' the flivver. Maybe next time he won't be so free cuttin' in ahead o' soldiers he meets on the road."

"Naw, you go," replied Rouge. "I'll stick by the ship. I dunno but what some o' these steam-roller artillerymen or someone mighta seen me camouflagin' that box. I don't crave to play button, button, who's got the biscuits cadoret with a flock o' hard-boiled truck drivers. Gwan, shine up the flivver guy. Give him a poke for me."

Rouge watched from the running board as Wally tramped through the mud to the driver's seat of the truck ahead. He could plainly see Wally's lip curl down and his chest swell as he drew breath for a bitter denunciation of all flivver drivers and the one before him in particular. Wally stopped beside the driver's seat and Rouge cocked his ear in anticipation. Wally, however, did not speak. He gasped once or twice, his jaw hung down, and Rouge could hear him begin to stammer something about a muddy road and a traffic jam, and was there anything he, Wally, could do to help the driver of the flivver.

"There's some big hulks in the Y at that," mused Rouge. "They musta come to 'em right outta the North Woods. I wonder sometimes why they ain't up on the lines with a shovel in their mitts."

The returning Wally climbed into his seat with an embarrassed look.

"Huh!" jeered Rouge. "Big enough to bite yuh in two, is he? Yuh wanta look out fer them Y guys. They teach boxin' an' stuff in civil life. Go slow on givin' 'em any sound-off. One of 'em is liable to get sore an' undo yuh from the back o' your neck!"

"It ain't no Y flivver; it's a Red Cross," said Wally calmly. "It's painted on the door, A. R. C."

"Well, there's big guys in the Red Cross too."

"Who said it was a big guy?" cried Wally.

"Huh! No one. You don't need to say. I seen your tail drop the minute you set eye on him. If you'd opened your yap he'd most like pulled the lung outta yuh."

"Rouge," remarked Wally, shifting gears as the column moved forward again, "if you ever get shot in the jaw it'll be fatal. If you couldn't wag that chin of yours a hundred and twenty steps to the minute, you'd die of mortification."

"Was he a awful big guy?" grinned Rouge.

"It wasn't a guy at all," replied Wally; "it was a girl."

The destination of the ambulance was a town on the top of another hill. There was little left of this town but the stones that once formed the houses. A divisional headquarters had been established in some fine German-built dugouts under the ruins of the church, and the ambulance stopped before this dugout.

Wally, about to descend, noticed the flivver truck had also stopped and that a slim figure was threading its way between motorcycles, limousines and muddy staff officers.

"'Tis a girl, ain't it?" exclaimed Rouge from the seat of the ambulance. "She better not go in there an' let Ole Grizzly Bear

(Continued on Page 148)

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(Continued from Page 146

see her. Girls ain't allowed up here on the lines."

"That's all you know about it," replied Wally. "She'll go in there an' pat his cheek an' he'll move out an' leave her the P. C. to set up her Red Cross in. Got nerve, that girl has. This here town is in range."

"Gwan, Wally," urged the unromantic Rouge—"gwan in an' get your pill rollers an' let's roll outta here with 'em. I know this place is in range as well as you do."

Wally crossed the road, stepping gingerly over coils of wire, still lying as it had first been cast by the infantry that had torn it up in taking the town; and pausing to kick a German overcoat with his foot to see if the pockets had already been emptied, he disappeared into the dugout under the church.

He was gone fifteen or twenty minutes, for he had to wait while the Red Cross girl was denied permission to set up a kitchen for the serving of hot chocolate to all and sundry, while she appealed to the general, and while the general appeared from an inner room and announced to his chief of staff or whoever the denying officer was that while no permission could be given for a kitchen, this young lady might have all reasonable aid and countenance to give away her truckload of chocolate, cigarettes and cookies to passing troops, until one hour before sunset. Wally was then able to announce to the officer who commanded the outer gate that it was he, Wally, who had been ordered to report to take a relief of doctors up to the front lines, and that the ambulance waited.

They went out a little later, into the sunlight, splashed across the littered road and climbed into the ambulance.

"That was a nice girl, that Red Crosser," remarked one of the doctors.

"It was, you know," agreed another. "Makes a man feel homesick to see one like that."

Wally said nothing as he took the wheel and headed the car for the front lines. He noticed with interest that the flivver had been backed up to a ruined house, and in the one room that had any suspicion of roof the Red Cross girl was already handing out cigarettes. Wally heaved a long sigh. He could understand why they didn't allow girls on the lines; that one there could break up a division. A real American girl, clear-eyed, with all her teeth intact, one that could talk to a man without blowing fragrance of red wine and garlic at him! Soldiers would flock from far and near to look at her and to hear her voice, and such little matters as building roads and burying dead could wait.

"What kind of a skunk you must be, Rouge," said Wally finally, "to go steal a box o' cookies off a nice American girl like that!"

"Me?" cried Rouge. "Listen t' Sir Galahad! He's been readin' the Nurse an' the Knight! Wasn't it you that had the bright thought in the first place?"

"Well, it was you that did the stealin'."

"So it was," agreed Rouge. "I did the stealin' an' I'll do the eatin' too. If your conscience worries yuh, yuh don't need to have none of it."

The ambulance rolled on, making better time now, for the road was not so congested. Dead animals, head to tail, wrecked carts and the remains of trucks filled the ditch on both sides; but the road itself was clear. They could hear now the sharp yelp and clang of seventy-fives, stray shells crashed in the fields, and the faint roaring of thousands of excited spectators announced the destruction of a balloon that left no trace of its being but a high needle-like column of dense black smoke.

They left the doctors, one by one, to relieve men who had been two and three nights without sleep; and taking a load of wounded from the last dressing station, the ambulance turned and headed back the way it had come. It was late afternoon now, and a regular sound of a hammer beating on cold iron came up from the far side of the hill where the divisional P. C. was. There was a military policeman there, across the road from the ruined church, and his uplifted hand halted the ambulance.

"Wait a while, fellers," he said. "The krauts are sockin' the crossroads. Wait till the navy guns toss a few back at 'em an' then they'll quit. Whatchuh got in there—any bad cases?"

"Nope," said Wally. "I'm pleased enough to wait a coupla minutes; I had somethin' in mind I wanted to do." He craned his neck. Sure enough, the flivver was still backed up to the ruined house. "Rouge," he continued, "I made up my mind on this some while back. When we was up there on the lines, suppose one o' them shells had happened to wander down an' sit on the seat beside you an' me. Well, we'd have gone right straight to hell. The idear o' stealin' cookies off a nice girl like that! I kinda made a prayer that if I got back alive, I'd give her back the box."

"You think givin' back that box'll get you to heaven if you get killed?" demanded Rouge. "Guess you're forgettin' the last coupla-three times we was in Nar-le-Duc together."

Wally made no answer, but opening the little door under the seat, he took out the wooden box of biscuits cadoret and trotted across the road with it. There was a crowd about the door, smoking tailor-made cigarettes and cracking off bites of chocolate from new bars they held in their hands. Through them Wally shoved his way. Inside, another crowd stood about, some waiting for their hand-out, others staying until the very minute when they were shoved out bodily, feasting their eyes on the little Red Cross girl. She was, indeed, agreeable to look at—the more so since the men had not seen a good-looking American girl for seven months.

"The cookies are all gone," the girl was saying as Wally appeared; "but here are some cigarettes. I'm awfully sorry."

"Lady," said Wally diffidently, "this here box fell outta your truck comin' up the hill. I picked it up an' woulda brought it back before, only I just come back off the lines."

The men in the room at once stared at Wally. There was instant suspicion and disbelief in every countenance but that of the Red Cross girl. She smiled.

"Aren't you the dear boy?" she exclaimed, and her tone showed that she meant it. "I couldn't imagine what had become of that box of cookies. I was afraid I had forgotten to put it in."

There was a sudden interruption as a man shoved his way in the door and past the line of waiting soldiers. No one called his attention to the fact that there was a line there, nor did anyone ask him the whereabouts of the fire, for the newcomer was an officer.

He wore a new fur-collared trench coat of most approved British pattern, a white stock showed above the collar of his uniform, and his boots, though muddy, had obviously been recently polished.

"How do you do?" exclaimed the officer, advancing and shaking hands. "I heard you were here and I came five miles across country to see you."

"That's very flattering of you," smiled the girl. "I hope you think I'm worth the trip."

The officer laughed. "Worth fifty times the journey. If you could see the country I've come across, you'd realize the value of what I say. Old trenches, shell holes full of water, miles of wire, hills, woods, mud. Do you know, there are ten of us over there, an officers' mess, and we haven't had a thing to eat for a week but canned tomatoes?"

"Isn't that terrible!" breathed the girl. "And I've given away my last bar of chocolate." She caught her breath, for her eye had rested on the new wooden box that Wally had brought in, a box on which was stamped in large letters Biscuits Cadoret. The officer also looked at it.

"If you only could!" he murmured. "What an angel you'd be! Think of us fighting night and day without food!"

The men in line coughed and shifted their weight from one foot to another. This officer was no fighter; they could tell that at a glance. Rags and mud, a dirty hide that showed through the triangular holes that wire tears in cheap cloth, an untidy beard and bloodshot eyes—those were the marks of a fighting officer, not shiny boots and white stocks and fur-collared coats.

The girl, however, could not see this. Perhaps, too, she was a little weary of ministering to muddy, uncouth, tobacco-chewing bucks. The officer was one of her own kind, the son, as she was the daughter, of wealth and position. She looked at the officer from under her lowered lashes and forgot for the moment that this was no ballroom, but a ruined house behind the lines; that war raged, and that in that room were numbers of men who would be dead before another sunset.

"I've just got one last box of cookies," said the girl softly. "There are two dozen packages in it. If you'll be very good, you may take it back to your brother officers."

The officer seized one of the girl's hands in both of his, while the waiting men coughed and shifted again. No one noticed a man who gave a snort of deepest disgust and shoved his way out of the house.

He who had snorted was Wally. He splashed his way back to the ambulance, savagely kicked an empty bacon can halfway across the road and mounted to his seat.

"She give yuh a kiss fer bringin' back the cookies?" inquired Rouge.

"You open that garbage chute of yours again and you'll get it stuffed full of a bunch o' knuckles!" replied Wally through gritted teeth

"You make a pass at me," observed Rouge calmly, "and Uncle Sam passes your folks ten thousand bucks' worth of life insurance."

The two of them waited, Wally grinding his teeth and swearing under his breath, and Rouge apparently asleep, until the M. P. motioned them on again.

"They stopped shellin'," yelled the M. P., "but you don't wanta let any grass grow under that bus between here an' Apremont."

"We won't," replied Wally. "We're goin' home to supper an' it's a long ways."

"Meanwhile have a cookie," offered Rouge pleasantly.

Wally turned, at imminent risk of running the ambulance into a shell hole or a truck, and was about to reply with fitting language, but his eye fell upon something Rouge held in his hand. It was a transparent wax-paper package, within which could be seen several round objects, and upon the paper the words in blue print, Biscuits Cadoret. The ambulance made a wide swerve and the wounded within cried out.

"Whoa, boy!" protested Rouge. "Keep her on the road!"

"Where'd yuh git them?" demanded Wally.

"Outta the box."

"What box?"

"Well," said Rouge slowly, "when I seen you lookin' at the girl gettin' outta the truck, somethin' told me you'd have a rush o' bone to the head an' wanta give the box back to her. Did she open it?"

"No," snapped Wally, his anger returning; "she give it all to a tin-soldier lieutenant that claimed he'd come five miles for somethin' for the officers' mess. I hope it breaks his arm before he gets it home!"

"Well, as I was sayin'," went on Rouge calmly, "I feared you'd be took sick with an attack o' Nurse an' Knight, so while you was in there gettin' the load o' doctors, I opened up the case with a tire iron. When you took it in, there wasn't nothin' in it but a jerry blanket an' a few pieces o' these here bricks. The cookies is all here in my slicker."

Wally took a hand from the wheel and broke open the package of cookies.

"Rouge," said he, "all kiddin' aside, there's times when a guy might almost think you was intelligent."

They say I'm "*fussy*"

WELL, let that go. I'm ready to admit that so far as pipe tobacco is concerned, I've got ideas. And if insisting on a tobacco that won't bite the tongue or parch the throat is "being fussy," you can write "guilty" alongside my name, and I won't even appeal the charge.

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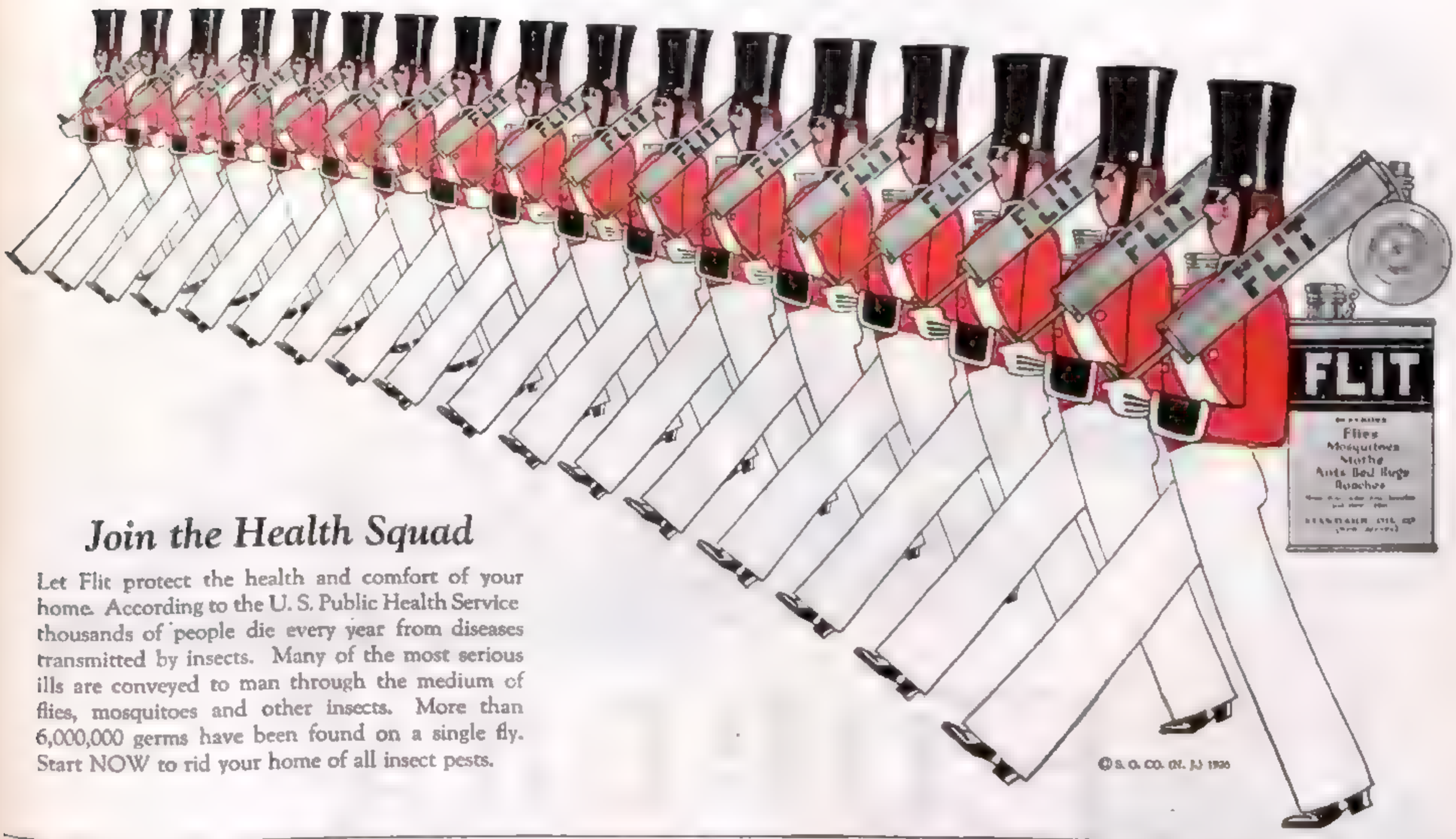

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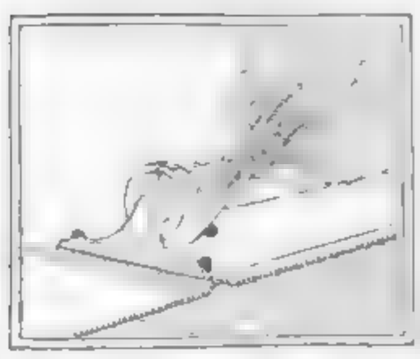

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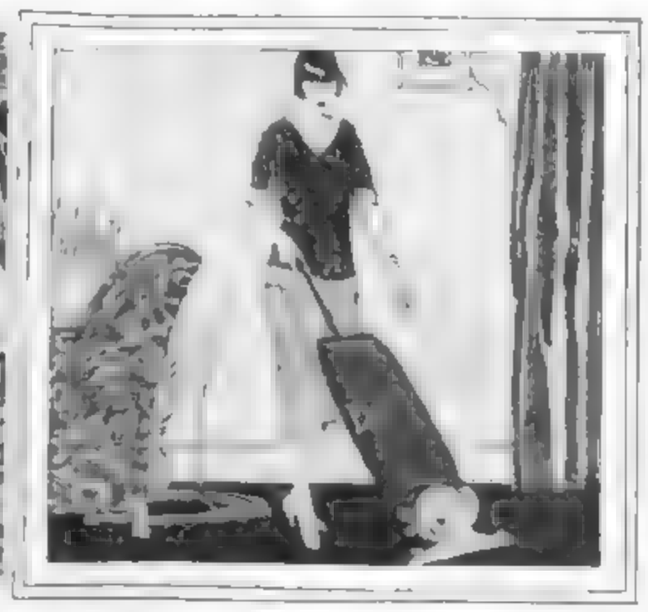

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(77)

ROUGH-HOUSE ROSIE

(Continued from Page 17)

order. It may have been true that his mental capacity was nothing about which to write to The Times, nor was his judgment of the very finest grade; but, after all, what is intelligence, what is judgment, compared to the sweet and unselfish qualities of true friendship? Nothing—if by chance someone is waiting for the answer to that question.

So, on that particular morning, a few days later, when his friend and roommate blundered pitifully, as one whose thoughts were far away, through his ablutions, he understood. He kept his silence, and sympathized until—when Ira began gargling his throat with eyewash—he felt that a kind word or two would not be out of place.

"Ira," he said gently. "I say, Ira."

Ira, engaged at the moment in making a noise like that of warm soapy water bidding farewell to the bathroom as it retires reluctantly down the drain, rolled a maniacal eye.

"Gl-gl-gl-gl-gl?" he inquired.

"Ira," Carter repeated, "that's eyewash—that stuff you're gargling with—it's eyewash."

The soapy sound stopped quickly and into the maniacal eye came a suggestion of frightened sanity. Sorrowfully, the victim of an unhappy error coughed up the deceitful liquid.

"Eyewash?" he repeated.

"Yes," Carter nodded patiently, "eyewash—what you wash your eye, or eyes, with."

Ira wiped his mouth. "What ——" he began, when Carter spoke.

"Who ——"

Both stopped politely.

"Go ahead," Carter said after a pause.

"No—what were you going to say?"

"Nothing at all—nothing at all important. Go right ahead."

"I didn't mean to interrupt."

"Perfectly all right, I assure you. What was it?"

"If you're certain ——"

"Absolutely."

"Then what," Ira asked courteously, "was that stuff I used to wash my eyes—gargle?"

Carter glanced anxiously at the label. "No," he reported; "carbolic acid"

Ira sighed with relief. "Then it's all right," he explained. "That's bay rum. The bay-rum bottle cracked." He paused. "The carbolic acid," he added, "is in the drinking glass."

For a moment, somewhat shaken by this passing bit of information, Carter stood looking at his friend, and then, sympathy surging in his breast, he sat down.

"Old pal," he said, "it's got you pretty hard, hasn't it?" Ira shuddered. "Not," Carter continued, "the way it was with Daisy."

"Daisy?"

"The brunette who could roll her eyeballs upward so that only the whites showed," Carter reminded him.

"No," Ira granted, placing Daisy in his memory. "Nothing has ever been like this, Carter. Never was there the torture, the agony, the complete misery ——" He stopped. "But"—he drew a deep breath—"it won't be long now before—before I know—before the end."

Carter gasped. "Not suicide!"

"Well," Ira admitted cautiously, "maybe."

"No!"

"Yes." Ira rolled the bitter thought about in his mind. "If I should tell you only a third of my love for Rosie, or even a sixth of what I've gone through during the past three weeks, you'd call me a liar."

"She's not a girl," Carter suggested sympathetically, "to appreciate real love."

Ira drew up quickly. "Not a word against her!" he said sharply. "Not one little word against one of the sweetest little ladies it has ever been my good fortune ——"

"No, no!" Carter interrupted hastily. "You misunderstood, old man. Not for the world!"

Ira subsided. "Yes," he said sadly; "death isn't so terrible a thing to face." He looked at his watch. "But, as I say, I'll know soon. Dorothy'll be here ——"

"Dorothy?"

"Dorothy Blackmar, the girl we met the other night at the theater. We're going to breakfast together. She knows Rosie, knows all those mischievous quirks of personality she has which make her so fascinating. She sympathizes with me and is going to try to help me."

At that moment, as destiny would have it, there came the buzz of the doorbell.

"As they say in burlesque," Carter said brightly, "here she comes now."

Grabbing hats hastily, they ran down the hall to the elevator. Miss Blackmar, demure in a brown coat-suit and green hat, waited on a divan in the reception room.

"Ah, Dorothy!" Ira exclaimed. "You remember Carter Gillian, don't you?"

"I couldn't forget him if I tried," Dorothy said, and Carter smiled happily.

They walked out Twelfth Street to Fifth Avenue and down Fifth toward the Brevoort.

"I was telling Ira," Dorothy explained to Carter, "that Rosie—the girls call her Rough-house Rosie—is just an egg, that's all. She ain't used to the company of gentlemen; she's used to egg company. And if he wants to get anywheres with a baby like that, he's just got to use egg methods hisself. He's got to take a couple of swings at her now and then—that's the kind of courting she understands."

"Swing on a lady!"

"Swing on Rosie," Dorothy corrected him. "She'd swing on him. You mayn't know it, but she don't believe you love her until you knock her kicking once or twice. She's so used to birds like that pug she calls Ugly ——"

"Where is he now?" Ira asked.

"Gone—gone South. He won't be back. He's through. Rosie knocked him cold with a chair leg the other night. He's got tired of her."

"I can understand," Carter said. "I can easily understand how he would be."

He left them when they entered the Brevoort. Cutting through Washington Square, he walked south, down West Broadway to the Elevated station at Bleecker Street. And as he walked, as he rode downtown, as he performed, in the offices of Garfunkle & Co., private bankers, those inconsequential tasks which made him one of the firm's most dispensable underlings, there began to boil in him those elements of noble friendship which were so eloquently referred to at the beginning of this chapter.

By five o'clock this process had reached the point where nothing short of action, direct and immediate, would do. He telephoned the Merry Theater and presently Rough-house Rosie's voice responded.

"Of course I remember you," she said softly. "How could anybody forget that smile? Come up to the theater at once. I'll be dressed from the matinée and meet you in front of the box office."

Little birdies sang in Carter's heart, a crocus bloomed in his soul, the dulcet notes of a rare old trombone ran through his blood as he rode uptown in the Subway. That high and noble consciousness of doing good in this world suffused his thoughts as he straightened his tie and adjusted his hat in the lobby of the Merry Theater.

"Mr. Gillian?"

"Yes."

The usher coughed. "Miss Reilly left me to tell you," he explained, "would you come right up to her apartment at —— West Seventy-second Street. She had an unexpected call to come home."

Carter gave him a quarter and rushed nimbly up Broadway to the Subway. On a single note, and it the wrong one, he hummed the Madrigal of May, most happily, and at Seventy-second Street he sprang up the stairs and down the block to Number —— with the lightness of the chamois

"Miss Reilly," he said to the girl at the switchboard.

"Are you Mr. Gillian?"

"Yes."

"Well, Miss Reilly left word she was sorry, she had to go right back to the theater, and would you follow her there at once. She'll be at the stage door."

The chamois was somewhat dubious, but still a chamois, as Carter retraced his Subway trip. He mounted the stairs at Fiftieth Street less precipitantly and at the stage door entered somewhat thoughtfully. The door man greeted him warmly.

"Mr. Gillian," he said, "you're just ten seconds late. Miss Reilly just left. She said tell you she was awfully sorry, but she absolutely had to get back to her apartment, and would you come there immediately."

As Carter set out back over the old, old trail that gigantic brain of his thundered into action. After all, this was a bit thick. Why couldn't she settle somewhere definitely? Here he was attempting to do a good deed, to help her and Ira too, and here she was skimming about the city like some mighty condor from the Andes. Here he was ——

At the Subway train door he drew up with a sudden and astonishing idea. Could it be—could it actually be that she was trifling with him? For a moment he was stunned.

Automatically, though, he entered the car, and when this car's wheels began to turn they not only carried hundreds of passengers northward; they also began to churn in Carter's breast the molten anger of outraged innocence. The cool air as he left the kiosk served, perversely, only to fan a dark red fury. Kidding him!

"Miss Reilly," he snapped belligerently to the switchboard girl, ready to bite her at the drop of a hat.

"She says come right up"—quite sweetly.

Taken somewhat aback, he followed a hall boy to the elevator. He soared upward in a troubled state. And when the elevator door slid open, there she was, anxious welcome in her eyes.

"Oh, Carter—or rather, Mr. Gillian, I should say—I'm so sorry! You must be so tired. Will you forgive me, please?"

Carter forgave her for everything she'd ever done in her whole life. He followed her into the apartment, dropped his hat into a chair and promptly sat on it.

"Miss Reilly ——" he began formally.

"Call me Rosie. Everybody does," she said, "and I want you to be my friend. I want you particularly, and I'm so glad you come, because I got a feeling you don't quite understand me."

"It's about Ira," Carter hastened to say. "He's quite gone on you, you know, and I thought that maybe it might be that perhaps in some way you haven't quite altogether what you might say ——"

"I see, I see," Miss Reilly nodded. "That is just the way I'd have expressed it—and perhaps you're right."

"Yes," Carter said gratefully, "I think I am."

Rosie gazed pensively out the window. "Why did you come?"

"Oh, for Ira, of course! A great fellow, Ira, one of the finest—a prince."

Rosie faced him squarely, and there was something sad, something wistful in her eyes.

"For Ira?" she repeated in a half-dead voice. "I wonder if Ira understands me; if he sees, as I know you do, the real me; the me that is just a little fay, a pixy, with the heart of a child and the spirit of an elf. Not a girl like other girls, Carter, but one of

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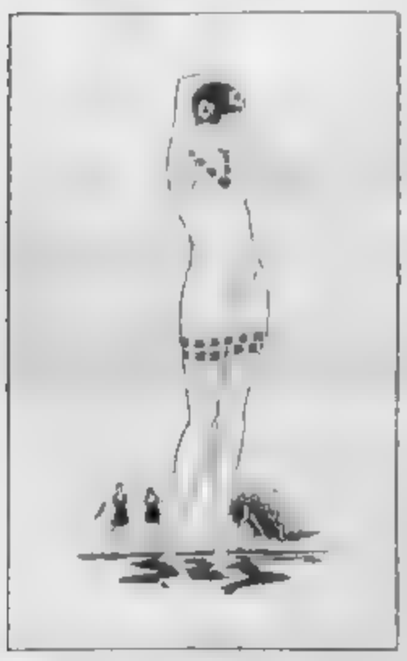

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Left—*A V-neck skirted suit of worsted jersey. Solid colors with black trimming on neck, skirt and trunks.*

Above—*A smart, worsted jersey suit of solid color, with white piping. V-neck, and wide flare skirt. Trunks finished with two pearl buttons to match those at the shoulders. The girl's suit of worsted jersey is skirted and has contrasting trimmings.*

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the little folk, perhaps. S'help me Hannah, there isn't a bad, a malicious idea in me, Carter—only, only I'm lonely, Carter, lonely—awfully lonely. There ain't many like me, Carter. I'm not quite human. I'm by myself—a sprite, you might say; and all I want, all I ask, Carter, is for somebody that will see that—as you see it, I know—'cause I'm lonesome."

"Now, now, little girl!" he objected, much moved.

"All I want, Carter, is a playmate—a playmate that understands me a little, that can see that when I'm mischievous it is only the pixy strain in me."

"I see. I understand completely."

"I believe you do, Carter. I'm sure you do. You'll be my friend always, won't you?"

"Until death," he involuntarily hissed.

She rose wearily. Her hand, trailing idly across the table, picked up a cigarette. She handed it to him silently.

"The other," she said, "is all fixed. We—Ira and I—are going to Connecticut after the show tonight and be married. I sent him word this afternoon. I don't know whether he understands me or not——"

"Well!" Carter exclaimed. "Well!"

She brightened suddenly. "Did you notice this lamp of mine?" She rubbed the shanty fondly. "Baby, what a wallop that one was!"

"I'd never noticed it," he said gallantly.

A minute later, at the corner of Broadway, he paused to contemplate, with honest resentment, how tremendously man can misunderstand woman. And how, he wondered, could Ira have failed to see that ethereal strain, that exquisite, elfin fancy, that rare gossamer spirit—he felt for a cigarette, found the one Rosie had given him and lit it—that unearthly mysticism, that fragile self in Rosie that made her the simple, misunderstood, bruised spirit and child that she was? How

At that moment the cigarette exploded.

III

AS MANY and better men have pointed out, it is a sad, sad thing to reflect that science offers no means by which man can, on occasion, see through the eyes and into the brain that holds a menace. For had this been possible, Ira might have, at ten o'clock that night, peered into Carter's dull, glowing orbs as he entered the apartment and seen that there came a man whose system was too completely poisoned by life's treacherous goblet to be trusted.

As it was, he saw standing stupidly in the door only a man apparently under the influence of hashish. For, no, the rich and gorgeous emotion sheltered here was no vulgar ostentatious temper to be exhibited promiscuously. It was the fury of a lifetime, the bitter venom of disillusionment, throwing its insidious tentacles as far south as his ankles, as far east and west as his wrists, as far north as his poll. Carter hated all over.

"Ira," he said, "the iron hand in the velvet glove."

"What?" asked Ira.

"I said the iron hand," Carter repeated, "in the velvet glove."

"I say! What is it?"

"I've been thinking," Carter stated mysteriously. "I've been thinking."

At a loss for a proper comment in this unusual situation, Ira said nothing. Carter slouched into a chair and glared fiercely and darkly at the radiator.

"Never," he said presently, "take a cigarette from a woman!"

Mystified again at this profound aphorism, Ira looked at him again. Then, recollecting, he brightened.

"Oh!" he said. "I wanted to tell you—getting married tonight. Rosie and I. Getting a 12:25 train. Everything's fixed. Congratulate me, old man!"

Carter turned on him a sinister and cynical smile. "Ha!" he commented bitterly. "Ha!"

"Oh, I say!" The near-bridegroom was a little hurt. "You really needn't say ha like that, you know!"

"Ha!"

Wounded, Ira returned to the suitcase he had been packing. There was a long silence. Then the most recent graduate of the school of hard knocks rose, walked over to his friend and laid a solemn hand on his shoulder.

"Old man," he said, "I want to say just a word or two before you go. I want to give you some advice. Ira, at the first sign of monkey business, slam her!"

"Monkey business! Oh, that's all over, Carter. We talked this afternoon, and Dorothy talked to her, and now she's looking at everything from an entirely different angle. She sees ——"

"Lean on her!" He remembered Dorothy's words. "Knock her kicking!"

"But, Carter, I'm telling you that's all over and ——"

"Hit her with a chair leg!"

"Carter!"

Carter slouched back into the chair. "I know," he said darkly. "She's hoodwinked you again. Made everything look pretty, everything swell. Got you ready to walk right into the trap again."

"No, Carter."

"Like a babe in the woods, an innocent child, a trusting infant, prepared to fly back to the flame that's burned your wings."

"I tell you, Carter ——"

"Just a sucker, that's all; just a sucker."

Ira was distressed. He shut the grip and latched it.

"However," Carter declared suddenly, rising to his feet, "we'll see. When you go, I'm going with you. I'll see myself that everything goes all right. Carry your own grip."

Ira hesitated and then picked it up. Silently, he followed the hound of hate down the elevator. A taxicab answered his hail.

"Stop opposite the Merry Theater stage door," Carter directed the chauffeur. He turned to Ira. "You go up and get her," he continued, "and I'll wait outside. I'll get you to the train, anyway."

Troubled and worried, Ira leaned back. The cab staggered on. Once Carter grunted sardonically and Ira shuddered. Once Carter spoke.

"Everything will be looking so pretty," he soliloquized, "and then—bam! Right on the nose!"

The cab turned off Broadway into Forty-ninth Street and drew up at the curb opposite the stage door. Ira got out doubtfully and walked slowly across the street.

"Remember," Carter called, "you have about ten minutes. So no loafing. Bean her!"

Ira disappeared into the door and Carter leaned back to pursue his bitter vigil. Time passed. He glanced at his watch. The ten minutes was up. He fidgeted nervously.

Then Ira appeared. He glanced frantically across the street, and then grabbing his hat in his hand, fled madly down Forty-ninth Street toward Eighth Avenue.

"Ira!"

The fugitive put on more speed. Carter sprang out of the cab, his entire supply of fury seething. A trick! Another trick! She'd done it again! With a low moan like that of an animal in pain, he ran across the street and flung open the stage door. It was late; nobody barred his way. He leaped up the stairs, growling horribly and frothing at the mouth. That woman! That cigarette! She thought she was going to get away with something again! Well!

The door. He put his shoulder against it and it burst open. At a dressing table, coated and hatted, sat Rosie, a dark flush in her cheeks, an evil glint in her black eyes. She started, as the Spirit of Righteous Fury crashed into the tiny room, and then a faint smile touched her lips.

"Have," she said calmly, "a cigarette."

With a maniacal screech the uncontrollable Mr. Gillian leaped at her, both hands outstretched, prepared to raise her above his head, whirl her twice, and then, perhaps, heave her out of the sixth-story window. Rosie met the onslaught standing, the glint in her eyes changed from evil to disbelief.

"You would," he mumbled, "would you?" *(Continued on Page 167)*

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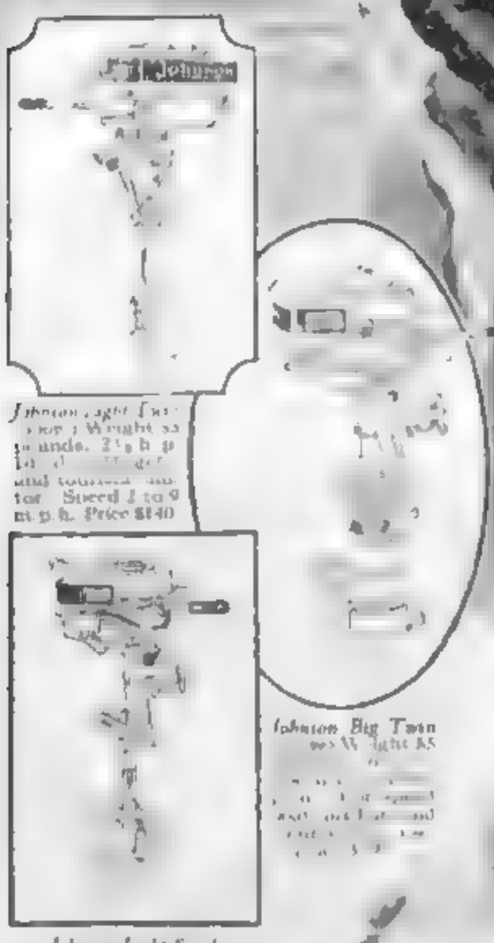

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(Continued from Page 154)

Then his two hands reached her throat, his fingers wrapped about it and Rosie's arms went about his neck.

"Carter! Carter!" she murmured. "You great, big, brutal, fiendish, darling dragon! You mean, sweet "

Young Mr. Gillian tried to tighten his clutch. The white arms about his neck drew him closer to her. He held his grip, but he did not whirl her. Then it relaxed Her face, above his clasped hands like a decapitated head, tilted upward, closer.

"I knew—I knew you understood me! You alone, you rough, inconsiderate, masterful man!"

Closer—closer. Her eyes were melting, her lips parted. Then young Mr. Gillian gave up. She was in his arms and he was kissing her.

A pause.

"Darling Carter! My own! My sweetheart who understands pixies!"

IV

AT 1:30, having delivered Rosie to her home, Carter stood outside the door of his apartment. Suddenly he was overcome with shame, with an overwhelming sense of guilt. How could he face his friend? His friend whom he'd betrayed! What manner of man was he? What kind of friendship was this? How could he have done it?

He leaned against the jamb. He was hot and his eyes were tired. Traitor! Snake! Perhaps he should steal away, never again to show himself to that man whom he had wronged. Go, perhaps, to some deep woods and live there as a hermit, unfit to know and go among decent people. For there, just beyond that door, was his friend, his friend of years, who loved him, and he had done him wrong.

Then he almost cried aloud. But was he there? Was he there alive? His heart stopped. With a little gasp he threw the door open.

"Ira!"

With a startled shock, Ira dropped his feet from the top of the divan, sat up and clapped his hand over the mouthpiece of the telephone.

"Carter!"

For a minute they stared warily at each other. Then:

"Well, I ——"

"Ah, I ——"

"Pardon me. Go ahead," said Carter.

"I'm sorry, Carter, awfully sorry, but I couldn't help it, old man. The way you talked about her, what you said she'd do—well, old man, I just decided I couldn't take the chance. I'm sorry, old man, I'm sorry."

"You mean—you mean ——"

"I'm sorry, old man, awfully sorry; but inside the stage door I got to thinking, well, maybe you were right. I thought a long time, old man, honestly. Then I got panicky and beat it. I'm sorry. I thought you'd try to persuade me to go through with it. I'm awfully "

Carter sat down slowly. The turns everything had taken were confusing and a little baffling. Ira looked at him anxiously.

"I'm sorry, old man." Carter said nothing. What, he wondered, should he say" "Pretty rough, I know. Did you see her" Did she come out? Did you see her at all?"

"Why, I ——"

"She must have been boiling. Did you see her?"

Carter drew a long breath. "Well, you see ——" he began, when beautiful, beautiful Providence brought a ring to the doorbell. He was on his feet in an instant.

A hall boy entered the vestibule with a long box in his hands. Carter looked at the name. It was his. He tore the paper off On the lid of the pasteboard box was: "For my own, from the tired little pixy he understands so well."

Reverently he raised the lid. Inside, in blue tissue and a green ribbon, was a large and healthy bouquet of broccoli.

Silently he handed the package back to the hall boy, silently waved him away, silently and thoughtfully returned to the room.

"It was a mistake," he explained briefly. "The wrong address."

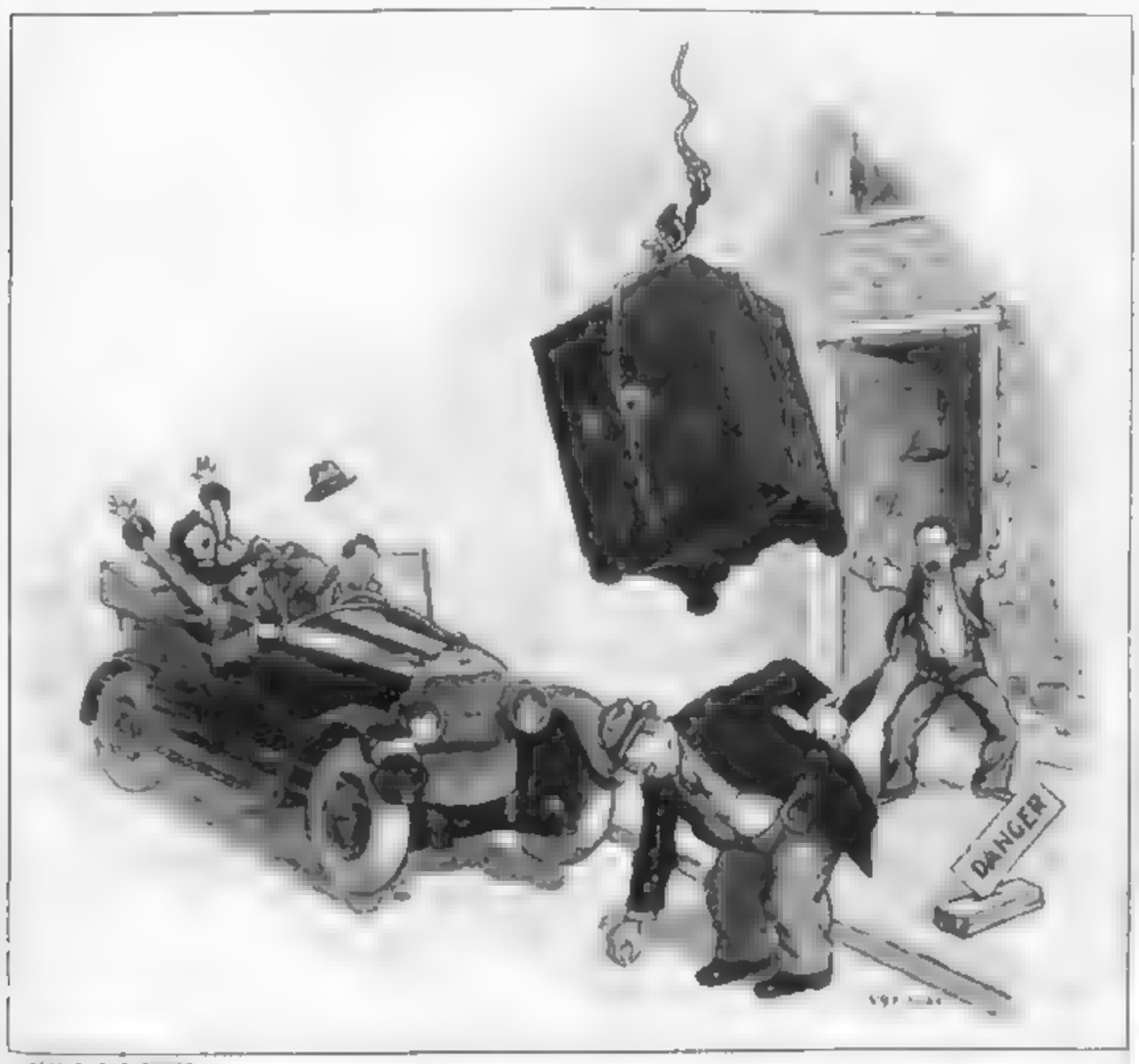
Ira nodded. "Did you say you saw her?" he repeated.

"No," Carter replied bitterly. "No—and may we never, either of us, again."

Ira nodded again, sagely. "You're right, old man," he agreed. "She's bad medicine—mighty bad. No appreciation whatever for a serious, sincere love."

Carter did not reply and Ira removed his palm from the mouthpiece of the telephone he had been holding.

"Hello! . . . Hello, Dorothy! Sorry, darling, but Carter just popped in. As I was saying, dear, of course it was all a huge mistake. 'I never really loved her; I couldn't have. . . . Yes. . . . Yes, dear, it seems to me now that for the first time in my life I'm really beginning to know what love is. . . . 'Member the first time we saw each other? . . . Yeh. . . . Yeh, and 'member that time ——"



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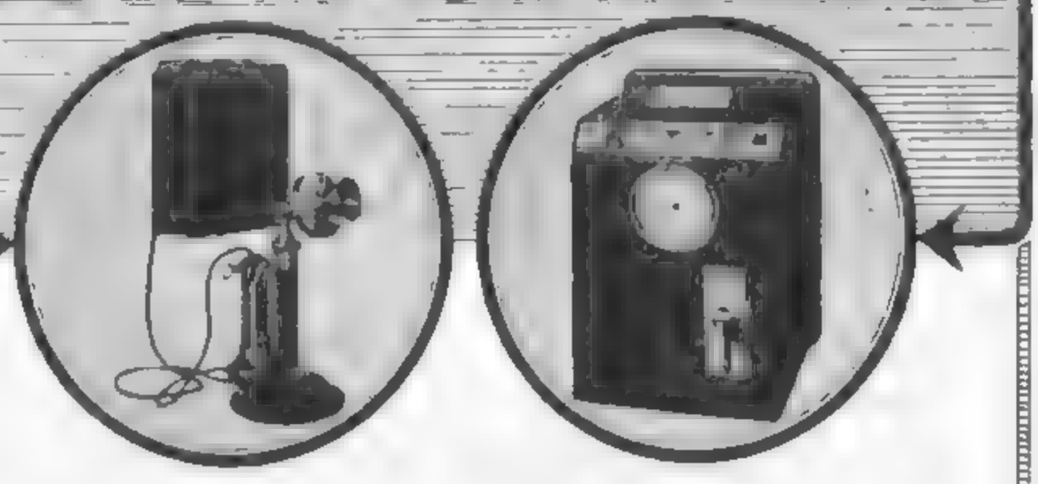

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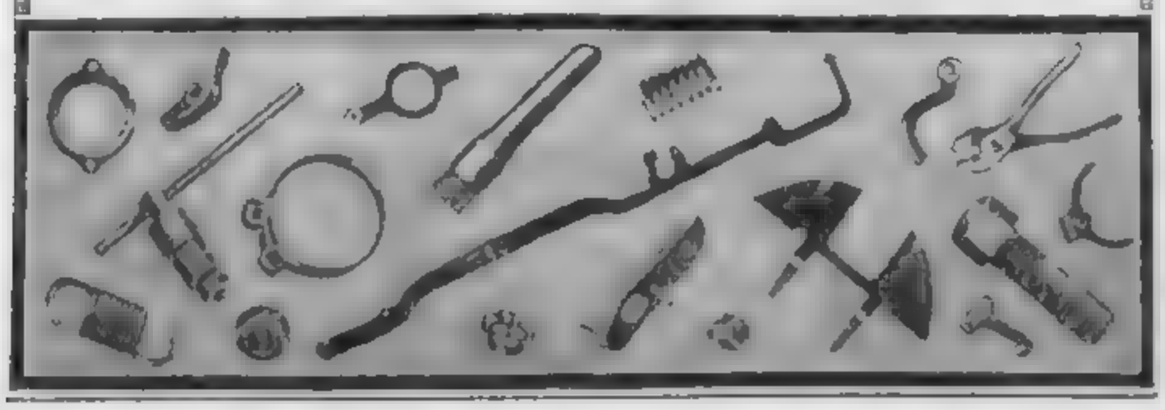

NETTING RESULTS

(Continued from Page 19)

champion and give him a hard run; yet that is just what Brookes did. In 1924 he met Jean Washer, the Belgian, at Wimbledon and gave an amazing account of himself. It is tragic to see such a player in the discard; and Australia cannot win back her old supremacy in tennis until she produces a player, not so great perhaps—that would be almost impossible—but one who combines vivid personality with good form and the speed necessary to modern tennis.

Anthony F. Wilding was a handsome man, more than six feet tall, and a great favorite on the courts. He had a quiet, modest manner and was unassuming even when he held every important title in the world save the American National Singles, for which he never competed. He was a powerful adversary, but he was always able to keep his tremendous strength under control. He was the exact opposite of the popular American idol, McLoughlin. Wilding kept himself in hand to the same degree that McLoughlin let himself out. In his game he was a great stylist; he played with long, sweeping strokes that were a joy to watch. In the six years that he played he won fifteen singles matches and lost only six. He met the Englishman, F. Gordon Lowe, in eight consecutive finals and beat him every time. On this account Lowe used to refer to himself humorously as the eternal second. The Prime Minister, Balfour, and Wilding were good friends and often played together on the courts at the former's country estate; and there is no doubt that Balfour used to throw off all his statesman's burden in order to put himself in the proper frame of mind—and humility—in the presence of his brilliant opponent.

Wilding went into the war very soon after hostilities began, and within a year he had been killed. He was a captain in the armored-car forces; he had always been keen about motor cars—about anything, in fact, that worked smoothly and powerfully and was capable of speed. So great was his passion for automotive power that he undoubtedly set himself to copy the precision and force of a motor, and he did not come far from succeeding. Physically, he was a perfect tennis machine, in the highest sense of the word.

Australia's Best

He met instant death on May 9, 1915. He had taken momentary refuge in a shell hole during some heavy firing from the German lines and was laughing and talking with one of his comrades when a shell broke and he and his companion were killed. Beside his dismembered body was found a gold cigarette case given him by Craig Biddle, whom he had taught and who had been his doubles partner; a souvenir of tennis triumphs on the Riviera in 1910. The case was intact; but Tony Wilding, beloved by tennis fans and players all over the world, had been blown to bits.

When Brookes and Wilding came to America for the first time in 1914, just when the war was beginning, they were playing the German team in Pittsburgh. When the little group separated, Wilding set off for New York to catch the boat for England. As he said farewell to one of the Germans, he laughingly commented that before long they might perhaps have a bayonet tussle on the Hamburg courts, where they had so often battled peaceably with the racket. Within a year after this, Wilding was dead and the German was a prisoner of war in England.

Brookes and Wilding were brilliant doubles players, but not so brilliant as their singles game would lead one to expect. Brookes was the artist, Wilding the athlete of the team. Wilding never approached Brookes in either service or volley. Brookes was one of those born tennis players who are, as a matter of fact, so seldom born; Wilding was a self-made one. Wilding had more endurance than Brookes; Brookes had what he called a difficult inside. Their strength as a team lay in the fact that they complemented each other; what few things Brookes lacked, Wilding had, and vice versa.

Gerald L. Patterson is at present the best player in Australia. He is a curious combination of good and bad playing. His service is good, but his backhand is so notoriously weak that his opponents can usually catch him on it and beat him. He relies chiefly on his speed for success, and on his apparently unlimited strength. He is a good fighter; he never loses his head. He is one of those curious types who seem born to be match players, because, although his form is far from good, he always shows up well in a crisis.

Potential Cup Winners

When the Japs first came to America, in 1915, none of us felt any particular concern. The champion that they sent to us, Ichiya Kumagae, played unaggressively and his game was a back-court game exclusively; he had little understanding of the principle of net attack. He went back home and returned in 1918 with an improved style that was amazing. His net play was still far from perfect, but he played boldly and put up a very good fight. Kumagae, familiarly known to us as Itchy, was left-handed. His footwork was speedy and his strokes accurate. His low volley was naturally his weak point.

Kumagae's partner on the Davis Cup team was Zenzo Shimidzu. Like Kumagae, he was originally a base-line player. His service was supposed to be very weak, and as a stroke it was; but it was varied so frequently, according to a well-thought-out scheme, that even those who played against him regularly were always being fooled. Both these players seem to be untiring on the court.

Takeichi Harada is the leading player of Japan today. He gives considerable promise of winning championship honors before very long. He is the most Americanized Jap I have ever seen, probably because he has been here for two years studying at Harvard. Like the other Japanese players, he is sound from the back court. His service is a good American twist, which he uses to the best possible advantage, but he needs to perfect his net game. Like his predecessors, Itchy Kumagae and Zenzo Shimidzu, he has never learned to use the volley as it is used here by most of our best players. When he builds up a good net attack he will probably break into the innermost circle of the game.

So far Spain has produced only one crack player, Manuel Alonso. He is probably the most colorful personality in the game today. Four years ago he was entirely unknown, but since his appearance he has risen to the very top. He is a decidedly picturesque figure on the court. He is slight in figure, lithe and very quick. His footwork is distinctly individual; it is so rhythmic that it amounts almost to a dance. Like that of most foreigners, his game is sound from the back court. He uses a fast American slice service and takes the net at every opportunity. His overhead is good and he volleys with precision; his game shows no outstanding weakness. His only serious fault is his temperament. He is high-strung and easily upset. Small mishaps affect his game. Once he overcomes this weakness—which is merely a matter of nerves, not of form—he will take his place among the world leaders in tennis.

La Coste is, of course, the greatest player of France, and to him the French are pinning their hope of winning the cup before many years have passed. His entrance into the game, unlike that of most of us, was not made easy for him. His father, director of the Espana Motor Company, naturally

Continued on Page 161

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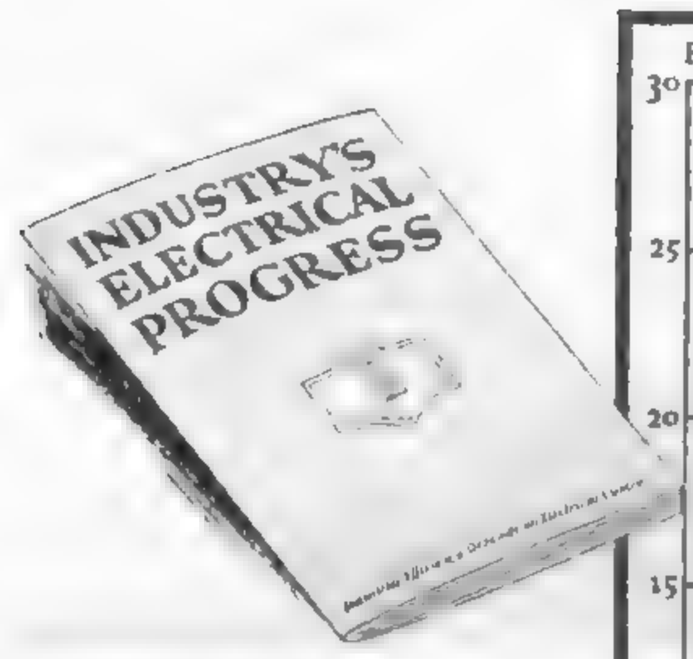

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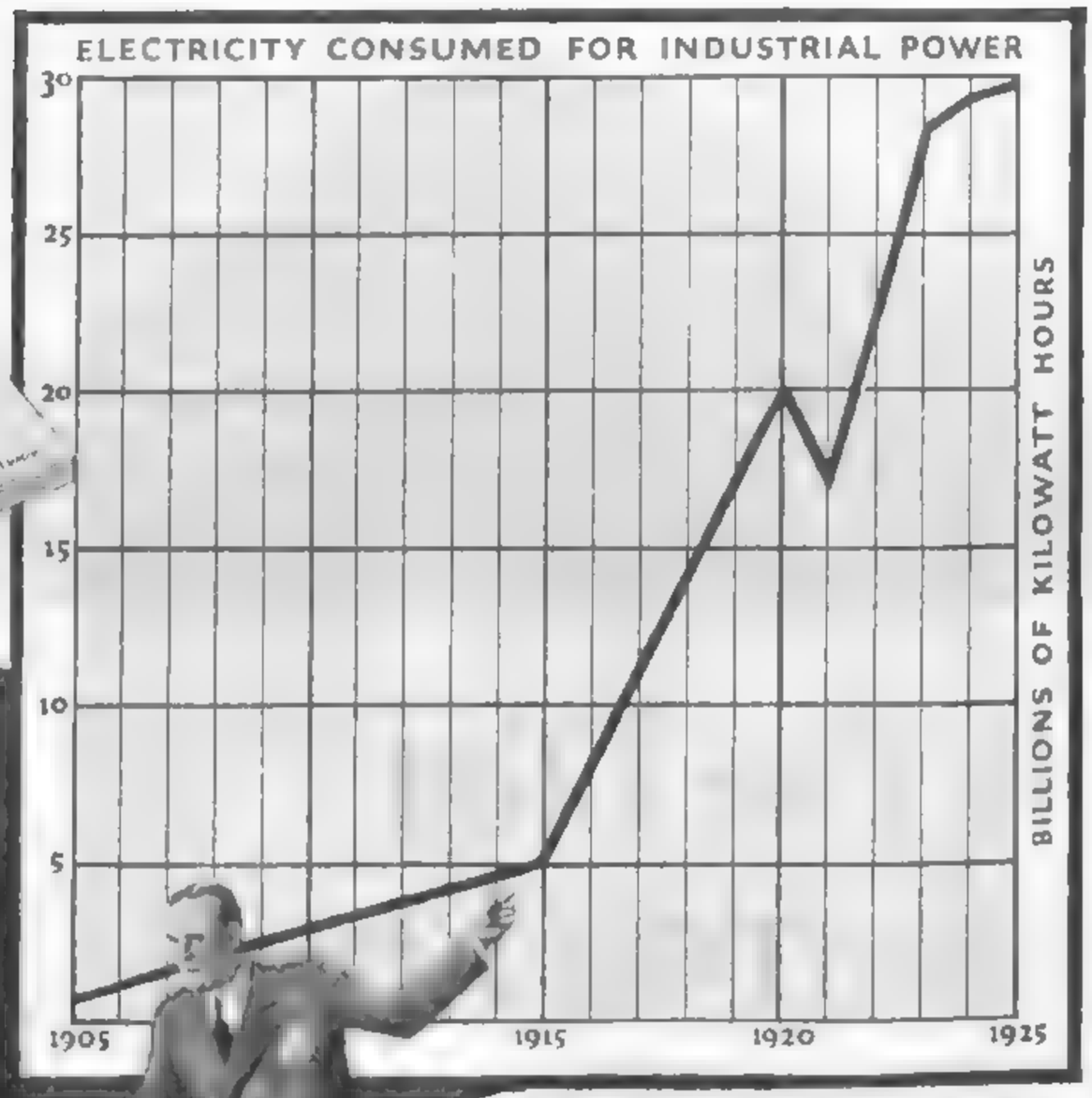

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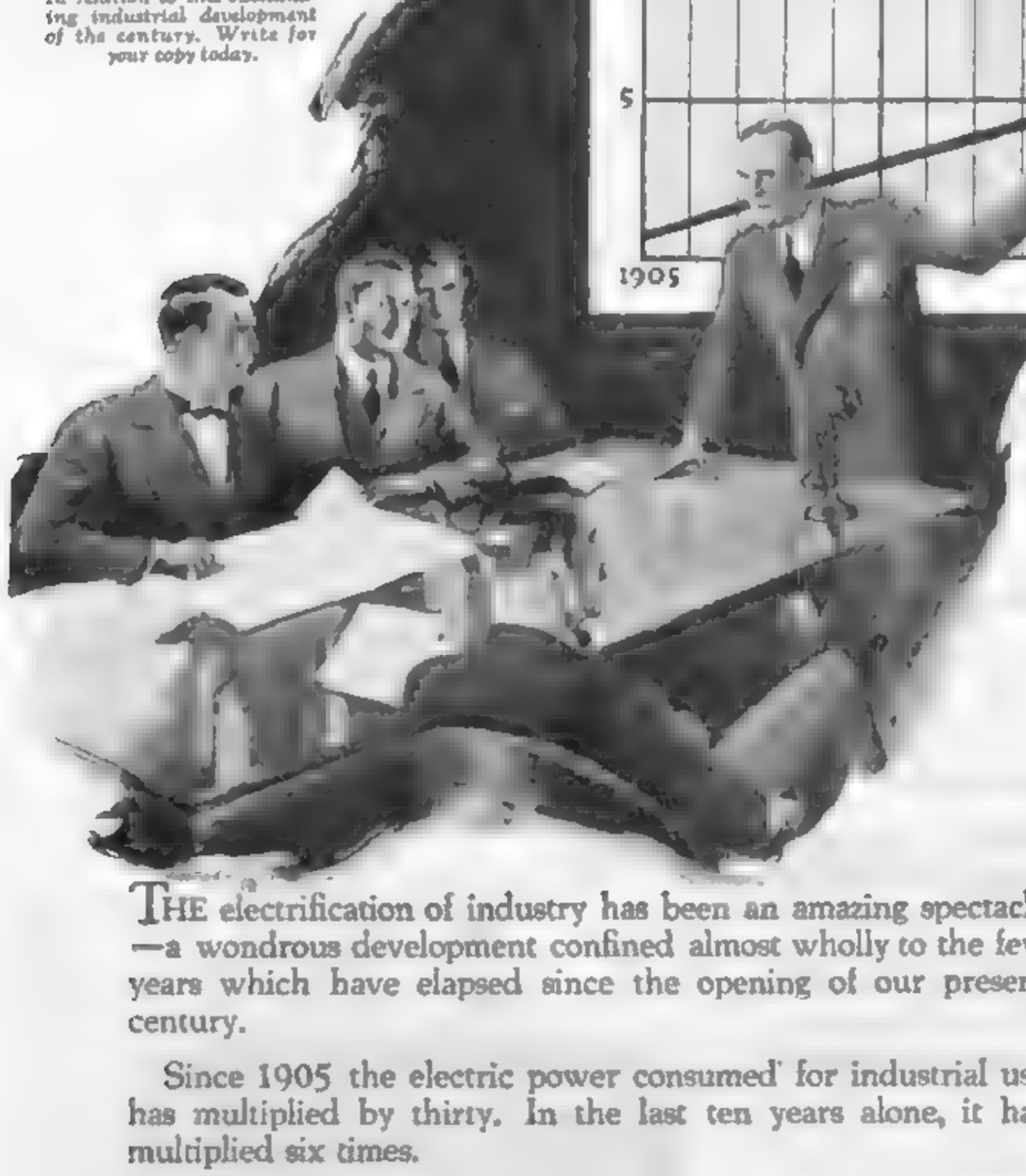

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Industrial Efficiency Depends on Electrical Control

(Continued from Page 158)

wanted to keep his son with him in business, but La Coste wanted only to play tennis and become a champion if possible. So he gave up the promise of a successful business career and set out to be a good player; but he carried with him into the courts an inherited businesslike attitude. He is perfectly capable, if he continues to improve his game, of adding France's name to the long list already engraved on the cup. His attitude toward tennis is so serious and his methods so sound that if he and Borotra were to win the trophy for France they might well keep it for six years, as the Australians did.

La Coste's coolness on the court reminds one of the frigid Brookes; but he is unlike Brookes in his more emotional attitude toward the game, his greater enthusiasm for tennis as a sport. He loves the game passionately and he is sufficiently French to adore the applause that comes to the brilliant player. During the game he shows none of these feelings. He plays as if he were the business man his father wanted him to be, carefully and systematically. He actually keeps a card catalogue of all the players of the world, and after he meets them he notes in his catalogue their weaknesses and their strength. Each time he plays with a champion he adds to these notes, and he studies these records constantly in order that he may plan his own game in such a way as to defeat each of those with whom he plays.

He fears only one man in the tennis world, and that man is Tilden. He cannot quite tag Bill; he cannot crowd him into his card catalogue. What puzzles him most of all is that Tilden's game seems to improve, rather than to deteriorate, with age.

He has me down in his little book and I smiled ruefully when he showed me the entry. It takes only one sentence to size me up and finish me off: "One must drive deep to Richards' backhand and come to the net for a volley." That is all there is to it; almost anyone can do it!

The Bounding Basque

Jean Borotra, who will certainly give La Coste a lot of help in trying for the cup, plays a dazzling game. He storms the net at every opportunity and wastes boundless energy that should be conserved. He is like McLoughlin in the brilliance of his strokes and in the speed and fire with which he plays. He ought to study Mac's career and profit by it, because the Californian's tremendous service and irresistible net attack took so much out of him that he was physically unable to stand more than half a dozen years of championship. Borotra may find himself burned out, like McLoughlin, at the end of a few years unless he acquires a sound, conservative, back-court technic. At present he has tireless energy and marvelous recuperative powers, but if he continues his present tactics he is bound to wear out before his tennis-playing days should normally end. But even if he continues as he is going now, he will certainly last for two or three years, anyway, and during that time he and La Coste may very well capture the Davis Cup from America.

Cochet, although he is nothing but a youngster, is a force to be reckoned with in Continental tennis. He is often compared to me, though more because he has had a career similar to mine than because we play similar games. He had only a second-class ranking in France until he beat Borotra and jumped to the first place. He is quick on his feet, like most of the Latins, and his strokes are good but unorthodox. His service is his weak point. He was able to beat both Gobert, former French champion, from whom he wrested the title, and Borotra simply because he is not at all temperamental.

William T. Tilden, 2d's, career was a long time in getting started. He entered the tennis world in 1913, playing a brilliant, speedy game, but for years no one took him seriously. Even when he entered the national championship matches, from 1917 through 1919, no one had any great faith in him. His winning of the English championship at Wimbledon in 1920 was the first real success he had; and it was no small one, because he is one of only four non-British holders of the title in England, Wilding, Brookes and Patterson being the three others. But the American public was still a little bit skeptical. After he had won the national championship in 1920 the public divided its allegiance between Tilden and Johnston, and when he and Johnston brought back the Davis Cup from Australia in the same year, the tennis world still paid equal homage to the two players.

But ever since 1923 there has been but one great player in America and that has been Tilden.

His ultimate success was due to the fact that during all the years of failure he studied tirelessly to perfect his game. In the beginning of his career he relied chiefly on speed; he played a back-court game and seldom went to the net. He depended too much on varied and trick strokes to carry him through.

Americans Not Good at Doubles

Today he is the perfect combination of a subtle player who knows and uses all the arts of the game, and has in addition remarkable physical endurance and a thorough mastery of strokes. He plays with his head as much as with his body, and neither in his court tactics nor in his actual technic are there any marked weaknesses. Of course, one reason why his game continues to improve in spite of the fact that he is thirty-three years old is that he is in much better health now than he used to be. He grew too fast as a boy, and in his early twenties was of a brittle construction that was easily injured. During the first years of his championship he was pursued by ill health, and it was not until the accident of 1923, which resulted in blood poisoning—an accident that seemed to threaten an end to his career—that he really attained robust health.

After several operations and weeks of careful nursing, he came out of the hospital a far stronger man than he had ever been, and his game since that time shows his improved condition. He does not tire so easily as he used to, and he romps through the game like a boy, finishing with almost as much pep as he starts with.

In the first installment of this series I described my break with Tilden after we had won the doubles championship for three years. It is interesting in this connection to hear what Tilden himself has to say about his doubles game. Speaking of himself and Johnston he says: "Billy Johnston and I are not a doubles team, but two singles players playing singles together on a doubles court and winning by the severity of our individual effort." He admits that we have never had a really good doubles team because, as a nation, we do not care greatly about the doubles game. It is part of the American brand of hero worship to admire only individuals and spectacular personalities; McLoughlin's sudden and sustained popularity proves that. In other words, the singles champions in this country are always given far more encouragement than a doubles team. We have no players who can equal the teamwork of Patterson and Wood, for instance. Our teams will have to work together for longer periods than they do now if we are to excel in this branch of the game; usually the team changes every year or two and so they do not have time to build up a strong partnership at the net.

As I said before, Tilden is a tennis genius; but like so many other geniuses of the world, he owes much of his ability to his own efforts. He studied and analyzed his own game for years, until he had practically eliminated all his weaknesses and made the most of all his strong points. Even yet he does not consider his discipline at an end; he still changes his game when he can introduce a new stroke or improve an old one. So long as he is able to play up to his

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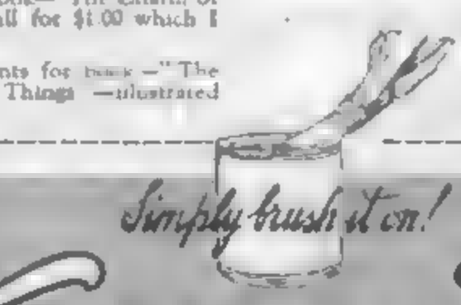

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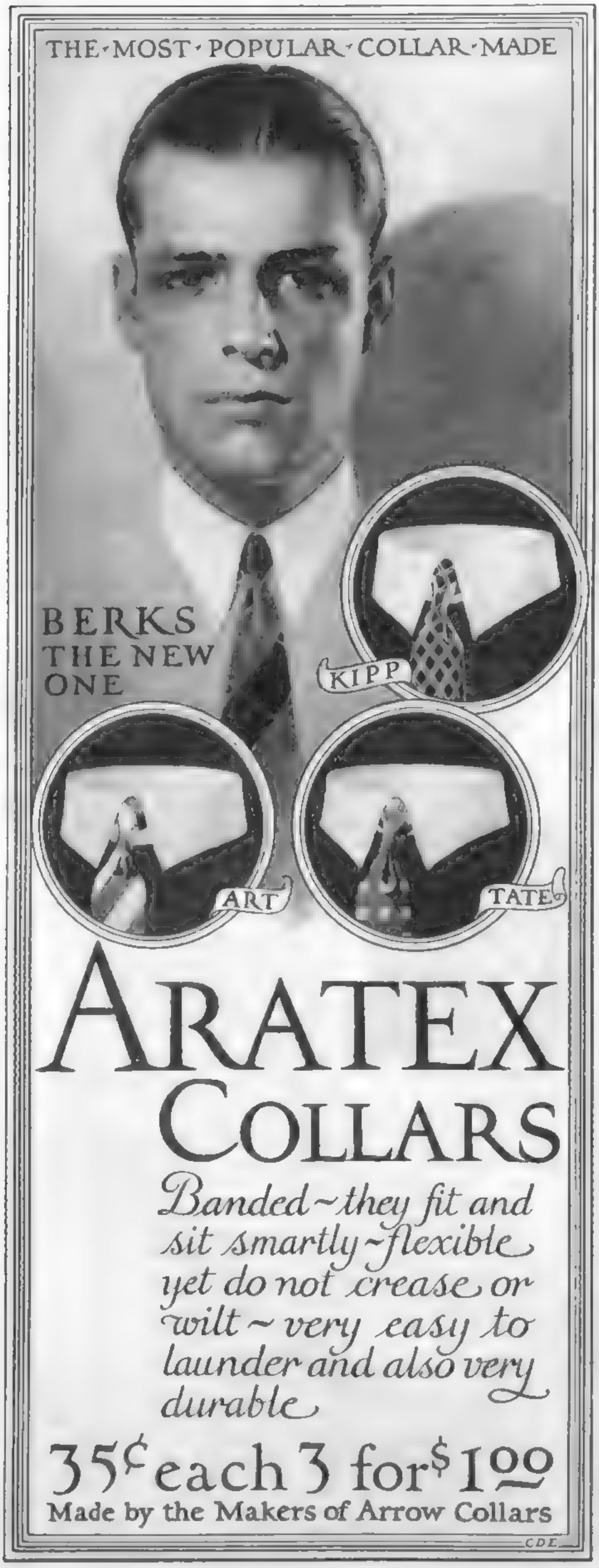

present form, we need not fear for the defense of the Davis Cup, which we have held for six consecutive years.

William M. Johnston, for so long Tilden's great rival and partner, plays a straight, orthodox game. He has none of the advantages, or disadvantages, of Tilden's height, and he is very slender. His marvelous forehand drive is famous all over the world, because it is amazing in so small a man. He is a remarkable match player, because when everything seems against him he is always able to hit his best stride. He is simply undiscourageable. There is nothing spectacular about either the man or his game. Although he has been national champion only twice, he has made Tilden work hard to keep his place in the lead, and Tilden himself realizes that it is only by playing in his best form that he can beat Johnston. In his book on the methods and players of modern tennis, J. Parmly Paret says that Johnston is the best of all the champions of the past ten years for a beginner to use as a model. His style, says Paret, is the most perfectly sound; it is based on a perfect swing, contact and follow-through. Opposed as Paret is to any eccentricity in playing, to any spectacular shots no matter how far they carry a man, his advice is good; so far as a study of strokes is concerned, Johnston is the best model to follow.

Before leaving the Americans I want to mention Brian I. C. Norton, who just misses being one of the greatest players in the game. He was born in South Africa and is now living in Miami. He has the right personality for the course; he has a cheery smile that always wins the gallery, because it is a spontaneous and natural expression of the man himself. He was ranked Number Eight in 1925. He was often criticized because, it was said, he did not take his game seriously enough. He is essentially a base liner, where his sharp, crisp drives are ever a worry to the net player. His overhead and volley are a little bit uncertain, due mostly to his Western grip.

Lenglen

Lenglen is as strong a personality on the courts as McLoughlin used to be in America; but she appeals rather to the public's sense of the bizarre than to its affections. She behaves more like a great emotional actress than a woman who is a leader in an outdoor sport.

But all her histrionics are not important; what is important is that she is a great player. She has not lost a match since 1919. She first won the British title at Wimbledon, and only twice since has she been forced into three sets. Those of us who look at her game through a champion's eyes know that it is good, and we are therefore willing to forgive her her eccentric behavior. If she used her mannerisms and her frequent refusals to play merely as a cloak for a weak technic, I would be the first to condemn her; but that is not the case. She has a remarkable backhand stroke, a perfect volley and an overhead smash that is worthy of the best men players in the game. On the other hand, she indulges in spectacular feats on the court that do not really help her game except, perhaps, with the gallery. Her famous drive is merely a stunt; it is not good tennis, and her lively footwork and high jumps are either intended to dazzle her opponent and her audience or are the result of taut nerves.

For Mademoiselle Lenglen is not nearly so strong as she seems. She never lets down during a match and will play up to her best form, with strained nerves, even when playing against an unimportant adversary. I am sure that much of the criticism that has followed her refusals to play because of illness are unjustified. I was in Wimbledon myself with Bill Johnston at the time she played her famous match with Elizabeth Ryan in 1924. We went with her to the doctor's office and heard him say that she had jaundice.

In America there is little mercy shown to the weak, especially since Roosevelt preached his gospel of the survival of the fittest. I will admit that we do not consider it quite sporting to refuse to play when one is not in one's very best physical condition. Many of our champions have played under conditions that were trying enough to justify such a refusal. Tilden's final success was long delayed because his health did not permit him to do himself justice. R. Norris Williams has had a weak ankle for years, and played in a match with Bill Johnston a few years ago through two sets and a half, although suffering keenly from a twist he had given this weak joint. Norman E. Brookes was considered the greatest of the Davis Cup players; yet for the greater part of his career he suffered from a chronic ailment that kept him in great pain. He was never known to call off a game for this reason.

Certainly among men illness is no excuse. It is up to the player to see that he is in good physical condition; and if he is not, then so much the worse for his game.

The Game's the Thing

But it must be admitted in the case of Mademoiselle Lenglen that she is not only far from strong physically but that she has more than her share of the Latin temperament—excitable, nervous, easily disturbed and emotional. She can play only when the mood is upon her, as a painter can paint only when the spirit moves him. We respect this artistic temperament in all forms of creative work; why not in a sportswoman whose rare ability certainly earns for her the title of a genius?

Those who criticize her most harshly feel that when all is said and done she is simply trading on her sex; she is demanding privileges, as a woman, that are never given to the male player. Women tennis players on the whole demand no such special consideration; they are willing to play the game as men play it, according to the same rules and, whenever possible, with equal vigor. This attitude is so generally admitted, especially among the male players of the world, that in a mixed doubles game, for instance, it is considered almost an insult to give the women any advantage.

When Mr. Paret, in compiling his book on methods and players in the modern game, sent a questionnaire to about forty of our best tennis exponents, one of the questions he asked was this: Should a man in high-class mixed doubles ease up on his service for the opposing woman? There were only two who answered yes. Many of the replies were so ironical that it was easy to see our players feel that a woman on the courts must be a good enough sport not to expect special consideration because of her sex. The reply of F. B. Alexander to the question was characteristic. He said, "Are you playing ping-pong or tennis?" That I think perfectly sums up the American attitude.

But a Frenchwoman is not at all the same thing as an American woman. She has always been and is encouraged to be a clinging vine, to lean heavily upon the gallantry of men. The whole question depends upon an interpretation of the word "gallantry." In France, it means pity for a dependent; in America, comradeship with an equal. Mademoiselle Lenglen's outbursts are in the best French tradition, and we must look indulgently upon them, as we do upon Borotra's Basque cap or Alonso's volatile temperament. They are simply evidences of a difference in national characteristics. The important thing is the game; and as long as a man—or a woman—plays a good game, he may behave as he likes.

Editor's Note—This is the last of three articles by Mr. Richards.

1876 — GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY — 1926

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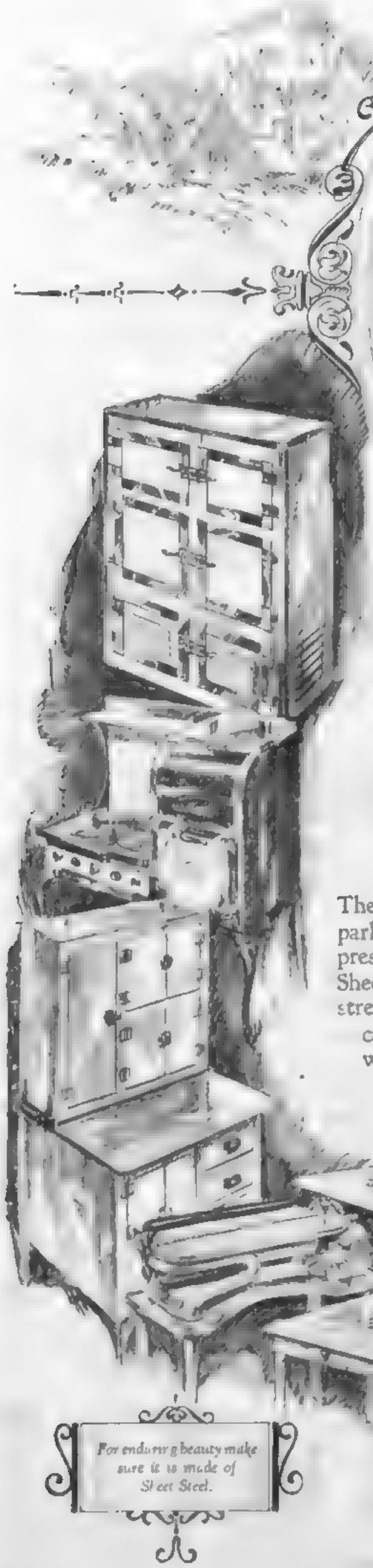

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THE INSIDE OF THE CRIMINAL MIND

(Continued from Page 15

Q.: Do you think you are a little lazy perhaps? A.: I am not.

Q.: Do you think you are a dreamer? A.: No.

Q.: Do you consider yourself practical? A.: Yes.

Q.: And yet you have not been able to hold a job? A.: Well, I get discouraged.

Q.: What work did you do while in prison? A.: I was secretary to the warden. I helped to draft several laws and rendered other services to him. I did some work on his articles on penology and criminology.

Q.: When you forged that check, was it an impulsive thing? A.: I went to the office and did not expect to find the check book or anything else. I went there to see him and was sitting at the desk talking to his clerk, who said the boss was downtown and would be back later. I saw the book lying there and I took a check. I was out of money at the time.

The conversation of this forger sounds perfectly rational, does it not? Nor was he pretending. Everything he said was verified afterward, and although examined most carefully with all sorts of tests, no defects of any kind could be found. His intelligence was decidedly above the average. He came of good family, mother living, two sisters normal and married, one brother the manager of a large advertising concern. This man had had unusual opportunities to reform, but he did not want to reform. Crime, to him, was much easier and much more interesting. And the point is that he is no exceptional case either.

I have talked with many intelligent criminals, forgers and others. I have questioned them; I have analyzed their minds. Very seldom are they reluctant to talk. It is not difficult to gain their confidence. You can appeal to their better natures the same as to any other human being's. They are capable of sentiment, love, loyalty, truthfulness, patriotism—any and all of the highest and best emotions—even self-sacrifice in behalf of a principle or of an individual. In fact, it is their response to such appeals that beguiles the untrained and inexperienced worker in criminology into believing that all of them can be and want to be reformed.

You may rest assured that the habitual criminal who is intelligent has no intention of reforming. He may tell you so; he may deliberately set out to gain your sympathy with sob-stuff stories, but all the time he is laughing up his sleeve at your gullibility.

Picking a Profession

Undoubtedly there still are instances nowadays where the ex-convict is watched, hounded and persecuted after release, so that it is difficult, if not impossible, for him to make good, even if he earnestly wants to. But by and large, with the indeterminate sentence, the parole boards, the difficulties of conviction, the power and influence of organizations of his own that protect him, plus the kindly and tolerant attitude of the public, the modern crook, as against modern society, has the balance decidedly weighted in his own favor.

I am reminded of a pickpocket who talked with me for an hour about his profession. Yes, he called it a profession. He started out to prove that it paid to be a pickpocket, even if he spent half his life in prison.

"I've got more money stowed away than most folks," he said. "The pen these days is better than tenements. The food is the worst part of it, but one gets used to that. Anyway, if I get sick, they take good care of me. Freedom? Rats! The time passes. Besides, I like to read. I learned Spanish in jail. And then, I like my profession, you know. It's a new thrill every day."

The talk of this criminal—a man in and out of state prison four times—could be matched by dozens of others I have met. But you must get around the buncombe they like to hand out, and you must try to reach the inner man, if you would obtain such honest reactions. Then they will tell you that it's fun being a crook that it pays.

It is understandable, in a way, why public opinion should have reached the state of tolerance and apathy that it now displays toward the criminal. We alienists are to a certain degree to blame—at least indirectly.

Workers in criminology set out some years ago to demonstrate that many criminals are unsound mentally, hence irresponsible, and that the policy of arresting, trying, convicting, jailing, releasing, and later again the rearresting, retrying, reconvicting and rereleasing of the same defective individuals was most unwise and wasteful. But we were too successful, in a certain sense. What was humane, sensible, and scientific overshot the mark. Following the adage that "a little knowledge is dangerous," the public—that is, the thinking portion of it—began to believe that all criminals must be sick, an attitude which threw the doors wide open for all sorts of misdirected soft-heartedness, weakening of respect for the courts and for the police powers, and well-intentioned but absurd overindulgence and coddling of prisoners.

Most Criminals Rational

To be sure, not everyone interested in the crime problem has subscribed to the idea that criminals are sick. Some have felt even that placing sick criminals in hospitals is showing them too much leniency.

The question regarding mentally sick criminals is not one of leniency, however. The question is one of common sense. As it stands nowadays, hundreds, if not thousands, of these incurably abnormal individuals are placed side by side with normal criminals in ordinary jails. After serving their terms, they are again let loose upon society, and, of course, it is only a matter of a few weeks or months before they again commit another crime.

Well then, why not place all feeble-minded and insane criminals in specially built institutions and keep them there for life? You can't do that with ordinary normal crooks. Since we can and already do that very thing with ordinary defective individuals who are not crooks, why not apply the same measures with defectives who are crooks?

If we gathered up this roughly estimated 10,000 abnormals for one city alone, and as they fell into the hands of the law placed them out of harm's way forever, don't you suppose one constructive step at least toward the reduction of crime would be established?

I am not writing this article in order to make a plea for the proper handling of feeble-minded and insane criminals. In fact, I am writing with an entirely different purpose in mind—to help correct the delusion that most crooks are irresponsible. Most criminals are perfectly rational—that is what I have become convinced of; that is what I believe.

There is one abnormal type, however, to which I would like to call special attention. There exists a certain peculiar individual who is neither feeble-minded nor insane. He may be endowed with an intellectual development amounting to genius. When criminal, he constitutes one of the worst menaces that society has to deal with. This strange mixture is known to alienists as a psychopath.

It is rather difficult to define a psychopath. But in every instance the psychopath has something wrong with his emotional reactions. Emotionally, he does not respond as normal persons do. Such an

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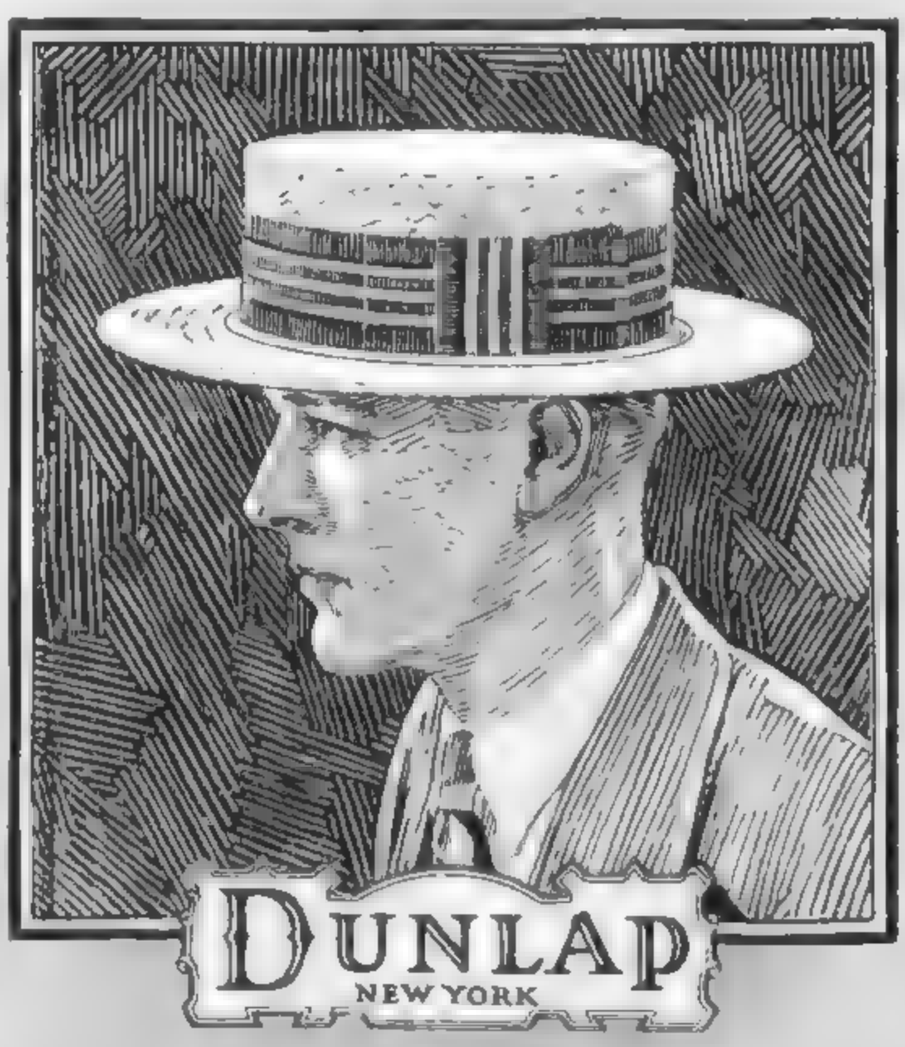

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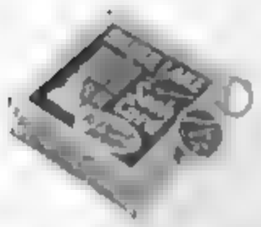

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individual may plan, in exceedingly cunning fashion, the most dastardly crimes imaginable, and these he will carry out to their most cruel limits without so much as a quiver of emotion. The same psychopath may cry like a baby over an injury to a pet canary, but will not shed a tear or feel the slightest remorse over a hideous murder.

Although the insane and feeble-minded sometimes are recognized by the courts, the psychopaths never are. Therefore psychopaths are imprisoned like ordinary criminals and therefore they are continually being let loose upon society. Why should not these individuals, who never will change, because they are born that way and are incurable—why should not they also be shut up with others of their own kind, for their own good as well as the people's at large, for their entire natural existences?

Take this case, for instance. A lad of twenty was arrested on the charge of being a fire bug. His boyhood and his teachers and family were looked up, and it was found that even as a schoolboy he was considered queer, and that on two occasions he was suspected of setting fires. Once he lighted a barrel of rubbish in the basement of the school and another time he put a match to a newspaper which he stuffed behind a radiator in an office. On these occasions he denied his guilt, but he admitted them to me; likewise, several other attempts at incendiarism.

When a boy he was simply fascinated by fire or anything connected with it. He said he used to open the door of the furnace in his own house and watch the dancing flames for hours at a stretch. When he grew older he liked to hear the fire engines coming; the excitement thrilled him as did nothing else. Accordingly he sent in several false alarms, and once he started a fire in the basement of a tenement, because there "might be thrilling rescues."

When I asked him if he had not considered the probability of lives being lost, he calmly answered, "That happens every day, doesn't it?" And the interesting point is that he considered this answer perfectly proper, adequate and sufficient.

When he grew older he conceived the idea of burning up old buildings in order to get rid of them. "I thought I'd purify and beautify the town a little," is the way he expressed it.

Accordingly he started his campaign by burning two old stables in the suburbs. Then he set fire to an empty garage. Next he tried an old ferryboat, but did not succeed. Lastly, he started a fire in an apartment, and then he was arrested.

Normal Crooks the Worst

This boy was a psychopath. That his craving for excitement entailed possible loss of life and property, and suffering, meant absolutely nothing to him. And still, in harmony with that peculiar contradictory emotional attitude that psychopaths display, he begged me not to have his mother notified of his arrest, for fear she might not sleep!

A burglar, twice in the penitentiary, also a psychopath, talked in this fashion: "If people don't interfere, I don't do nothing. I wouldn't kill a guy for fun. But if they raise a holler, I got to protect myself, don't I?" The man was twenty-nine and had been caught on the roof of a private dwelling, attempting entry through the skylight. On his person was a loaded automatic.

Things have come to a pretty pass when the New York police consider it necessary to place posters in the Subway trains on which holdups, and the like, are depicted with the words You Can't Win.

Our slothfulness and neglect in providing special institutions where sick criminals can be housed for life are partly responsible for the advancing tide of crime, of course. But our fundamental indifference regarding the activities of the far greater numbers of normal criminals is more reprehensible still. It is the normal crook, the man who is able to think as you and I do, who can plan, who can reason, who is clever, who is daring—he is the one, multiplied by thousands of others—who is continuously threatening our property, our sense of security and our very lives.

Yes, we have laws—thousands of them. We also have police forces and courts and prisons and reformatories and parole boards and all sorts of societies and committees and investigations and goodness knows what all. We also possess some sort of machinery for our self-protection and self-preservation. But what of that? The normal crook snaps his fingers at the whole business.

It is no exaggeration to say that some of our so-called law-abiding citizens are the laughingstock of the criminal world. A comparatively young man, whose picture long since had gone into the Rogues' Gallery at police headquarters because of repeated arrests for grand larceny, was most contemptuous in expressing himself.

"Why," he went on, "the only difference between them"—meaning those out of jail—"and me is a question of nerve. They evade the laws; I break them. That holier-than-thou attitude is a joke. We've got so many laws you simply can't help tripping up. And what about getting booze from bootleggers? Well, I don't sneak around the corner when I want a quart. I go ahead and swipe a case outright."

Entrance Examinations

It must be clear to anyone what this man is driving at. He thinks we are as criminal as he is, only more scared. He doesn't respect society; he doesn't consider himself the under dog. In fact, he prides himself on his superiority and his bravery for coming out into the open, as it were, and taking a stand. This reminds me of the prevalent conception that crooks feel society is against them, or that, because of mistreatment in a reformatory or prison, they have developed a grudge against society and believe that nothing they might do in the way of reform would regain for them good standing.

Such a discouraged or disgruntled or rebellious attitude may be true of a minority of criminals, and it may have been true years ago, but in my experience I have not found it true of the majority nowadays. On the contrary, most of the criminals I have known were most self-satisfied and most egotistic.

For instance, almost without exception the crooks we examined at the police laboratory not only tried to do the very best they could on the mental tests we gave them but they also displayed the keenest interest in the scores they made. Such expressions as "You got fooled, didn't you, doc? You thought I was a nut, eh?" or "Did I do as good as that guy waiting outside?" were very common. Many felt deliberately insulted that we should want to test them out, until the purpose of the experiment was explained. Then they displayed definite pride in demonstrating how normal or how intelligent they were. And all this, one must bear in mind, in the face of the probability that if proved defective and hence partially irresponsible, a letter would accompany them to court in mitigation of their sentence.

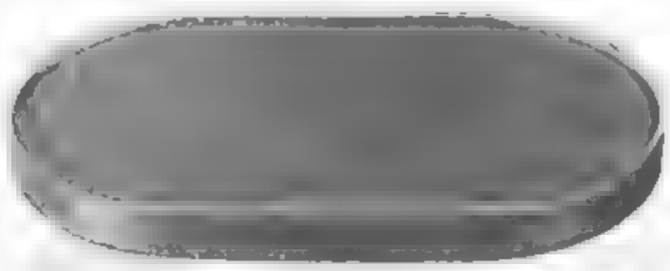
The youth of these prisoners is a most disconcerting matter to contemplate. More than half are under twenty-five years of age. Youth adores adventure, especially when there is a risk attached to it. Crime offers these allurements. And when we consider to what extent criminals get away with it, and that the old-fashioned home and home influence, with their rigid demands for sterling character building, are rapidly vanishing, it is small wonder, really, that our young men drift into careers of crime as an easy and enticing way to make a good living.

Luckily, our young womenfolk have not yet gone in for that sort of thing in very great numbers. Sex transgressions, yes. But when it comes to ordinary crime they

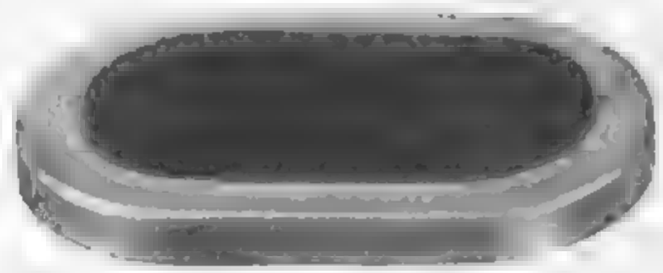
Continued on Page 169

Heat . . .

packed in little tin pans to fix your punctures permanently



Tin pan containing solid fuel



. . . with raw rubber patch attached to bottom

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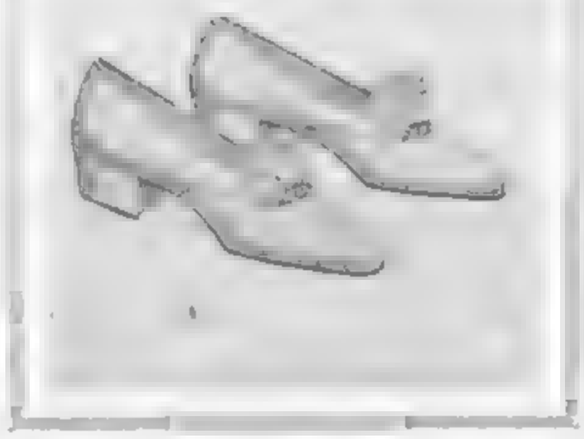

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Name

Address

(Continued from Page 166)

practically never operate by themselves. With women criminals, one must always seek the man who is the instigator and who is responsible. And it is always the man who plays on their sex or love interest and collects the booty.

Not long ago I acted as guide for a lady who thought she would like to take up some sort of social-service work in relation to criminals. We visited one of the penitentiaries. After being shown all through the institution, and after talking with several of the inmates, she remarked on leaving, "Spending a few months in a place like that wouldn't be so bad. Worse things could happen to me."

Now then if a highly refined young girl gets that sort of impression about jail, what do ordinary masculine young people think about it?

Of course it is one thing to visit a prison and quite another to be locked up as a prisoner yourself. I fully recognize that difference. Still, I have never yet met a criminal, young or old, male or female, first or repeated offender, who acknowledged or displayed the least bit of fear or even chagrin at the prospect of being imprisoned.

It is self-evident that there must be something decidedly wrong with our system of punishment if it does not operate as a deterrent to crime or inspire the least dread or fear. Do we make things too easy or too attractive in jail? Should we eliminate amusements, lectures, radios and flower gardens? Is the work not hard enough? Is there too much mingling of prisoners? Should we return to the days of cruel punishment that characterized the Middle Ages?

Personally I should not want to subscribe to any such retrogressive program. But I would like to urge, and earnestly, such changes as will eliminate favoritism, special diets for wealthy prisoners and ridiculous shortening of sentences because of good behavior; in fact, any changes, outside of cruelty, that will make the criminal feel convinced that he is being punished and not just temporarily inconvenienced because deprived of his liberty.

Recently a boy of twenty-two got into trouble about a hotel bill. He was a foreigner of excellent family, a graduate of one of Europe's finest universities. He had given a check for which there were insufficient funds in the bank. He was sent to the penitentiary on an indeterminate sentence.

What Is His Poison?

The parole board investigated the case, saw merit in it, and the boy got out after a few months. But he was not the same boy when he got out that he was when he went in. What he told me about the stories of crime he had heard, the ease with which crimes are committed, and the callousness of the youngsters who make it their life's business was a caution. Particularly impressive was the boy's changed attitude toward society and the ways of men. He thought he had been convicted hastily and unjustly. He believed that had he been a regular crook he would have got off scot-free. At any rate, I am informed that he broke his parole and went West, and rumor has it that he has since stolen an automobile and crossed the border into Canada.

What deductions may one draw from such a case? Was a decent boy made resentful because of too swift prison punishment? Did jail put on the finishing touches toward making him a confirmed criminal?

I think I can answer the last two questions in the affirmative, even aside from the merits of this particular case. We know that prisons and reformatories often make their inmates worse instead of better. We also know that if one is to preserve and develop the good in any individual—and there is good in even hardened criminals—we must be careful not to blunder, especially in court. But the courts are overcrowded. There are not enough of them. What can one expect when our courts are not respected?

And then this matter of the prisons failing so signally in reforming men. First we complained that they were too hard, now that some are too soft. What's wrong?

I for one believe that the main difficulty lies in the fact that prison authorities do not understand their prisoners and hence they do not know what is best for them. There should be finer classification and segregation of prisoners. The men should be studied, analyzed, grouped according to character traits and character development possibilities.

Punish, of course. Don't make it too easy. Don't play favorites. Certainly not! But punish wisely.

"What is one man's poison is another's meat or drink." Place one man on bread and water and you will teach him the lesson of his life. Do the same thing to another and you will make him a veritable maniac for resentfulness. An attractive floral decoration will inspire and bring to the fore the very best some men have. The same piece of beauty will leave others cold and indifferent. Some people can even be punished with kindness, you know.

Making Punishment Stick

I have stressed the matter of punishment because I feel we have not approached punishment in a scientific way. We have been thinking too much in terms of the quantity of indiscriminate punishment rather than in terms of the quality of selective punishment.

As things are today the parole boards act as a sort of intermediary between the courts and the prison punishment. If, in the opinion of a parole commission, the court has been too severe, or the criminal has been well behaved and shows signs of reforming, the offender is let out and given a chance. But even theoretically such a policy does not bear analyzing, for the reasons given above. Mere good behavior is no criterion. Character study is what is needed. A man may decide to behave in jail in order to get his sentence shortened so that he may have the opportunity of misbehaving all the sooner outside. What a man does inside prison walls is no guaranty of what he expects to do, or will do, when released.

Although crooks do not fear or have any special respect for courts, because they know what influence and lawyers and money can do for them, they certainly have no more fear or respect for parole boards.

"Stand in with the parole board," is the maxim they follow. That is an expression I have heard them use on several occasions. In consequence they try to win the favor of these boards by every means possible, fair or foul. If they succeed they are not grateful. They simply put one over, that's all.

In my dealings with crooks I have often been impressed with their childishness. They are egotistic, self-satisfied, changeable, impulsive, often stubborn. What is definite and concrete makes the strongest appeal. Abstractions, such as the theories of ethics, do not take hold.

We have to punish children in order to socialize them, do we not? Well, we have to punish criminals in the same way.

If you would make the punishment you give your child effective, you must be fair, reasonable, deliberate, swift and sure.

Crooks should be punished—must be punished. They must be punished with understanding. They must be punished swiftly, surely, unflinchingly. We cannot expect the same moral conduct from all persons, and we cannot expect that any rule-of-thumb method or any single formula will stop the spread of criminality or reform those already criminal.

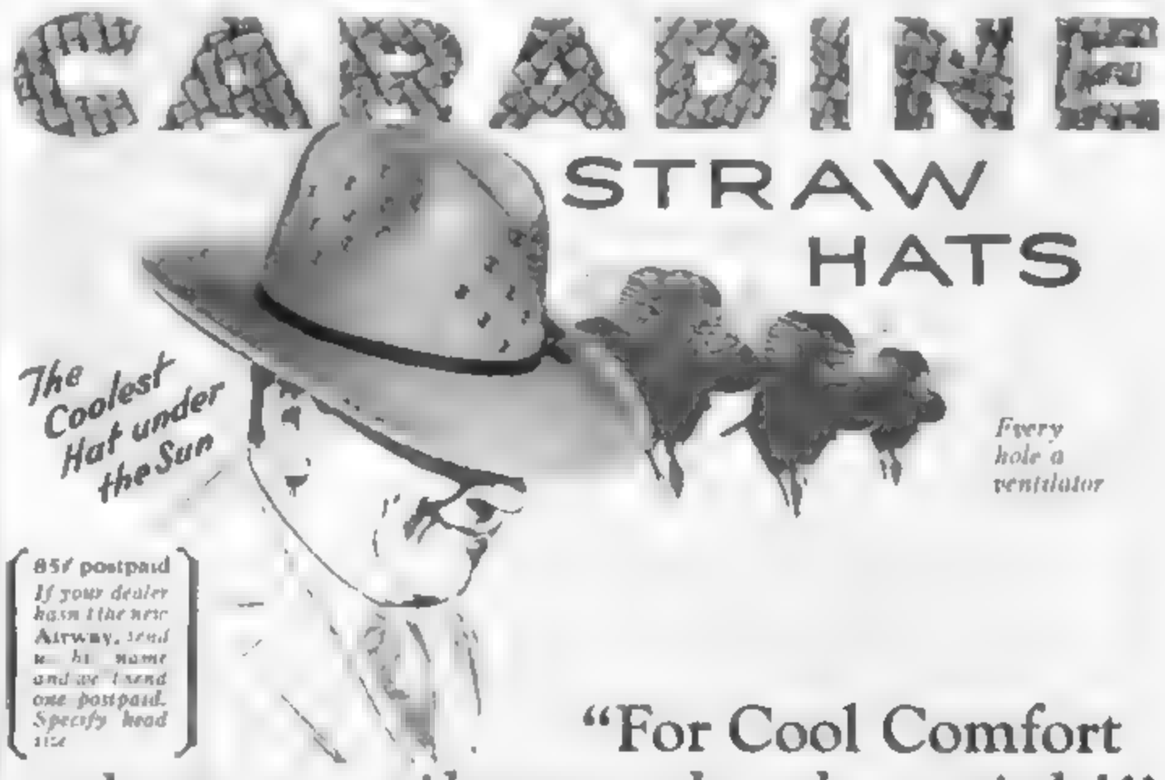
Nevertheless, the time is at hand when society must rouse itself for its own self-protection. We must recognize the criminal for what he is. Criminals must be taught, and it must be proved that it doesn't pay to be dishonest. That's your job—and it's mine!

Most Refreshing—

The perfect refreshment at the Country Club — White Rock Ginger Ale. It's truly the sensation of the season, a mixture of sunshine and amber bubbles — made only with White Rock Water as a base. Serve it in your home Sold everywhere.

Bottled only at
THE WHITE ROCK SPRING
Waukesha, Wisconsin

CARADINE
STRAW HATS



85¢ postpaid
If your dealer hasn't the new Airway, send us his name and we'll send one postpaid. Specify head size

"For Cool Comfort —these ventilators do the trick!"

"The first time I put this new *Airway* hat on I discovered what ventilation means in a hat. On a good hot day it sure feels fine to have the cool breeze working in and out the top of your hat."

"I'm sure sold on this *ventilated feature* and the genuine good looks of this hat. You can bet I've got the whole family fitted out."

The new Caradine *Airway* is scientifically designed to create a fresh circulation of air at all times—fresh air aids the scalp. Every hole a ventilator. *Airway* combines light weight with style and durability. It's our fastest selling style!

Airways come in a variety of popular models for all the family. Ask your dealer.

Dealers with incomplete stocks should prepare for the big summer demand by writing to us now.

Model 45—A great hat for the great outdoors with ventilated feature. 85¢.

Model 202—*La Senorita*—a national fad and practical. Protects the complexion. Decorative trimmings in red, blue, or black and white. $1.50.

Model 106—Men's fine [illegible] Large brass eyelets for ventilation. Heavy sat. web band and leather sweat patch. 85¢.

CARADINE HAT COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

4 HOUR FEET
Can't Stand the Gaff of an 8 Hour Day!

NOW is the time to face the fact of the relation of your feet to your job. If your arches are blistery and puffed up, your personal efficiency is undermined. You can't concentrate on your work—*the pain won't let you!*

Discover what a comfort are GROUND GRIPPER SHOES—how snugly they fit the natural shape of the foot—strengthening the arches, reviving your circulation—increasing your health and vigor. Your feet are mighty important. Don't neglect them. Regain your youthful energy by wearing a pair of these sensible, flexible arch, stylish, refined GROUND GRIPPER SHOES.

If a Ground Gripper Store is not conveniently accessible, write to the factory direct.

GROUND GRIPPER SHOE CO., INC.
90 Linden Park St., Boston, Mass.

We'll be glad to send you a free copy of our book "What You Should Know About Your Feet." It reveals facts of vital interest.

Ground Gripper SHOES
The Most Comfortable Shoe In The World
For Men Women and Children

THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH IN YOUR FEET

Up to 50% Profits

OF COURSE you know that the things which make the biggest hit with most of us are the things which are high in quality and low in price. In the publishing field there's no more striking example than

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, $2 a year
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, $1 a year
THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN, $1 for 3 years

The men and women who represent these publications have discovered that greater profits are possible because the high quality and low prices make for more and easier sales

Some of these folks sell us only an hour or so now and then, others find it profitable to give us all their time

In either event, they receive up to 50% profits, which figure up to $1.50 or more for an odd hour; up to $25 to $100 a week for full time

Haven't you a little time that you'd like to exchange *for cash?* Then simply send the coupon for all the details.

Just Clip and Mail the Coupon

AN OFFER like this looked good to Mr William C. Miller of New York, some years ago, so he sent us a coupon. Though he is regularly employed daily, his spare time "between alarm clock and curfew" has brought him from $3 to $4 extra.

The Curtis Publishing Company
355 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Up to 50% profits look good to me. Tell me all about your offer

Name _____ Age _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

WHO'S WHO IN HOOCH

(Continued from Page 23)

There are no answers to these questions, and there won't be—until some big fellow comes forward with a balance sheet. But in the meantime we can get a pretty good slant on some of the costs and hazards of the game. Let us construct a composite picture of a model bootleg organization. We have decided, let us say, to go into the business of manufacturing and selling Scotch whisky. That sounds simple, but it is really quite complicated. The heart of the business lies in the American cooking plant, but the soul of it lies overseas. We intend to control every stage of the enterprise from the time the day-old German-made Scotch leaves the other side until it mingles with our domestic renatured alcohol and is sold to the public.

Our first concern is to hire a good lawyer. He will keep us out of jail, probably, and he will advise us on our foreign contracts and charter parties, so that we shall know when it is safe to welch on some shipment that has gone wrong. If he can establish certain rather delicate banking relations, so much the better. In any case, he will arrange with a bonding company so that he may bail out any of our assistant crooks and henchmen who happen to run afoul of the law in line of duty. Also he will tell us who, where, how and how much to bribe; so that we won't waste a grand on some petty official when a cigar and a case of third rail would have done the trick. And he will settle all financial disputes among the members of our mob by taking the money himself. Now we are all set and rarin' to go.

Our business divides itself naturally into four main departments: Foreign buying, smuggling, manufacturing, and distributing. At the head of each of these we shall put a competent crook—preferably one of the partners.

First, the foreign department. We select, if possible, an ex-narcotic smuggler or white slaver, because they are generally well traveled and accustomed to dealing with people. This is the prize assignment, for the work is quite easy and quite safe—so long as you stay out of the United States. Also, your activities bring you into contact with some of the first families of the old world—splendid old names that have appeared on many a bottle for many a year.

Liquor Bargain Counters Abroad

Our foreign partner's chief job, of course, is to buy Scotch whisky and malt. In order to preserve appearances, he may spend a little time in England and Scotland. Now and then he will actually buy a hundred thousand or so cases of export rotgut that's too rank to sell in the British Isles; and for this he may pay as high as five or six dollars a case f. o. b. rum steamer.

But his best markets are the bargain-counter ports of the North Sea. Here substitution is an exact science. They'll compound you any known brand of spirits while you wait. They'll sell you Scotch malt that is 15 per cent stronger than genuine Islay—concentrated extract of Scotch whisky. They'll furnish you any kind of liquor, except good liquor, in any quantity and in any packages you may choose—bottled for the case trade, sacked for the speed boats, barreled or kegged for steamer smuggling. They'll put Belgian alcohol or Scotch malt in tins and imbed it in barrels of cement or cases of machinery. They'll do anything and everything imitative that the wiliest Oriental could think of, and they'll do it faithfully and quickly and cheaply.

But our foreign representative has other things to do besides buying. It's up to him to keep the home organization supplied with liquor at such times and in such quantities as its manufacturing needs call for. In other words, he must be prepared to produce liquor at a few weeks' notice at any given smuggling point—whether it's Canada or Mexico or a high-seas hovering position off the American coast.

This means arranging charter parties, negotiating with owners and captains of tramp steamers, hiring supercargoes, and so on. He may have to buy his stuff outright in Europe, hire his own steamer and take the entire risk from the start. But this costs money. The better method—which we'll credit him with, since we are building an ideal organization is to go joint account with the foreign sellers, payment at so much a case when the goods leave the steamer. Better still, to take the steamer owners in on the deal and split the ocean profits three ways. In this case two supercargoes will ride the shipment, one representing the whisky sellers and one the buyers. The captain represents the steamer owners, and it's up to him to get his share for every case that goes over the side.

There are any number of variations on these methods; and each has its advantages. If we are smuggling overland, it will be better to buy our stuff outright in Europe and ship straight through to the jumping-off place in Canada or Mexico. If we are transshipping to small boats running it through the Coast Guard, it will still be best to finance the whole adventure ourselves—provided we have plenty of cash, and provided the weather is fair.

F. O. B. the Beach

The great advantage of having the foreign sellers and the steamer people go joint account is that they share the loss if bad weather or an active Coast Guard makes it impossible to get rid of a cargo. There's many a steamer that has rolled and pitched a hundred miles offshore while a destroyer stood by and smiled, and the profits dwindled. An ocean steamer can eat its head off on Rum Row faster than the most pampered race horse that ever lived.

Now in the old days, rum running was a hit-or-miss affair. All the fly-by-night tramp steamers in the world used to wallow and wheeze their way across the ocean and take position on Rum Row, loaded to the guards with liquor. They lay three miles out and sold it over the side—one case or a thousand. In other words, the big wholesalers sold their stuff at sea to all and sundry who came alongside, and the middlemen rum runners landed the stuff and sold it on the sand or trucked it inland themselves. The game was in distinct parts and under separate managements.

Then came the treaties which pushed the big boats far out to sea. The Coast Guard followed and began to harry them and hurry them, and the shore boats could not follow. Bigger, faster craft were required for offshore work, and the steamers themselves were loath to cross the Atlantic unless they knew just where and to whom they were going to sell their cargoes. So the big fellows on shore, to insure a steady supply for the increasing demands of their primary markets and their cutting plants, were forced to organize their own fleets of seagoing speed boats. From that it was a natural step to charter their own steamers to bring the supply over.

International rum rings have not grown overnight any more than Standard Oil grew overnight from a pipe-line company to a world colossus. Just as there are independent oil companies, so there are independent booties who specialize in the various branches. Some are rum runners pure and simple, who buy their stuff from steamer or schooner and sell it on the beach; some are no more than smuggling freighters, paid a landing royalty of so much a case. On shore there are the independents, big and little, the men who run fake denaturing and manufacturing plants as a cover for their real business of diverting industrial alcohol into the bootleg trade. There are cleaning-plant men and bottlers, label makers and truckers, salesmen, chemists and guerrillas.

(Continued on Page 173

"'Cut down costs' was the war cry. Somebody else knew of a 'fine' roof, a few dollars cheaper. I told them a roof was a poor thing to buy on the basis of first cost.

How a 45-year record cured a spasm of false economy—

"Well, how'd you make out?"

Jim Madden closed the door behind him and grinned down at his senior partner.

"They O.K.'d all our specifications for their new plant without batting an eye—until they reached the roof!"

"Then you struck a snag, eh?"

"Just at first, yes. Somebody had a sudden spasm of economy. 'Cut down costs' was the war cry. Somebody else knew of a 'fine' roof, a few dollars cheaper. I told them a roof was a poor thing to buy on the basis of *first cost*. But of course, all those amateurs thought they knew more than I did."

"So we've got to substitute for The Barrett Specification Roof?" asked the senior partner, without trying to conceal his disappointment.

"No sir! Luckily, old man Roberts, the President, came in right there and read 'em a lecture on *real economy*. Seems he knew about the roof on that old warehouse* in Boston laid 45 years ago, which never cost a cent for repairs. That's the kind of a roof he was going to have for the new plant and nothing else but! And as you know, of course, that was a Barrett Built-up Roof."

* * * *

Forty-five years of expense-free weathertight service from a roof is a good record.

And there are many service records on file that show Barrett Roofs of this type, built 35, 40 and more years ago, which are still absolutely weather-tight and not a cent spent on them for maintenance. In addition—

Barrett Specification Roofs are guaranteed by a Surety Bond against repair or maintenance expense for a full 20 years.

Finally these roofs take the base rate of fire insurance.

You're interested? Then mail a brief note to The Barrett Company, 40 Rector Street, New York City. We'll give you the full story—promptly.

Of course, you might, for sound reasons, want a built-up roof constructed according to your own specification.

Even so, don't set this fact aside: the experience of leading architects and builders over a period of more than 60 years has shown that it pays to construct a built-up roof of pitch and felt—both labeled Barrett.

* For 45 years a Barrett pitch-and-felt roof has protected the old north building at India Wharf, Boston, Mass.—45 years of rain, sun, and snow—of racking vibration from docking steamers. And this roof is still staunchly weather-tight. In all this time no record of repair or maintenance expense.

Barrett SPECIFICATION ROOFS

This column is addressed—

to men concerned with School, Factory, or Apartment building maintenance

FOR several years The Barrett Company has performed a rather unique service for building owners.

From time to time, at the request of men interested in the maintenance of large buildings, highly trained Barrett Inspectors have made careful surveys of the roofs of all these buildings and rendered detailed reports.

In many instances such examinations have resulted in large savings in building maintenance; and in the case of factories have undoubtedly prevented the loss of operating time and the damage to stock which often result from roof leaks.

Today Barrett is organized to offer this service to a wider list of owners. (The chances are it would prove valuable to you.) *Any recommendations will be impartial and based entirely on the actual conditions found.*

Ask yourself these questions:

"Have I any definite knowledge of the condition of the roofs for which I am responsible?"

"Are repairs or replacements necessary now? Do I know when any repairs will be necessary?"

"Is there danger of unforeseen interruptions caused by roof troubles?"

"Are all our roofs absolutely fire-safe?"

To answer these and any other questions, The Barrett Company with its 68 years of experience in the built-up roofing field offers you the benefits of its Roof Examination Service, free of charge or obligation.

Note: This service is available for big buildings, structures with roof areas of 5,000 square feet or more that are located east of the Rocky Mountains.

For detailed information regarding Barrett Roof Examination Service, address a brief note to The Barrett Company, 40 Rector Street, New York City, or—

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

THE BARRETT COMPANY
40 Rector St., New York

Please send me full information about your Roof Examination Service. I am mailing this coupon with the understanding that there is no charge or obligation involved.

Name of Firm .....

Your Name .....

City ..... State .....

Size of roof area .....

IN CANADA: The Barrett Company, Limited
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A City Built in Three Years

LONGVIEW, *Washington*

REMARKABLE AS TO LOCATION, CLIMATE AND OPPORTUNITIES

These pictures tell but a part of the interesting story of Longview, Washington. Use the coupon for literature and more pictures.

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THE LONGVIEW COMPANY
DEPT. 11 LONGVIEW, WASH.

Gentlemen, Please send me further information about Longview, Washington, with special reference to ..

Name ...

Address ...

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS

(Continued from Page 170)

In a broad sense, therefore, everyone who engages in gainful violation of the Eighteenth Amendment is a bootlegger. But our immediate concern is to show the interrelation of these specialists when they have been coördinated into one of those very effective criminal combinations known as an international rum ring. So let us get back to our foreign buyer.

We'll assume that he knows his business, and that the big boss in New York can count on an adequate supply at about any time he wants to smuggle it in. Our ring owns enough stored-up whisky in Canada and the West Indies to last those combined countries ten years. A liquor-laden tramp is jogging along a hundred miles east of Highland Light. So far no overt act has taken place and no crime has been committed.

But now the big boss wants a lot of stuff in for the holiday trade and he wants it quickly. But first of all he wants that steamer unloaded and sent about her business. She carries a mixed Christmas cargo, including 22,000 gallons of malt which is sorely needed by two of our largest cutting plants. It is at this point that our organized smuggling department begins to function.

The head of that department is, let us say, Cap'n Ben, a seafaring renegade with a touch of executive ability, a flair for bribery and a first-hand acquaintance with the water-front underworld. Cap'n Ben proceeds to get busy.

He has a big cargo to get ashore, so he is taking no chances. He calls up the chief of our intelligence service to see if they have any dope on the Coast Guard. If there is any real uncertainty on this point, he will probably send out a reconnaissance plane to establish direct liaison with his steamer.

Then he decides just how many and what boats of his contact fleet he can spare for the job. To each captain he sends a memo, giving the big ship's position and stating the time and place where the speed boat will be expected to land her stuff. The boatman also receives an O. S. O.—which stands for over-side order—and which is signed by the big boss himself. This order calls for the amount of liquor assigned to that particular boat and is honored by the supercargo on the steamer.

Destroyers of Rum Trade

If all goes well, if the contact boats make the steamer at nicely timed intervals, she can be deboozed and on her way with scarcely more than a night's hard work—wind, weather and Coast Guard permitting. As each contact boat comes alongside she identifies herself and presents her O. S. O. The liquor is put aboard in kegs or cases or sacks or cans and carefully checked by the steamer supercargo and the receiving skipper. The speed boat clears away and makes for shore.

Usually she has no trouble. She has speed enough to outfoot anything that Uncle Sam owns—except the destroyers themselves—and she draws so little she can run over a morning meadow if there is a heavy dew on it. She can take refuge in a thousand inlets and bays and coves where no government boat can follow. Unless she's actually intercepted and stopped by gunfire, it's a common everyday cinch to get away. Then there's nothing left but to unload on the beach or at some old dock, pile the stuff into touring cars and send it on its way to our cutting plants.

But if things do not go well, if a destroyer heaves in sight while the runners are alongside the mother ship, then the little boats have to scatter with what they have got, while the steamer looks sullen and prays for a nasty black night to lose her escort in—for you can't do business with a destroyer. If the destroyer won't be shaken off, the profit is likely to run out of that particular voyage like sand through an hourglass. The government vessel can't interfere out there on the high seas, to be sure, but she can radio in to her base and describe every last runner that loads and leaves the steamer. Then the Coast Guard patrols will be sicked onto the incoming speed boats. This means dodging and chasing and shooting and capturing and all the other time-and-money-wasting eventualities which Cap'n Ben prefers to avoid.

It is at this stage of the journey that most of the losses occur in Cap'n Ben's department. The Cap'n Bens of the business operate on all our sea fronts—the Atlantic, the Pacific, the Gulf and the Great Lakes. They meet varying conditions with varying tactics. They minimize losses by using a large number of small boats rather than a few large ones—a principle which they took over from the latter-day inland practice of using a lot of battered-up touring cars instead of a few big trucks. Their offensive weapons are speed, secrecy and bribery, coupled with ingenious adaptability to local conditions.

There is one section of the coast, for instance, where the native runner is too poor or too proud to use power boats, and where they run a lot of booze in small sailboats. These little open sloops carry a deckload only, and of course they can be readily overhauled even by a lumbering tub of a 75-foot patrol boat. The sailboat tactics are wholly defensive; they can't run away and they can't fight. They must get rid of their cargo and destroy the evidence. But that is an expensive thing to do, especially for a poor bottle fisherman who is hard put to it to meet the payments on his car.

Salting It Down

So these gentle fisher folk have developed a neat little method of losing their deckloads. The load is not stacked piece by piece, but every twenty or so cases or sacks are loosely enveloped in a rope net, gathered together like a gigantic bag such as steamers use to lower trunks into the hold. Each of these great rope bags has a very long line secured to it; and at the end of the long line is a big white lobster buoy plus a heavy bag of rock salt to sink the buoy.

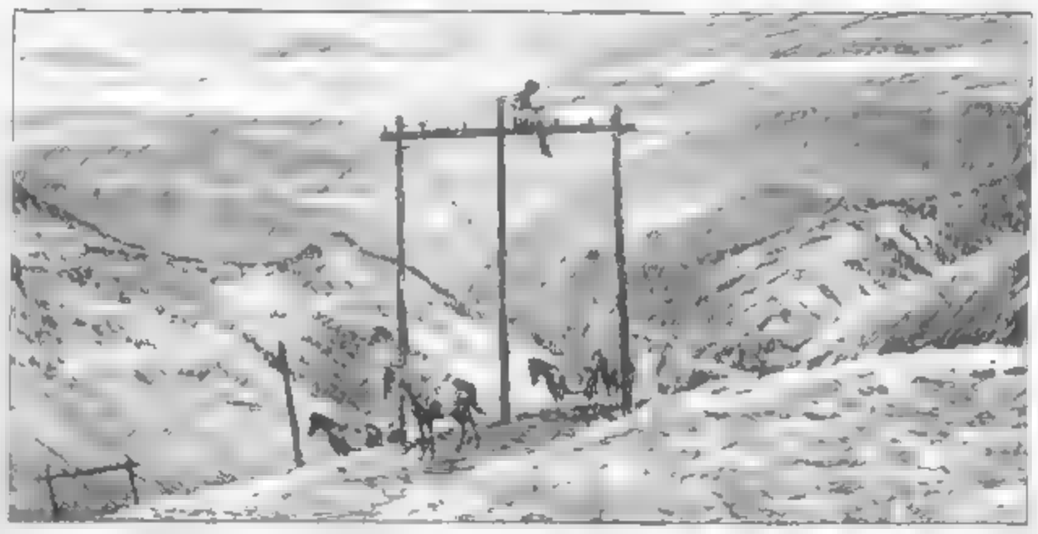
If a C. G. cutter shows up and gives chase, the gentle fisher folk just naturally jettison the entire cargo, and each great bag sinks to the bottom—lobster buoy, rock salt and all. The C. G. cutter runs alongside and looks the sloop over with bitter disgust—which marks the end of a perfectly useless day for law enforcement. And then—a few days later—back comes the gentle fisherman. By this time the heavy rock salt has dissolved, and the pretty white buoys have come to the surface and are bobbing merrily amid the whitecaps. The big bags are hauled up from the bottom and the interrupted voyage is resumed, to the greater profit of all concerned.

But back again to Cap'n Ben. We left him unloading his steamer. He made a hit with every one of his loading boats except the Wasplite, which ran aground and was picked up by a patrol boat. The Wasplite is the hoodoo boat of our outfit. She is the fastest thing we have, cost us over $80,000, triple-armored engines and big cargo capacity.

But she's always being captured. Of course she doesn't stay captured, because our obliging laws and courts make it a simple matter to bond her out and have her back at work in a few days. But it's annoying, because Cap'n Ben needs her for some Nova Scotia schooners which are due at the end of the week.

Now our particular rum ring has been a pioneer in the use of schooners. Just as we were the first to adopt the touring-car method of land transport, so we were the first to break away from this costly and cumbersome steamer business. Our steamers still come from the other side, but they dock sedately and lawfully outside of the United States, though within a few days' sailing distance of any given point of our coasts. There's many a Nova Scotian and down-east Yankee who will some day return reluctantly to the winter's work on the Georges and the Grand Banks. No need to

Telephone line over the Rocky Mountains



The Builders of the Telephone

SPANNING the country, under rivers, across prairies and over mountain ranges, the telephone builders have carried the electric wires of their communication network. Half a century ago the nation's telephone plant was a few hundred feet of wire and two crude instruments. The only builder was Thomas A. Watson, Dr. Bell's assistant.

It was a small beginning, but the work then started will never cease. In 50 years many million miles of wire have been strung, many million telephones have been installed, and all over the country are buildings with switchboards and the complicated apparatus for connecting each telephone with any other. The telephone's builders have been many and their lives have been rich in romantic adventure and unselfish devotion to the service.

Telephone builders are still extending and rebuilding the telephone plant. A million dollars a day are being expended in the Bell System in construction work to provide for the nation's growing needs.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

BELL SYSTEM

IN ITS SEMI-CENTENNIAL YEAR THE BELL SYSTEM LOOKS FORWARD TO CONTINUED PROGRESS IN TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION

Wash Your Car Easily, Quickly with Wash-Rite Auto Mop

Wanted 5,000,000 MUSIC LOVERS

To save money by demanding "Music for the Million" and "De-Luxe" collections of standard music for piano, violin, saxophone, ukulele, etc. All good music stores carry them. Illustrated catalog free. Dealers: write for terms and sales plan.

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Wanted a Year Man

commission basis as local representative for nationally known lines of Commercial, Professional, Social and Wedding Stationery also individually monogrammed personal and business Christmas Greeting Cards. Send references and apply for territory at once to Dept. A.

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A Word to Women—

Some of our biggest subscription earners are women. Busy mothers and housekeepers, lots of them, earn up to $2 an hour for spare time. No experience needed. No investment but a postage stamp for mailing the coupon.

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UNLESS you have all the money you want you can't. For we will pay you liberally in cash, month after month, for easy, pleasant work that need not take one minute from your regular job. Your profits will be just so much *extra* money—to help with regular expenses, to buy things you want that you can't quite afford—to squander, if you like.

$100.00 Extra In One Month

Right now many local subscription representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* are earning well over $100.00 *extra* every single month. The commissions and bonus that we pay them will enable them easily to hold this average throughout the entire year. And one hundred extra dollars, earned during your first month's trial, would be starting right, wouldn't it?

No experience—Yet He Earned $98.90 His First Month.

Harry E. Hutchinson, of New Jersey, began work about the middle of October, 1914. By the end of November he had earned $98.90—and he has had easy extra dollars every year since.

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391 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

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Name Age

Street

Town State

Supplies, Equipment, Instruction Without Charge

You need not invest a penny. We tell you HOW to make money, supply everything you need to do it and pay cash from the moment you begin work. A two-cent stamp brings our big cash offer—no obligation involved.

a cool *powerful* FORD *in hottest* weather under *heavy* loads *on long runs with a*

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Get Yours While Your Ford Is New and Keep It New!

ured a cool, comfortable, full powered car at all times. Frequent refilling of radiator becomes a thing of the past. Repair bills are reduced. In winter freezing is retarded.

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In principle and in efficiency the Hastings Nims Pump for Fordson Tractors is the same as the model for Fords, enlarged to handle larger job. Thousands are in use on Fords and Fordsons

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Fords, old or new, benefit by replacing rear

Write for complete information on Hastings Products!

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BICYCLES

Standard of quality for 40 years. Without equal for easy pedaling, comfort, strength, lasting quality and good looks. Frame and fork of high carbon seamless steel tubing. Vital parts drop-forged. Models for men and women, boys and girls. Write for color Catalog "B."

VELOCIPEDES

Same materials, same workmanship, same ruggedness, comfort, and good looks, as the Iver Johnson Bicycle. Made in three sizes for little boys and girls. Write for handsomely colored Catalog "B."

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS
7 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.; New York, 151 Chambers St; Chicago, 108 W. Lake Street; San Francisco, 71 Market St.

dilate here on the number of American-owned coasting vessels which fly a foreign flag; and no need to comment on the flimsy fiction under which these sturdy ships clear from our neighbors' shores with rum cargoes officially destined for distant lands, only to return in ballast in a few days.

All this must be set to the credit of our Cap'n Ben and his kind. Our ring still needs its advanced ocean bases, but a fleet of schooners, costing from $5,000 to $20,000 each, is far better and cheaper and more mobile than a few great steamers. The true Rum Row, the great enemy ammunition dump, was first pushed out to sea, and then clean off the seas—and onto the lands of our many neighbors.

So it is that nowadays our department of smuggling always has a few schooner loads in the offing when we call on them. The schooners come and go from the same ammunition dumps to the same sea positions. They stand in as close to shore as the law allows—which is one hour's steaming for the small boats—and they come to know the neighborhood intimately.

The actual technic of running liquor from hovering schooners is just the same as from a steamer, only it is easier. It takes one Coast Guard vessel to watch one smuggler, big or little.

Therefore, if you put the equivalent of one steamer load into half a dozen well-separated small schooners, you immediately divide your espionage and your danger of capture by six.

The point of greatest danger for our landing boats is the Coast Guard cordon. Once past that, the actual getting ashore is easy. We can dodge into shoal-water creeks and inlets and bayous, and no one can follow. We can change our landing places almost at will. Then the lonely road and the waiting cars with no cushions in the back seats, and the stuff is on its way to the cutting plant, and Cap'n Ben's work is done

Our third main department is the manufacturing department. No need to go into this at length, because the details of its operation have been discussed in earlier articles. It is enough to remind our readers that this highly organized section of our business includes the alcohol-diversion division, the cleaning-and-cutting-plants division, the box-and-bottle-works section, and the bureau of criminal engraving and printing.

Chain-Store Speak-Easies

The manufacturing department is an important one, and the big boss himself keeps in close touch with it. But he has some highly skilled technicians under him as section chiefs. The consulting chemist of the cooking-plants division, for instance, is a young German scientist who always manages to keep about three jumps ahead of Uncle Sam's laboratory men. He has succeeded in redistilling several of the completely denatured alcohol formulas. He can take the poison out faster than the Government can put it in—or take out enough of it to pass the usual superficial tests. He can blend a little whisky and a lot of denatured alcohol so cunningly that only the optic nerve and the kidneys will ever notice it—and that not until long afterward. He can take a hundred cases from Cap'n Ben and turn over to the distributing department a thousand cases of market Scotch.

Our distributing department has also been discussed in an earlier article. The only new development in that field is the bootleg finance section which we established over a year ago. This section has financed over 300 speak-easies in our immediate vicinity. It will set up in business any bright young fellow with a good prison record and a reputation for sobriety. It will supply liquor, fixtures and a certain amount of protection. On occasion, and especially if you are an old and trusted customer, it will furnish money for bribery, shakedowns and bail.

All that it asks in return is that you sell only our liquor and at our price.

When prohibition was young we used to smuggle whisky and sell it direct to the consumer. But after the floodgates of industrial alcohol were opened to us, we had to create our own markets and our own outlets, just as the breweries used to do with their subsidized saloons. So that now, being a really big bootleg ring, we could no more exist without our hand-nursed speak-easies than could a really big tobacco combine exist without its corner cigar stores.

It is the chain-store speak-easy system, then, which absorbs our wholesale product. As for the retail selling and delivery, there is no particular mystery about it. Our salesmen solicit business in the daytime, taking orders by mail, by telephone and in person. They deliver by touring car, loading up at one of the branch storehouses, and making their rounds just as do the drivers of a milk route. We usually deliver at night, of course; but we will lay down a dozen cases for you at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street at the noon hour if you really want it. Our motto is service, and our slogan is: Long life to the Eighteenth Amendment.

Uncle Sam Against the Booties

So much for the four main departments of our model ring. There are two other staff activities which supplement and coordinate the work of all other departments. They are bribery and espionage, without which organized bootlegging could not exist for a day.

But let's describe it in terms of our own bootleg ring. As chief of the intelligence section we select some not overfinicky jailbird with a wide acquaintance among crooks and politicians. The man must have imagination, leadership and an utter lack of moral sense.

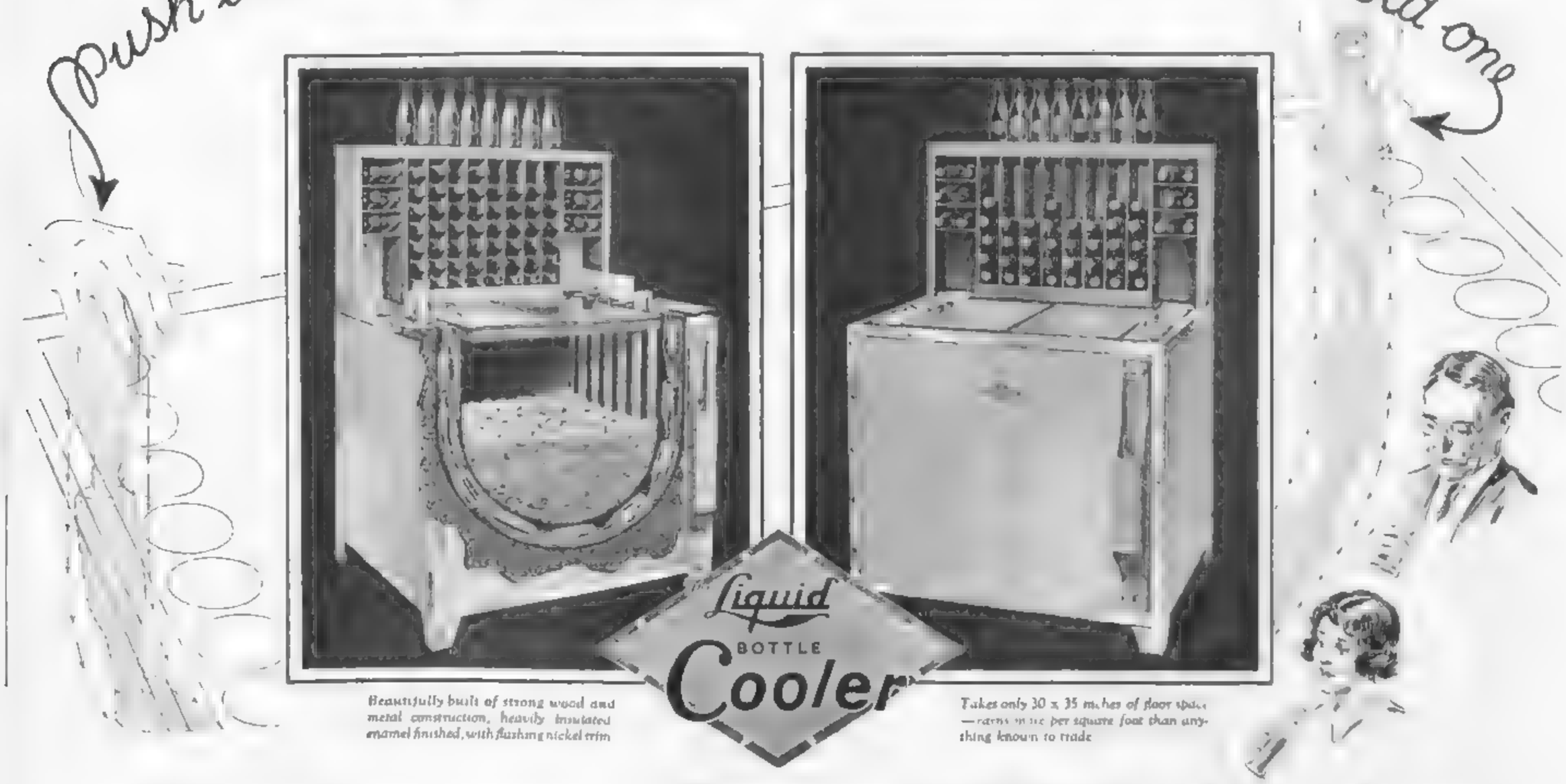
Now the primary function of a bootleg secret service is identical with that of a lawful organization—to gather information as to the plans and operations of the enemy, which in this case is the United States Government. This involves a close watch on prohibition personnel, including a knowledge of the assignments and movements of individual officials and under-cover men.

But bootle intelligence work is much more diversified than a similar job on the side of the law. Its main business, as we have seen, is counter-espionage, but it has specialized subsections devoted to guerrilla work and corruption. The guerrilla gangs are direct-action guys—gunmen, gangsters and snowbirds. They drive trucks, they supply covering-car squads for interurban shipments, they furnish strong-arm escorts for higher-ups in the bootleg ring, they do plain and fancy shadow work and trailing. They do all the rough-and-ready murdering of spies and squawkers, and a little of the finer forms of intimidation and blackmailing. They act as liaison agents, headquarters runners and messengers in general. They perform all the usual underworld odd jobs. The worst of them go wrong and are bumped off. The best of them graduate into espionage.

The knowledge that the underworld has of government activities is something astonishing. Officials leave Washington and their destination is known before the train pulls out of Baltimore. The names and posts of duty of supposed under-cover men are known almost as soon as the appointments are made.

And so it goes—Uncle Sam against the booties. Uncle Sam with a few thousand men, mostly Americans, mostly underpaid and sometimes sorely tempted; and on the other side thousands of foreign-born criminals, abetted and condoned by hundreds of thousands of citizens to whose appetites they pander. A curious fight—a regiment against an army; an army bound by no rules of warfare, but which includes among its weapons all the more ruthless forms of corruption: Bribery, extortion and blackmail. But of that, more hereafter.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr Green. The next will appear in an early issue


Push a warm bottle IN and OUT comes a Cold one
Liquid
BOTTLE
Cooler
Beautifully built of strong wood and metal construction, heavily insulated enamel finished, with flashing nickel trim
Takes only 30 x 35 inches of floor space—earns more per square foot than anything known to trade

This Summer—Serve COLD Bottles Every 3 Seconds, This New Way

Clears up to $675 a month

Takes only 30 x 35 *inches of floor space*

1. Draws crowds of good spenders—100% to 400% more trade. (Actual records.)
2. The Right Flavor always Right on Top and COLD!
3. No fumbling among unassorted bottles for the flavor wanted. No plunging arms in icy water. No bottle breakage. No wet floors. No muss whatever.
4. One clerk can serve as many customers as six clerks the old way.
5. Saves 50% in Ice—saves 50% in Floor Space.
6. Shows at a glance the number of bottles in stock OF EACH FLAVOR!
7. Beautifies the whole store or stand.

All Flavors Always Sorted—No Muss or Mix-Up

Just push a warm bottle IN and a cold one pops OUT!

This summer—rake in the drink money whether you have ever handled Bottled Drinks or not. Already there are 12,000 Liquid Bottle Coolers in action—plenty of them earning $10 to $30 a day CLEAR!

Crowds of good spenders are gathered round them. They're in all kinds of places—Stores, Amusement Centers, Waiting Rooms, Roadside Stands and Lobbies.

Serving Bottled Drinks in this new way excites public interest, takes only HALF the Time per bottle—HALF the Ice—HALF the Floor Space—and LESS THAN HALF the Clerk Hire.

$500,000,000 *for Bottled Drinks!*

Yes, this year alone, people will easily spend $500,000,000 for Bottled Drinks. They'll spend the best part of it where they can get them QUICK, CLEAN, COLD and ZIPPY! And where they can get the FLAVORS they call for—not have to take some "second choice" because their favorite is all gone.

The Liquid Bottle Cooler itself tells you how many bottles of any flavor are left, hence when to re-order. And dealers who have this Liquid Cooler will get a lion's share of the drink money. They'll multiply their general sales besides.

Galloway & Ward, dealers in Abbeville, Ala., wrote to a trade paper editor:

"A man cannot serve a Cold Drink with the Liquid Cooler without pushing a warm bottle in, so our stock is always complete. Reduces our ice bill 40% to 50%. Our sales increased 100%. Customers like it because each bottle is served clean, quick and cold."

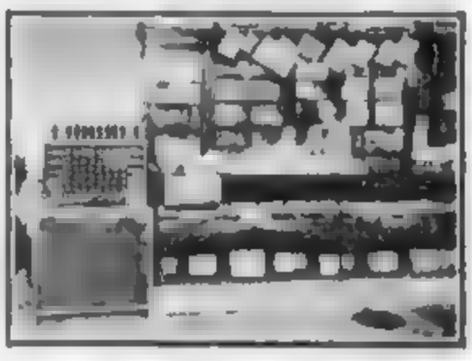
Only $40 *Down—Profits Pay Balance*

Many have guessed the price of the Liquid Cooler at $300—it looks it. But because we are the largest makers of Carbonic Gas that puts the life and sparkle in Carbonated Drinks and of Bottlers' Machinery and Supplies, we are interested in expanding the sale of Bottled Drinks in general. Hence we offer the Liquid Cooler for only $40 down, or $100 all told—a price that couldn't touch it under ordinary conditions. You can pay as convenient from your profits. One man did it in 5 days. Others have paid from their saving in ice alone.

WRITE for Free Book, Photos and Sales Records

It will take quick action to get the Liquid Cooler this season for our entire output will soon be oversold. So send at once for our Free Book, "Buried Treasure" containing full details, actual signed sales records and photos.

This book reveals the whole idea of this clever creation—8 cold tubes for 72 cold bottles, sorted by flavors, with reserve racks above for 72 more. This book free postpaid if you give the name of your local bottler. Mail the coupon right now, read the book, and decide promptly.



Look at This—

"Sales increased 300%. Ice bill cut in half. One girl now handles entire trade."—C. C. Brown, Great Southern Hotel, Meridian, Miss

"Averaged 100 cases a week all summer with population of only 4,000. Sold 58 cases of bottled drinks one day at a profit of $68.10."—Quick Service Station, Shamrock, Texas

"Increased sales from 75 cases a month to 200 cases a month. Ice bill cut from $7 to $3 per month. Customers like to lay down money and help themselves."—Center Ave. Billiard Parlor, Bay City, Michigan

"Liquid Cooler increased sales approximately 300%."—Ronnock Filling Station, Coxsackie, N. Y.

"Profits $22.81 per day the first ten days."—M. B. Siegel Cigar Store, Chicago, Ill.

Two Liquid Coolers earned $90 profit in one day for Breymeier & Marx, Central Park Amusements, Schenectady, New York

"50 dealers here have installed Liquid Coolers. Some increased sales as high as 400%."—Coca-Cola Bottling Co., Eastland, Texas

SEND COUPON

The Liquid Carbonic Co., Dept. 6-S
3100 S. Kedzie Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Send me your FREE Book, "Buried Treasure," and easy terms on the Liquid Bottle Cooler.

Name _____

Address _____

Bottler's Name _____

THE LIQUID CARBONIC COMPANY

3100 S. Kedzie Ave., Dept. 6-S, Chicago, Ill.

Makers of Red Diamond Carbonic Gas which puts the life and sparkle in Soda Water—also of Fillers, Carbonators, Soakers and other machinery for the manufacture of Carbonated Beverages

In six monthly issues of *The Country Gentleman* (January 1926 to June 1926 inclusive) there appeared more advertising lineage than in the first 26 weekly issues of 1925

The Country Gentleman

The Modern Farm Paper

More than 1,200,000 a month

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Advertising Offices: Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, Boston, San Francisco, Detroit, Cleveland

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keep your home young

A THOROUGH cleaning means more than a fresh home today. It means a fresh home years from today. Furniture, rugs, moldings cleaned with the *thoroughness* of Premier Duplex double action *keep* their youth through the years.

Double action gets double results. It cleans and beautifies. The motor-driven brush brushes up the nap to *newness*. It snatches off threads, roots out grit. And with the help of strong suction, it draws out *all* the discoloring dirt.

And the Premier Duplex keeps its youthful efficiency for a lifetime. Its motor and brush, equipped with lubricant-packed ball bearings, need no oiling. They are built for *long years* of cleaning, freshening, restoring!

Premier Duplex

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER CO., Inc.
Dept. 506 Cleveland, Ohio

WURLITZER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Studio Piano

A wonderful little piano

that's amazingly small and inexpensive

YOU'LL be astonished to know that the diminutive Wurlitzer Studio Piano is only three feet, eight inches high. And it is but slightly wider than its standard keyboard.

Yet, from this dainty, compact little instrument comes a rich resonance you'd expect to find only in much larger and much more costly pianos. It has the same enduring, bell-like quality of tone that has made Wurlitzer the choice of music lovers for more than a hundred years.

Can you conceive of an instrument better suited for small homes, summer cottages, studios, apartments or scores of places where piano room is a real problem!

And can you think of a greater boon to tens of thousands than a price that puts this piano within easy reach! Its price is only $295 and up. You can have it with Player action for as little as $445. There's also the Studio Grand at $625. Prices, f. o. b. Factory.

See and hear the Studio Piano at your Wurlitzer dealer's. You can buy on easy terms.

THE RUDOLPH WURLITZER MFG. CO., *North Tonawanda, N. Y.*

Principal Wurlitzer Stores

NEW YORK, *120 W. 42nd St.* • PHILADELPHIA, *1031 Chestnut St.* • BUFFALO, *674 Main St.*
CLEVELAND *1017 Euclid Ave.* • CHICAGO, *329 S. Wabash Ave.* • CINCINNATI, *121 E. Fourth St.*
ST. LOUIS, *1000 Olive St.* • SAN FRANCISCO, *250 Sutter St.* LOS ANGELES, *814 S. Broadway*

Sold by Wurlitzer dealers everywhere

PIANOS • ORGANS • HARPS • MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

The Poets' Corner

The Harvester

THE sere wind, the drear wind;
The sickle wind that blows
Across the blooming sun fields
And down the valley goes!
I do not like the sere wind,
The harbinger of snows,
The Harvester who reaps low
The beauty of the rose.

The bright sun, the good sun;
And yesterday was fair;
The summertime it called me
And beauty nodded there;
The sickle wind went by me;
It rode upon the air
And left the day a gray thing
With silver in its hair.

The wild rose, the wild rose,
That smiled to me at dawn,
With red lips and soft eyes—
Where has that beauty gone?
The wild rose that drooped low
To feel the sickle drawn,
Then smiled no more to me when
The Harvester went on.

Ah, sere wind, the drear wind,
The harbinger of snows!
The dear things I loved so—
Tell me where beauty goes!
The sickle wind it mocks me
And down the valley blows—
The Harvester who leaves me
The ashes of a rose.

Lowell Otus Reese.

A Prayer

I PRAY for you, and yet I do not frame
In words the thousand wishes of my heart.
It is a prayer only to speak your name,
To think of you when we are far apart.
God has not need of words. He hears our love,
And though my lips are mute, I bow my head,
And know He leans to listen from above,
And understand the things that are not said.
For love is prayer—and so my prayers for you
Mount upward unto Him eternally—
They are not many, and they are not few,
All are as one that ever seems to be.
Thus do I pray for you, and cannot say
When I begin, or when I cease, to pray.

—Mary Dixon Thayer.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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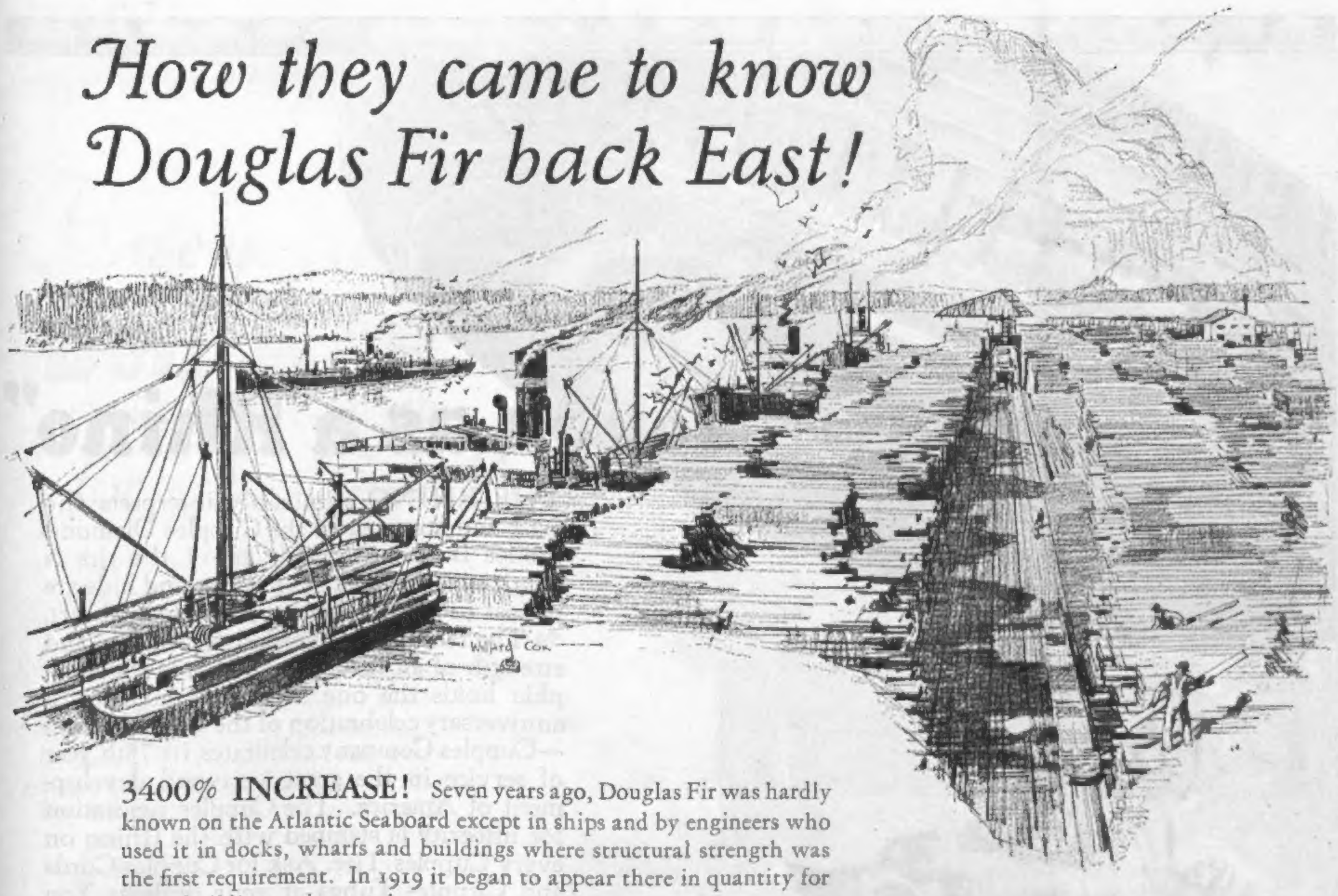
A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

How they came to know Douglas Fir back East!



3400% INCREASE! Seven years ago, Douglas Fir was hardly known on the Atlantic Seaboard except in ships and by engineers who used it in docks, wharfs and buildings where structural strength was the first requirement. In 1919 it began to appear there in quantity for home building and general use.

The total shipments from the West Coast mills to the Atlantic Seaboard in 1920 were slightly in excess of 50 million board feet. Without any concentrated effort toward sales or advertising, this demand climbed to 1700 million board feet in 1925—

An increase in this territory alone of more than 3400% in five years!

PRACTICALLY all of this lumber is shipped to the East Coast by water—in many cases direct from docks at the mills through the Panama Canal to Philadelphia, Baltimore, Newark, New York and Boston. As the builders back East began to know the value and merits of Douglas Fir, they rapidly put it into use and, once used, Douglas Fir sells itself.

They Discovered Its Merits for Home Building

With typical discernment the home-building public of the North Atlantic States discovered in Douglas Fir an ideal wood. They found it light, stiff, strong and durable, free from twisting and warping, easy to cut, the kind of wood that holds nails tight. Because of its large percentage of all heartwood, they discovered its resistance to weather in exposed places. That is why it is so good for porch floors, sleeping porches, sash, frames and doors, columns and steps.

In the clear grades (always furnished for interior trim) Douglas Fir has beauty of grain and uniform color. It is the ideal wood for staining and takes paint and holds it.

It Is Famous as a Structural Wood

Of Douglas Fir, the U. S. Forest Bulletin No. 88 states:

"*As a structural timber, it is not surpassed . . . It is light and strong, fairly resilient and durable and can be had in any desired size or specification . . . Its strength and comparative lightness fit it for joists, floor beams, rafters and other timbers which must carry loads.*"

In every kind of construction, in mill type buildings, no other wood is necessary. Douglas Fir fills every need.

The Railway and Shipping Industries Use Douglas Fir Extensively

As railway ties carrying the terrific load of fast flier or heavy freight, Douglas Fir is resistant to decay, abrasion and shock. It is stiff, strong and durable. It holds spikes *tight*. These same qualities together with the large sizes in which it can be obtained have established Douglas Fir as the standard lumber for bridge and trestle timbers both in America and abroad.

For harbor improvement work it is sufficiently hard to penetrate readily most soils and acts well under the hammer. Its resistance to weather, hardness and durability have established its world-wide use for masts and spars of ships and for ship decking.

In Mining and Petroleum Industries

Mine timbers are called upon to withstand terrific crushing strains—and here again Douglas Fir is the standard wood on account of its great strength and stiffness, light weight and resistance to decay. In ore-bins, coal washing plants, trestles, ties and tipples, Douglas Fir is extensively used.

Strength, stiffness, durability, ease of handling and the long lengths that are available have made Douglas Fir the preferred wood for oil derricks. Large quantities are also used for tanks, barrels and pipes.

Douglas Fir Is Available to Your Builder

And now, whatever your building plans, you will find well-manufactured Douglas Fir in practically every important lumber market in the United States and the world. Large cargoes are shipped from the mills' own docks to the Atlantic Seaboard and other world ports and by rail to the Middle Western States.

The West Coast Lumber Trade Extension Bureau will gladly send you an illustrated booklet written by authorities. You will be interested in the section on reforestation, on the permanence of the West Coast lumber supply, on panelwood, on finish, and much other information thoroughly useful to the prospective builder of all classes and types of building. The illustrations give practical examples of building details, of the exterior and interior of homes of wood, reforestation growth, logging operations, big timbers. Educators will find this book valuable as a text book. *Write to West Coast Lumber Trade Extension Bureau, 5562 Stuart Building, Seattle, Washington.*

Durable
Douglas Fir
AMERICA'S PERMANENT LUMBER SUPPLY

Important West Coast Woods — DOUGLAS FIR . WEST COAST HEMLOCK . WESTERN RED CEDAR . SITKA SPRUCE

"Tough as a Rhino"

THE RHINO admirably interprets the mass and strength of the Cupples Diamond Jubilee Balloon. The frame of the tire is tough, twisted cord. Its muscles and hide are honest rubber. Its heart is a fighting heart.

The Rhino also typifies the solidity and strength of an institution. While Philadelphia holds the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary celebration of the United States —Cupples Company celebrates its 75th year of service in the great westward development of America. The Cupples reputation for integrity is stamped with the Rhino on every Cupples Tire. Ask for Cupples Cords and Cupples Tubes at your dealers. You have to use them to measure their value.

CUPPLES COMPANY · SAINT LOUIS
A National Institution Since 1851

The Cupples "Exton" Cord is a popular priced tire that offers dependable service at low cost. It is made and warranted by Cupples.

Cupples

TIRES TUBES

Cupples RHINO

TRY A RHINO BALL WITH A RHINO CLUB

Have you tried **Bon Ami** CAKE OR POWDER *for white shoes?*

"As white and fresh as new!"

That's what you'll say, with a smile, when you've tried Bon Ami for all kinds of white shoes, except kid.

Just apply the Bon Ami—*Cake* or *Powder*—with a well moistened brush. When it dries, dust off with a dry cloth. Ground-in dirt, every spot and grass stain, gone: with never a trace left. For Bon Ami *cleans* the fabric, does not leave your shoes pasty-looking.

for bathtubs, tiling and nickel

Everyone knows Bon Ami lightens housework. There's the soft, scratchless Powder in the easy-to-sprinkle can that women like so well for cleaning the bathtub and tiling, refrigerator and the like.

And for making windows and mirrors sparkle most housewives have already discovered that nothing can equal Bon Ami *Cake*. Then too, the Cake is so convenient and economical for all the little tasks.

for mirrors

Both forms of Bon Ami contain the same magic ingredients that blot up dirt without hard scrubbing. Neither form harms the surface it cleans—nor reddens or roughens the hands. With both of these "partners in cleanliness" you can most readily cover every cleaning and polishing need!

"Hasn't Scratched Yet"

Cake or Powder *most housewives use both*

Principal uses of Bon Ami

—for cleaning and polishing—

REFRIGERATORS
FINE KITCHEN UTENSILS
WHITE WOODWORK WINDOWS
GLASS BAKING DISHES MIRRORS
ALUMINUM WARE
BATHTUBS TILING
WHITE SHOES THE HANDS
BRASS COPPER TIN AND
NICKEL WARE
CONGOLEUM FLOOR-COVERINGS

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK *In Canada*—BON AMI LIMITED, MONTREAL

This is the Sunkist Demonstration Store, on the Boardwalk at Atlantic City, operated by the California Fruit Growers Exchange. Here over Fourth of July, last year, 10,306 patrons were served orangeades and lemonades. From April first to November first 269,047 people purchased fresh fruit orange and lemon drinks at this store.

He Says "California *for Flavor*"

"Orange juice? Yes, Sir. We use *California* oranges because they are richer in the soluble solids that give to orange juice its zest and flavor and most of its *healthfulness*.

"Vitamines too—rich in them, yes, SIR! These are the qualities that make California orange juice both good and good *for* you.

"You can't go wrong on this drink.

"And you know you're getting it *fresh and unadulterated* when you see it prepared with the Sunkist Fruit Juice Extractor."

California Oranges—
Richest Juice,
Finest Flavor

California Sunkist *Oranges*
Uniformly Good

California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Dept. 106, Los Angeles, California.

Please send me information relative to your unusual cost-price offer on the electrically operated Sunkist Fruit Juice Extractor.

I operate a hotel, restaurant, cafeteria, hospital, club, soda fountain, or want it for private home. (*Underline what wanted for*)

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY..... STATE.....

For the same reasons, California Sunkist Oranges are the best for use at home.

All first class dealers sell them. Order them today.

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE
Los Angeles, California